THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 199, Number 12

SEPT. 18, 1926

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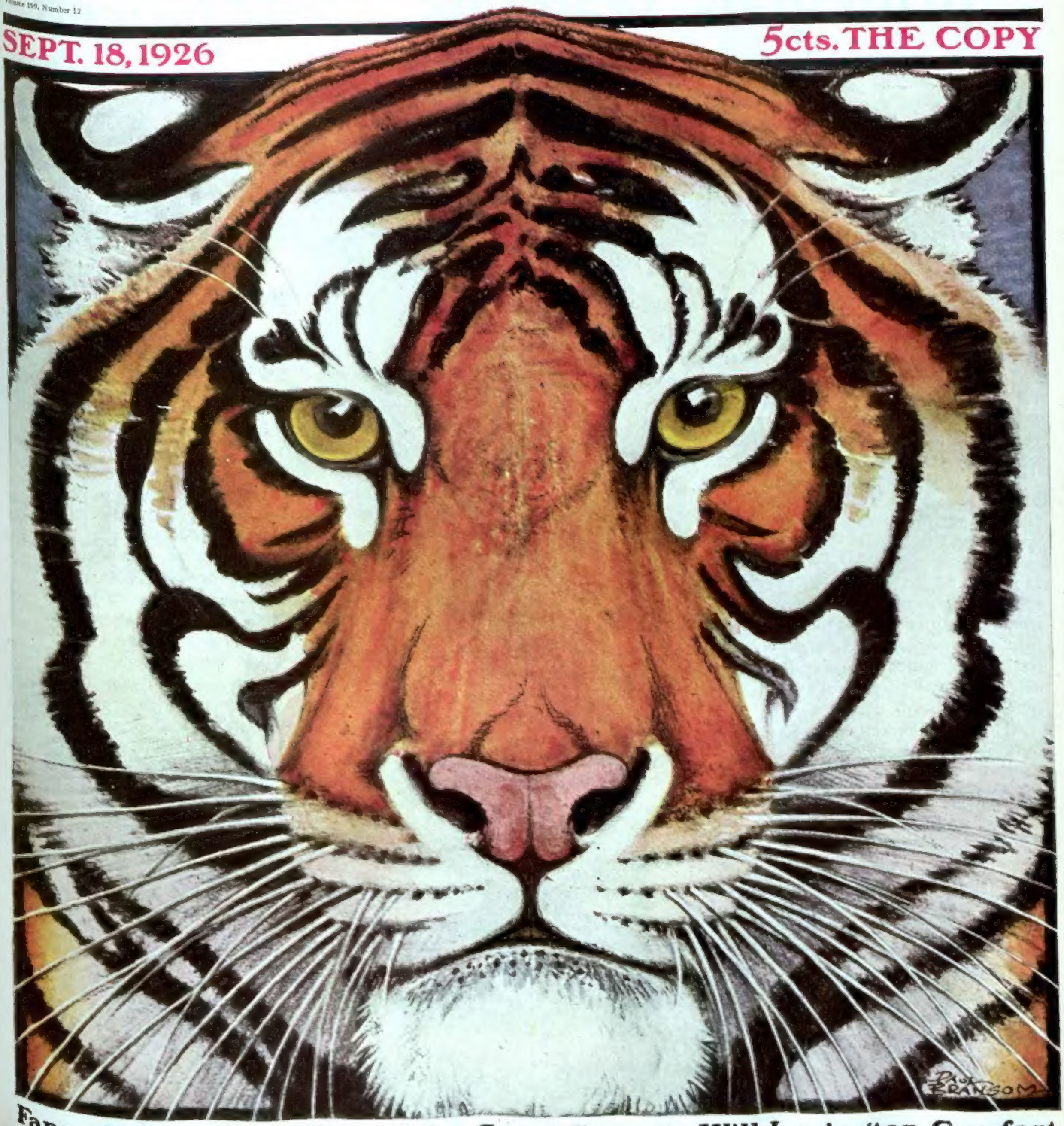
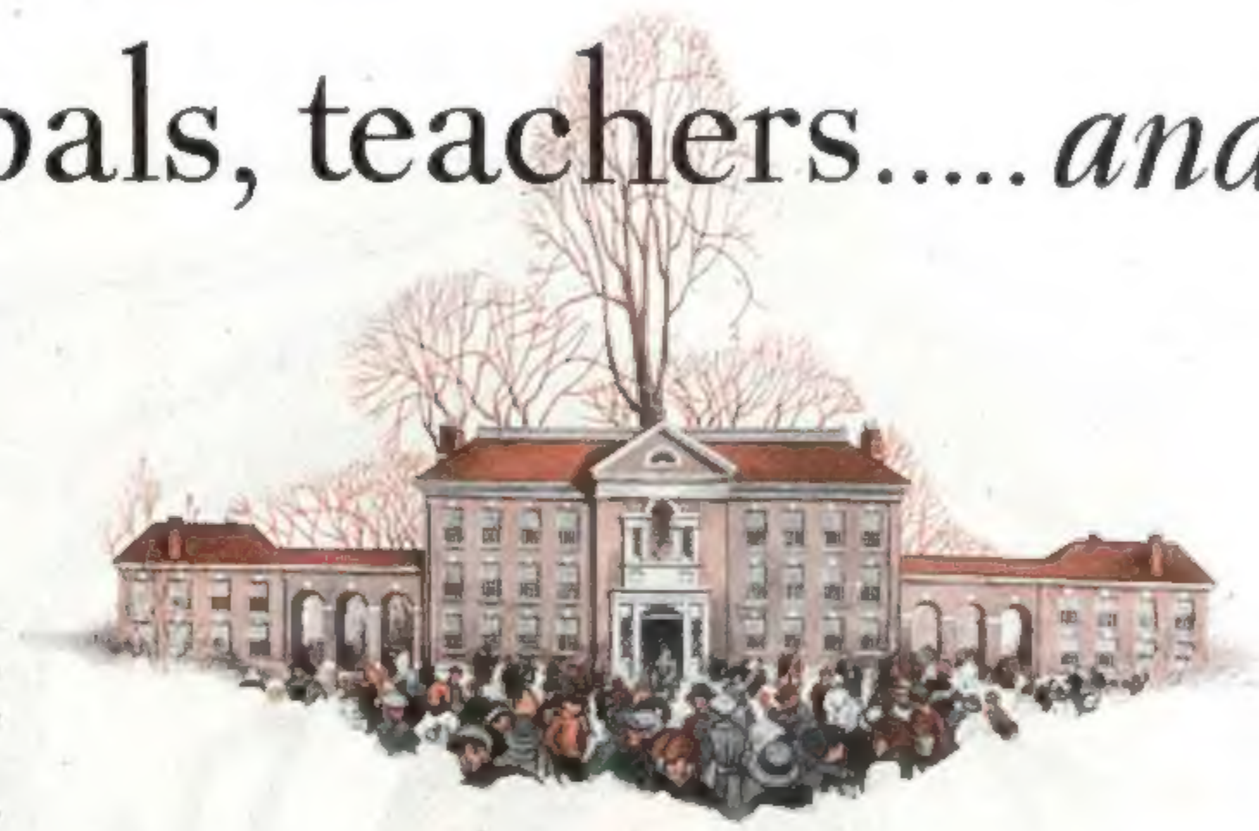


Fanny Heaslip Lea – R. G. Kirk – Garet Garrett – Will Levington Comfort
Thomas Beer – Joseph C. Lincoln – Horatio Winslow – Kenneth L. Roberts

To members of school boards superintendents of schools principals, teachers..... *and parents*



ANOTHER school year is beginning and you are getting into action to make it the best one possible.

The old Greek ideal of education, "A sound mind in a sound body" is still today the great objective of all teaching.

You have long since found that physical health is the one true basis of normal mental development; that before you can really teach young minds, you must make conditions right for young minds to learn.

Two great organizations—the National Education Association and the American Medical Association—have made a special study of school children's health.

They stress the need of a teaching plan as the most effective means of "realizing the highest physical, mental and spiritual possibilities of the individual."

In your own experience you no doubt feel the ever-growing need of this—of a definite school program to teach the fundamentals of health.

As makers of a cereal which physicians have been recommending for children for 30 years, we have a natural interest in this subject of the school child's health.

For those of you who do not have in your schools a definite plan of health teaching, we have had a program prepared. It is the work of a long-experienced teacher in one of the country's most important practice schools.

This program gives, in ready-to-use form, original material for teaching fundamental health habits in all grade groups from kindergarten to high school.

Special emphasis is given the subject of proper food. Unique contest devices are suggested which enlist the enthusiasm of children in this phase of health so vital to their mental and physical development.

For successful groups in the contest plan there are appropriate schoolroom prizes.

Furthermore, every month we are asking 7 million mothers, through the pages of women's magazines, to coöperate with their schools in these health programs.

The letters we get from these mothers indicate that they are awakening to a new realization of their children's health needs and are eager to work with the schools on this great problem. You have in this health teaching plan and the interest we have aroused in mothers, a combination that will quicken the results you want, in better nourished bodies and more teachable minds.

In the five months this plan was available the last school year, more than 11,000 teachers used it. Some superintendents had it used throughout their city systems. The report of all was that it is a very resultful program, pedagogically sound.

Send for this program. It is entirely free. Look it over carefully. If you decide you want to use it, we shall be very glad to send you the necessary supplementary material. But send for the program *now*.

Note to Parents: If you are interested in getting a health program in your schools, call the attention of one of your school people to this offer and we will gladly send the teaching material upon receipt of coupon from him.

Cream of Wheat Company

Dept. A-5 Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me, free, your plan for teaching health habits in schools.

Name .....

School Position .....

If teacher, what grade .....

Address ..... *City* .....

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It's Never Been Done Before

this way of knitting that gives silk socks 3 to 4 times more wear

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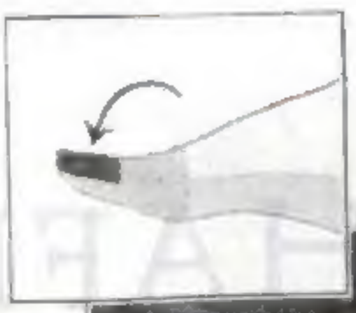
THERE has been a new discovery in the making of fine socks. Wear is increased 3 to 4 times by a revolutionary feature. In a remarkably short time it has changed the buying habits of 2,000,000 men . . . also the preference of their wives.

In ordinary socks you've found the toe kicks out. Thus is lost many months of wear. But in these new-type socks the toe outlasts all else. Here, where wear is hardest, a special wear-resisting thread is woven at the toe tip and over the top in this new way. Done so skilfully that you scarcely can see where it begins or ends. None of the old-time thickness but delightful comfort—greater ease.

Quick to tell about—this Ex Toe idea—yet it took a world-known maker 30 years to do it perfectly. And he, and no one else, can give it to you.



The diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

Ex Toe comes in sheer lustrous silks—extremely smart and faultlessly correct. The new and lively colors spell Fifth Avenue.

Each pair fits the ankle trimly without a wrinkle. That's where ordinary socks fail to give that tailored look you find in Holeproof.

Prices are 50c to $1 depending on materials. Go today and ask for Ex Toe. If your store hasn't any write direct.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN • HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO

CHILDREN RESPECT A WELL DRESSED FATHER

That's what every father wants—the respect of his children. Good style helps to win it. The younger generation knows style through and through and respects it. You'll be as well dressed as your son when our label is in your clothes

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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SIMPLE CONFESSION

"If She Loses Her School," Said the Mother, "She Will Have Only Herself to Blame—and We Shall Have Nothing to Live On"

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE picture was so sweet, so aloof and wistful. Its eyes were so large and dark. Its mouth so proud and unhappy. Its hair seemed so made to be disordered by a man's cheek; its cheek so curved to be flushed by a man's lips. Judging by the printed word which shrieked across the page above it—above that appealing gaze, that look of potential tenderness—the man had not been lacking, to disorder and flush.

Why I Left My Husband.

Cheapness—ineffable! Hideous advertisement of spiritual sickness. Godiva, riding naked through the market place, with her hair bobbed. It was very nearly impossible to look at that picture, read that title and admit connection between the two.

There it was, nevertheless, in the November number of ——'s Magazine, between a serial by a distinguished British novelist and a doggedly humorous article by a distinguished American critic.

Why I Left My Husband.

In the table of contents of the same magazine one read How I Married My Lover, but there the accompanying portrait filled the reader merely with surprise and admiration for achievement in the face of frightful odds.

I Tried to Murder My Father—that was a third. The lady whose features adorned the tale seemed scarcely thin enough for murder, a stylish stout, by her chin and the opulent curve of her well-buttoned bosom. Still, one never knew ——

In the matter of the Married Lover, the Murdered Father, one had no desire to know. One experienced merely a qualm of disgust—and turned the page. The picture—which had left its husband—was different; different from any woman Richard Dobson had ever seen; nearer the woman whom all his life he had dreamed of seeing.

Admitted—Richard, long and lean, brown and thin faced, was a dreamer. It was in his quizzical near-sighted eyes, in the twist of the lovable mouth under the short mustache. He had the dreamer's capacity for stubborn search, the dreamer's capacity for faith in the face of repeated disillusionment, the dreamer's capacity for hurt—his terrible capacity for standing punishment.

Richard had known women, but no woman had ever known Richard, because directly he saw the dream becoming fleshy he rode or walked away, whichever at the time seemed most convenient.. So he had never been married, nor even promised in marriage. He had come to the years of discretion, you may say, but had not passed them. Which made it all the more extraordinary, his reacting in that way to a picture, with a name below it—Blanche Royall—with a vulgar, stupid, shameless line above it—Why I Left My Husband. Richard kept the magazine on his table for a week, undergoing convulsions, emotionally speaking, and revulsions, worthy of a dead volcano returning to action. Then

he throttled his pride, tied reticence and tradition together in a sack, dumped them overboard—and wrote a letter. Richard Dobson—incredibly to himself—wrote a letter, to Blanche Royall, care of ——'s Magazine, such-and-such a street, such-and-such a town—Personal—Please Forward.

Directly it flashed down the slide in the hall of his apartment house—like fate scribbling on a wall—he wished it back. He might have written it better, he thought. But the postman was due in fifteen minutes. There is a certain solace in the irretrievable.

Richard went back into his sitting room, poured himself a drink, lighted a cigarette and sat down before his fire to dream. . . . Until an answer came his dream was safe.

He had said in the letter:

My dear Miss Royall: Have you ever heard of a musical opus called Simple Aveu—Simple Confession, freely translated? It used to be on old-fashioned concert programs. A sweet thing—oversweet—full of whining *legatos* and throaty *appassionatos*, with the violin leading in prayer. When I was a small boy, struggling with the unearned disgrace of music lessons, I had to learn it. I loathed its sugared chords, its moans and its yowlings. One day, lying upon my back on an unsteady piano stool, I achieved a performance of it with my toes. After which, being so discovered by a scandalized elder sister, I was judged unworthy and my musical education was discontinued.

Nothing remains to me but the memory of that appalling chanson—mercifully without words. I admit to an exactly similar feeling concerning the confessions of contemporary American literature. I consider cheap self-revelation the ugliest characteristic of our time. Will you forgive me if I say that it is impossible to conceive of the woman your picture shows you to be writing the article which accompanies that picture? Such overwhelming incongruity arouses one's curiosity; more, one's sincere and entirely respectful interest. Why did you do it? Were you in need of thirty pieces of silver—and to buy bread—or white hyacinths?

There are phrases in the story which are almost as beautiful, almost as poignant, as the eyes of the picture. There are paragraphs which I winced to read. How could you bear to write them? Hadn't you anything to sell but your soul? And how could ——'s Magazine pay you for that?

"Let Me Come Into Your Garden So We Can Talk. I Have a Confession to Make to You"

A letter, of course, to which he didn't deserve an answer—barely hoped for one—except that he was writing to the pictured eyes, to the proud droop of that unhappy mouth.

He put the magazine away—where it could be got at and looked at from time to time—and endeavored to put it equally out of mind—without complete success. Between days of work, nights of time killing—sometimes alone, oftener not—he thought of the picture more than he liked. It became, with him, almost an obsession, a fetish, a yardstick by which other women failed lamentably. If he could have wiped out the story—but that, no less, haunted his thoughts.

"The man I married," Blanche Royall had written—how could she have written it?—"was not the first man that I knew, or liked, or even loved a little, as a very young girl will. He was only the first man who woke me to life; and to that, I may add, he later taught me to wish for death."

The bit in which she told how she married him:

"My mother objected. She said he was poor; she said he was fickle; she said he was a liar. I don't know how she knew, because to me at the time he showed none of those things except poverty, which I considered didn't matter. And it would not have mattered if he had been true to me, as I was ready to be true to him. I held out for marrying him and my mother gave in. We were married in the little church where I had been christened and confirmed. I wore a white dress and a tulle veil, with orange blossoms. A year later my baby was born—and died, after three days. He was with another woman—at a party—the night it died. The doctor had to send for him. I was too weak to hate him for that, but I never forgave him. The other woman moved away—went to another town to live—and he turned back to me. I was prettier, perhaps, than I had been before. I let him pretend that nothing had changed between us. I was still in love with him. I thought perhaps that other woman would be the only one. She wasn't. Later I found she wasn't even the first. If a man's born fickle, you can't love him into constancy; you can only lose him sooner by trying."

That had the ring of authentic wisdom, dear-bought; but in that place, on those open pages, like a beggar showing his sores to coax a penny! Richard sickened with disgust, yet found himself unable to forget line after line of it:

"When we had been living in the city almost a year he came home one evening and tried to get me to write to my mother for money. I knew he was always hard up—no amount of skimping on my part seemed to alter that—but I didn't know he was in debt. He said he had borrowed a sum of money—a very large one, it seemed to me at the time—and that the man from whom he had borrowed was pressing him for payment. I wrote to my mother, but she couldn't help me. I gave him what little jewelry I had and he sold it, but that was only a drop in the bucket. Eventually I discovered that he had taken—not borrowed—it from my mother's brother, in whose office he was working at the time.

"I went to my uncle and told him everything. For my mother's sake and mine he decided not to prosecute my husband. He consented to allow us to replace the money. I took a position in a small hotel as telephone girl. Eventually, between us, we returned the money he had taken, but I never loved him after that. If he had gone to prison I think I might have loved him. I would have worked and waited for him, and been ready to help him start over when he came out. I could have felt then that he was clean. As it was, I seemed to be living with something dead. He wasn't sorry for what he had done. With me, he didn't trouble to pretend. He thought himself rather clever to have got out of a tight place so nicely. If it hadn't been for my people and their influence he would have been in jail. He thought himself rather clever to have a hold on my people—that was all. He considered me useful in that respect; otherwise he came to have a sort of resentful dislike for me. He said I was cold. Cold? I was frozen! I was like an underground river, where blind fish swim in black waters; my thoughts were blind. I lived from one day to another. I didn't look ahead—I didn't dare."

All that was in the pictured face, of course. Richard visualized her sitting at her switchboard in the small hotel, soft hair clamped by a metal band, slender hands plugging in and out, dark eyes lifted to some silly clerk's talk—wistful, inattentive.

She had written: "I did very well after I got used to the work. At the end of a year I got a better place. I was working in one of the big hotels when he got into trouble the second time; and the second time there was a woman. He took the money to spend on her. My uncle told me so. My uncle wanted to send him to prison. My uncle said I was a fool to hang on; but so long as I did hang on, and because of the disgrace to the family if the story came out, nothing was done. It took all I had saved and all I could borrow to replace the money that was gone. If I had loved him it would have been easy, sacrificing everything for him. I am that sort of woman, I suppose. I can't help it. It isn't a virtue; it's a curse. It's the kind of thing that makes lost causes. Anyhow I stayed with it. And I didn't care terribly about the other woman, because I didn't care so terribly about him. He was just fate, so far as I was concerned; not what I had dreamed of, not what I wanted—just fate, something to be endured decently without making a noise."

Then why, in the name of all mad contradictions, take her story, for a price, onto a printed page?

Decent endurance? She had endured beyond the limits of decency. But when it came to making a noise, there was her picture, there was her confession—tuppenny ha'penny sensation—along with a handful of others.

Dobson couldn't make that story correlate. He couldn't tie up the loose ends it left. Line for line it convinced him utterly of its authenticity as a human document, but that the woman who had lived it could ever sell it and herself so cheap ——

He didn't know just how cheap. He supposed things like that were well paid for. But could anything pay one for selling one's soul on the street corner?

Sharply as the story moved him, its lack of any shyness made him writhe. It wasn't civilized—the almost childlike simplicity of her frankness, set down in black and white, for anyone to buy who had twenty-five cents in his pocket, for any fool to pore over and snicker over and make obscene comment.

Why I Left My Husband.

For the simplest reason—in the end—the most unpredictable reason:

"He killed a kitten that I had brought in off the street; a thin little gray kitten I found crying beside the steps and brought in and fed. It was so thin and so little it seemed

more like a bat than a kitten. I gave it some hot milk and it drank it all and licked my hand and purred—a funny small rusty sound. I had it two nights. I was getting quite fond of it. But the third night it cried all night long; it came out of the box I had put it in and cried in a corner—and he threw a shoe at it and hit it on the head and killed it. It was such a small kitten it was easy to kill. It left a blood spot on the wall. I buried it next morning under a grimy little tree in the patch of back yard behind the house. Then I put all my clothes in my trunk and left the latchkey on the table in the front room of the flat and went away.

"I had lived with a liar and a thief, but I couldn't live with a murderer."

So she had—in the end—gone away, cut herself loose and begun again. Alone? Not for too long, alone, Richard thought, with that faint lure of a smile about her mouth, that glimmer of a question in her eyes. An innocent Lady Hamilton, sweeter than Romney's nymph in the forest—sweeter because less aware.

What had she done after she left him? The story didn't tell.

It stopped like a note broken off on that last bitter cry, "I couldn't live with a murderer."

Would Blanche Royall tell him the rest? He hardly half hoped, but in one week more her letter came; small round writing, black ink, on businesslike white paper. Richard tore the envelope raggedly in his haste. He was conscious and tried to be contemptuous of an accelerated pulse. She wrote briefly. Offended, naturally, but on her side also slightly curious:

My dear Mr. Dobson: Why take it upon yourself to discuss the price of my soul? Isn't that one thing requiring a strictly personal estimate? Yes, I have heard of Simple Confession, and practiced it—with my ten fingers, lacking simian suppleness in other directions.

That—from the bruised and defeated creature who had written: "He was just fate, so far as I was concerned; not what I had dreamed of, not what I had wanted—just fate."

Her letter to Richard sounded as if she might meet any amount of fate with a clenched fist and a jeer. She defended herself:

Why should I be silent when speech is silver—and thirty pieces legal tender? I gather you read my story—why bite the hand that fed you?

She signed off abruptly: "Sincerely, Blanche Royall." And the postmark was that of a small town in a near-by state—not a hundred miles away from Richard's apartment.

She piqued his interest beyond words. He got out the picture and stared at it. Those deep shadowy eyes, that tender unhappy mouth—and the line about simian suppleness! As if over Lady Hamilton's shoulder Pierrette suddenly winked, tilted her chin and wrinkled her nose at him.

Richard wrote back, in the frankest haste:

I didn't mean to sound such a supercilious ass—forgive me. I was moved by your story or I shouldn't have written at all.

To which she replied by return post:

I shall be delighted not only to forgive but to forget you. As you say, you shouldn't have written at all.

That was more than mortal man could stomach—in quietude. Richard retorted by special delivery:

Don't be unfair. Won't you give me the pleasure of meeting you? And let me explain?

Her answer to that was concentrate indifference:

I have an explanation.

Following which, and thanks to a fighting strain in his ancestry, Richard took a train to the town in which she lived. Nothing justified such travel on his part. His curiosity, deepening into interest, deepening again into downright longing to see and know the woman behind that simple and cruel story, drove him past waiting for her permission to present himself. He rode two hours in dogged discomfort, in a dusty green-velveted day coach, and alighted almost alone, about twilight, at a small and dusty station.

The station master, of whom he inquired casually of Miss Royall's location, regarded him for a moment in silence, with a touch of distrust, it appeared to Richard, who was beginning to experience a slight and humiliating nervousness when the man at length replied.

"You lookin' for the old Johnson place. Straight along that street to the right and turn to your left first corner. Then three blocks more. It's an old white cottage set back in the yard, with vines over the porch." Richard thanked him. "There's a dog," said the agent thoughtfully.

"I'm very fond of dogs," said Richard.

"German police," said the station agent.

"I speak a little German," said Richard.

"Is that so?" said the agent.

Richard assured him that it was and departed.

A very pleasant street, it was lined with weather-beaten houses not too new, not too large, not too urban, set in the fragrance and charm of not too tidy gardens. Richard liked old towns. This one was quite delightful. Roses over doorsteps, daisies spattering uncut grass, an agreeable lack of paint, an occasional gap in a fence. At the first turn to the left he encountered another and no less friendly thoroughfare. Three blocks—then, set back in a generous overgrown lawn, with vines smothering a narrow porch—the old Johnson place obviously.

Richard reflected that Blanche Royall had come to harbor in a safe and kindly spot. Johnson—her mother's name, very likely—she would naturally go back to her people. He hoped they were decent to her; he hoped they hadn't rubbed salt in the wounds she so simply and pitifully described in that ill-starred confession. Of course her letters sounded cocky—a kind of gallant bravado—but that might well be protective coloration, the shield of a hurt soul.

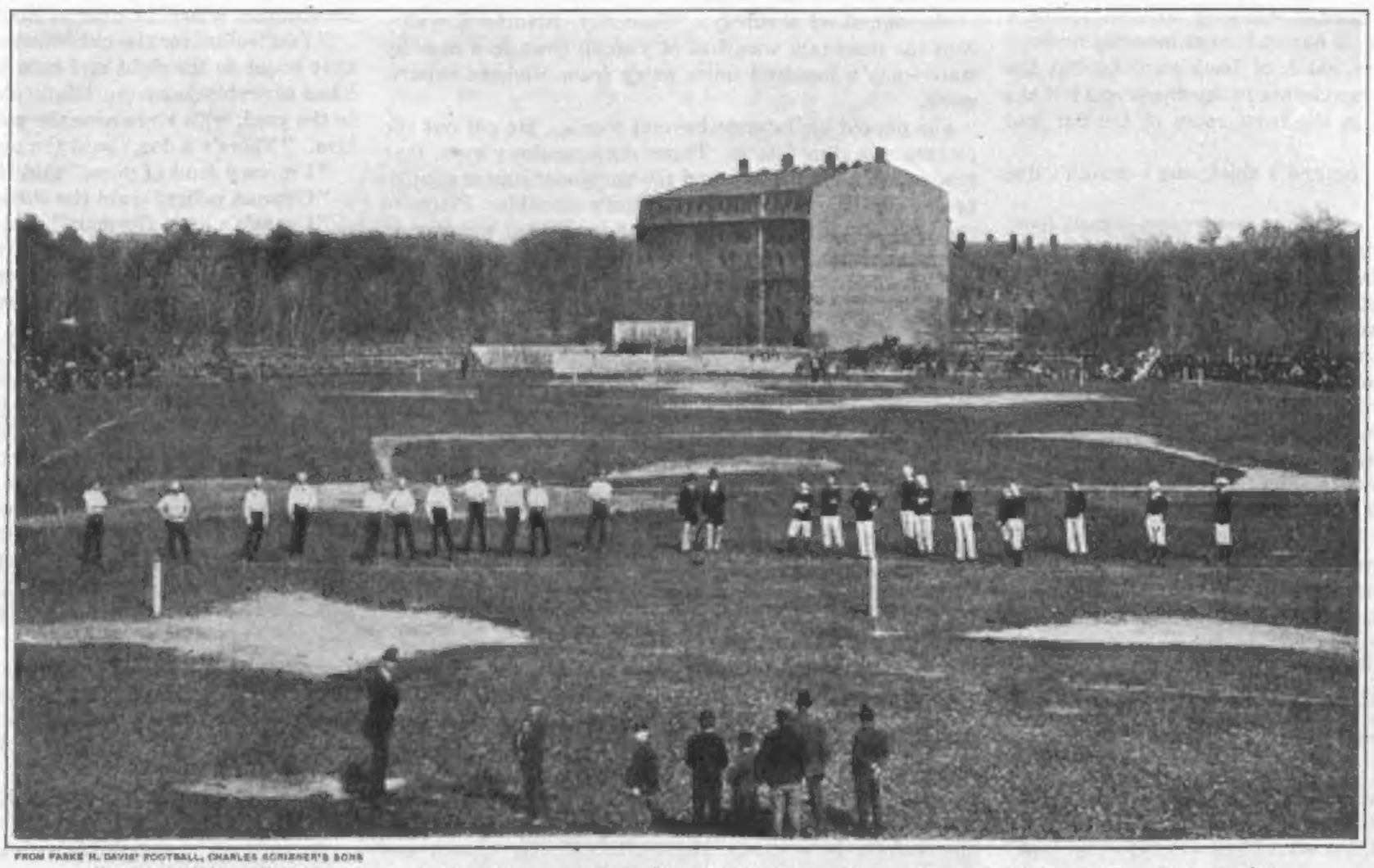
Richard's heart annoyed him by jerking queerly under his waistcoat while, having rung the bell of the old Johnson

(Continued on Page 117)

"Tell Me," Said Richard Earnestly, "Is Blanche Royall Perhaps an Older Sister?" "Perhaps," She Said; "But I Think It Very Improbable"

TOUCHDOWN!

As Told by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg to Wesley Winans Stout



FROM PARKE H. DAVIS' FOOTBALL, CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Harvard Versus McGill. America's First Intercollegiate Game of Rugby Football. Jarvis Field, Cambridge, May 15, 1874

NUMBER 1—PIGSKIN

WHEN I was a boy in West Orange, New Jersey, in the years just following the Civil War, my father annually bought two shotes in the early spring and fattened them for November butchering. The meat was salted down in part, the hams smoked and the balance ground into sausage, which, with buckwheat cakes, was our winter breakfast seven mornings a week.

Each year I spoke for the bladders of the slaughtered hogs. These bladders we inflated by blowing through a quill. They were the only footballs we knew, and such usually had been the football as far back as it can be traced. From the use of hog bladders rescued from the slaughterhouse came the sport-page term "pigskin," which still clings to the American football, though neither the bladder nor the outer covering of leather has had for many years the remotest relation to swine.

Although American football is the youngest, basketball excepted, of all major sports—seven of the fifteen original members of the first American football team still are alive—it developed from a game that can be traced back to antiquity, which the earliest explorers found being played in the South Seas, among the Eskimos of the Arctic, and by other aboriginal peoples who conceived it independently through the human desire to kick an object.

Football Forbidden by Royal Ukase

THE game varied in details with time and place, but essentially it was the same—a noisy, pate-cracking, shin-barking horseplay without rules of consequence, between two sides of unlimited numbers, each intent on driving the ball across the other's boundary or goal line by hook, crook or swat; and such it continued to be for no one knows how many thousands of years down almost to the year of my birth. Where the ball was small and hard, rather than an inflated bladder, kicking was not always practical. At Scone, in Perthshire, Scotland, kicking was expressly forbidden centuries ago. A player ran with the ball until overtaken or blocked, when he tried to pass it to another on his side, much as in Rugby when first played on this side; and "All is fair in the ball at Scone" was a Perthshire proverb. Even women played it, a game between the married women and spinsters being an annual event on Shrove Tuesday at Inverness. Historians have wondered why the married women won invariably. The answer is that the spinsters who distinguished themselves on the field were no longer old maids by the following year, but had been drafted into the Big League.

Probably shinny, hockey and lacrosse are all only variations of the original football.

Football was being played so generally in the narrow, crooked streets of medieval London, to the detriment of shop fronts and the peace of His Majesty's citizens, that Edward II forbade it by royal ukase in 1314. It so kept the yeomen from the practice of archery, upon the native skill of which England depended in war, that Edward III renewed the prohibition in 1365, and every succeeding king seems to have outlawed the sport, all to little effect.

As a pedestrian activity, the gentry would have none of it. Sir Thomas Elyot inveighed against it as a sport unfit for gentlemen "wherein is nothing but beastlie furie and extreme violence whereof proceedeth hurte." James I forbade the heir apparent to play, describing it as "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof."

Philip Stubbs, the Puritan, called it a "devilishe pastime, a frendlye kinde of fyghting. For dooth not everyone lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, on valley or hill, or whatever place it be he careth not; and he that can serve most of this fashion he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? So that by this means sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes their noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out. But whosoever scapeth away best goeth not scot-free, but either is fore-wounded, craised or bruised, so as he dyeth of it, or else scapeth very harlie; and no mervaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the short ribs with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip and picke him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices."

Carew, in 1602, was a fairer critic, who saw beyond the surface roughness which so misled the early lay spectators of the American game three centuries later. "You shall see them retiring home as from a pitched battle," he closed a description, "bones broken and out of joint, and such bruises as serve to shorten their days, yet all is good play and never attorney or coroner troubled for the matter."

When the Puritans came in, all games went out and football was forgotten so completely that it did not revive for 200 years. It returned at Eton, Harrow, Westminster, Winchester, Rugby and those preparatory schools which the British call public, but which are far from being so. It returned about the time of the Napoleonic Wars, and in its old form—an inflated ball kicked in opposite directions by two mobs of boys.

But at once each school adapted the game to its own necessities. Westminster, located in the heart of London, had no playing field but the cobblestone pavements of the cloisters. Tripping, tackling, the use of the hands and the like were too dangerous to limb and destructive of clothing on such a field. Out of this necessity came the modern game of Association, or soccer, as we now know it.

Eton had more room and a softer field, but not sufficiently so as to suggest the use of the hands. There the ball was put into play against the eight-foot brick wall along the Windsor Road. Eton went the Association way, but it contributed one thing to American football—the limiting of a team to eleven men.

But at Rugby there was unlimited turf. Set in an ivied brick wall at Rugby is a tablet which I saw on one of my trips to England with an Olympic team. It reads:

THIS STONE COMMEMORATES THE EXPLOIT OF WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS, WHO, WITH A FINE DISREGARD FOR THE RULES OF FOOTBALL, FIRST TOOK THE BALL IN HIS ARMS AND RAN WITH IT, THUS ORIGINATING THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF THE RUGBY GAME, A. D. 1823

Mr. Stagg

The First Grange

IT HAS been a similar fine disregard for the rules that has evolved from the Rugby game this very different sport we still call football which fills the Yale Bowl and a hundred other great amphitheaters on autumn Saturday afternoons.

A hundred or so boys were kicking the football on Big-side, Rugby, this fall day 103 years ago. The game had been deadlocked and scoreless for an hour, and the five-o'clock school bell would strike in a moment, leaving the game a draw, when young Ellis, catching a punt, instead of heeling and kicking back as he should have done according to tradition, kept the ball in his arms and dashed through the flabbergasted opposition to the goal line.

He was no hero to be commemorated in tablets then or for some time after. Instead, he either was laughed at as a booby or scorned as a mucker. His innovation, however, opened the eyes of some of his fellows in time to the possibilities of a game in which the ball might be carried as well as kicked and butted. At first this privilege was limited to balls obtained by fair catches, as in Ellis' case.

This experiment lent so much added interest that the rule was expanded to include a ball scooped up on the bound, until shortly all restrictions were removed and Rugby had a game all its own.

The boy who first ran with the ball became a clergyman of the Church of England, was long rector of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand, London, and died in 1872, the incumbent of Laver Magdalen Church, Essex.

Graduates of the English public schools had carried football into the world before 1860, but match games were made impossible or absurd by the anarchy in the rules. The Blackheath Club, oldest of all, dating from 1858, and the Richmond Club, 1859, tried to agree on a code in 1863 and failed; but the one gathered together other clubs in the Football Association which gave its name to the kicking game, while the other organized the Rugby Union and drew up the groundwork of rules upon which American colleges later were to play strange tunes.

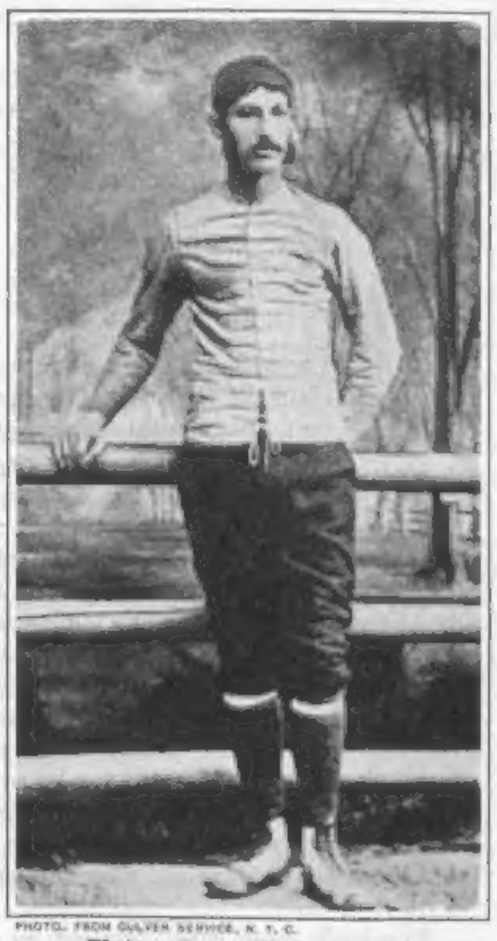


PHOTO. FROM CULVER SERVICE, N. Y. C.
Walter Camp, Yale, in 1879

Here were two games. The kicking game was familiar in the United States, the Rugby game was unknown, yet in a few years Rugby virtually exterminated Association in America. Why was that?

It was not entirely that the Rugby of the time was so much a better game to play and more spectacular to watch; in one respect, at least, it was much duller both to play and to watch. My own guess is that Rugby triumphed in part because it had better press agents.

By sheer force of character, Dr. Thomas Arnold, as head master at Rugby from 1828 to 1842, had given the school great prestige. Then a boy named Thomas Hughes attended the school from 1834 to 1840, and in 1858 he wrote a book for boys called Tom Brown's School Days, with Rugby the scene.

Roughhouse

THE high point in the story was the Schoolhouse versus School football match. The book was a boys' classic, sold enormously both in Great Britain and here, and still sells. Hughes, too, was a friend of James Russell Lowell's, a partisan of the North and the antislavery cause. He visited the United States twice, even founding a cooperative community in Tennessee called Rugby.

In my boyhood none of us had heard of Harrow, Winchester or Westminster. If we knew of Eton, it was only from the Eton jacket, but all of us had followed Tom Brown through Rugby and on up to Oxford in the sequel.

More than this is necessary, though, to an understanding of the game that monopolizes our sport pages from the end of the World's Series until the first of December. Our early settlers were too busy conquering a wilderness and shooting Indians to have time or need for games, yet the colonists at Jamestown kicked a pig bladder about, as they had done at home, and they passed the sport on to succeeding generations.

All our early colleges were theological seminaries. The long hours left no time for diversions, and the whole tone of higher education was antagonistic. As the country became more settled and an aristocracy appeared along the seaboard, it imposed its own sporting traditions on the schools. The wealthier students began to bring stables of saddle horses and hunters, their dogs and guns, their duello code of honor and their wines to school with them. This was particularly true at Princeton, situated in a village, and the faculty had to prohibit the keeping of horses, dogs and sporting arms before 1800. By 1819 it was forced to make dueling, the sending, receiving or carrying of a challenge, or acting as a second a cause for instant dismissal.

Even in theological schools there always have been high animal spirits and the necessity for an outlet. If there was a major college sport in America from the Revolution down to about 1850, the records would indicate that it was convivial drinking. Athletics, more than all other factors combined, ended hard and regular drinking in the colleges.

Despite the long hours, a succession of chapel and classes from dawn until dusk, and the deadly earnestness of education, its quality was not high by present standards. At a Yale banquet in 1888, the first ever given by the alumni in celebration of an athletic victory, I heard Chauncey Depew say that a graduate of Yale of his time, thirty-two years earlier, could not have passed the freshman entrance examinations of 1888.

The earliest description of college football I find comes from Princeton in the 40's. Evening prayers there came at five o'clock, followed by an hour of leisure before dinner, the only off period of the day. The students had been used to promenading Nassau Street in this hour, while the village ladies strolled at the same hour and place. Presumably some of the student body continued true to chivalry, but others, by this time, were devoting the hour

Mr. Stagg and His Older Brother, 1879

to kicking a pig bladder, which they hired a negro to inflate, and later a round rubber ball, between Princeton east and west college buildings. As many played as liked. Frequently the A's to L's met the M's to Z's. The first side to kick to the wall won. That was goal and game. The ball went into play in center field, the two sides advancing on the charge at a signal and trying to kick it through, or, in lieu of the ball, the other fellow's shins. The only known rule was that the ball could not be touched with the hands. It was a campus roughhouse, in reality, rather than a game.

When Football Was Rushed to Death

HARVARD, like other schools, had let off some of its undergraduate steam in annual battles between the freshmen and the sophomores. These free-for-alls were called rushes. At some period a reformer seems to have tossed a football into the fray in the hope of distracting some of the violence from the persons of the participants to the ball. The ball stayed in the fight and the rush came to be called football, but with no such results as hoped for, for in 1860 the faculty forbade the game as sternly as ever did Plantagenet king.

A great procession bore the ball to the Delta, where Memorial Hall now stands, dug a grave, pronounced a funeral oration in the manner of Antony over dead Cæsar, read an ode written for the occasion and erected a monument over the grave, reading:

HIC JACET
FOOTBALL
FIGHTUM
OBIIT JULY 2, 1860
ÆT LX YEARS
RESURGAT

The age given for the deceased would indicate that some sort of football had been

(Continued on Page 206)

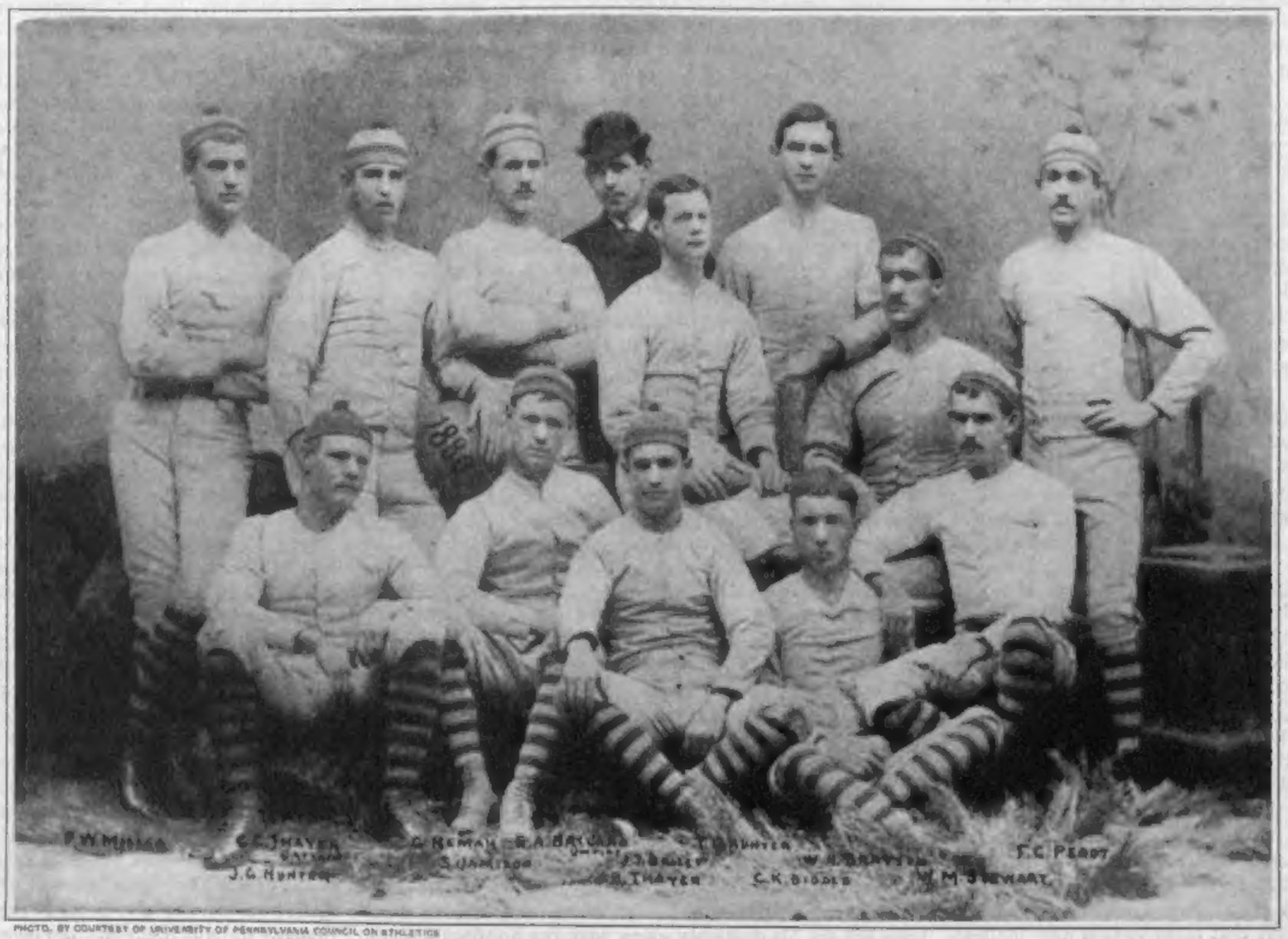


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA COUNCIL ON ATHLETICS
When Football at Pennsylvania Was in Transition From Association to Rugby

Vigorine and the Missing Papers

"I—I Was Just Thinkin'," He Stammered, "That Clam Fritters Always Give Me Worse Dyspepsy Than Even Clam Pie Does"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

LAWYER BRADLEY shook his head. "I'm afraid it is no use, Benijah," he said. "I don't see that anything can be done to change matters for you. The only will of Captain Ezekiel Oaks that has come to light is the one leaving practically everything to your cousin Octavius. All you get under that will is one hundred dollars. I'll take care that you get that, of course, when the estate is settled. Considering how long you lived with the old man and what you did for him in his last years, it is—well, it's a shame. But law is law and a man's will is his will."

Benijah Oaks rubbed the knees of his shabby trousers and his pale-blue eyes peered wistfully at the rug on the floor of the attorney's office. His thin little body was perched upon the very edge of the ancient pine armchair, for it was characteristic of him that he lacked even the small amount of self-assertion necessary to the preëmption of an entire seat. He drew a long breath.

"I took care of Uncle Zeke for a pretty long time," he observed musingly. "He was—well, I don't know's I'd ought to say such a thing of anybody that's gone—but he was kind of hard to get along with, too, sometimes—by spells."

Bradley grunted. The statement was no exaggeration. The late Captain Ezekiel Oaks had been a crabbed, crotchety, dyspeptic old tyrant. No one of the many housekeepers he hired during the period immediately following his wife's death endured his whims, his bullying and his ill temper for more than a month. Benijah had endured them for six long years, had been his uncomplaining cook, bottle washer and drudge in the old house on the outskirts of South Trumet. Everyone had supposed that he would be his heir also, but after the captain's sudden death the reading of the will disclosed the fact that all the property, with the exception of one hundred dollars, had been bequeathed to his nephew by marriage, one Octavius Bills. Bills, a bachelor, was proprietor of the billiard and pool room in the neighboring village of Bayport. He had not waited even for the will to be probated, but had taken up residence in the Oaks homestead. Benijah was there also, keeping house for Octavius, as he had for his Uncle Ezekiel. Besides his housekeeping duties he was janitor of the town hall. He was good-natured, willing, meek, a strict teetotaler and a thoroughly moral person in every particular. Cynics were wont to assert that these virtues were little to his credit; he never had spunk enough to be anything else, they said.

Bradley was the son of Judge Bradley, who had practiced law in that very office in Trumet during the greater part of a long life, and who had died three days after Captain Ezekiel's sudden taking off. Bradley, Junior, newly admitted to the bar, and then with a Boston firm, came immediately to Trumet to carry on his father's practice. There was little to carry. Most of the late judge's patrons were cautious, middle-aged shopkeepers or cranberry growers, and they were wary of intrusting their private affairs to one whom they considered a boy. He might turn out all right in time, but they would wait and see. For two weeks young Bradley had been sitting in that office awaiting clients. So far they had been very, very few.

Benijah Oaks would have liked to be one and it was annoying to face the certainty that he could not be. There was nothing to be done for him.

"It is a shame," repeated Bradley. "But I'm afraid you will have to abide by the will and face the music, Nige. I'm mighty sorry."

Benijah nodded. "Cal'late you're right," he agreed meekly. "Well, I'll have my hundred dollars sometime, maybe, and I've got my town-hall job, so I'll get along. I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Bradley."

He picked up a shapeless and colorless cloth cap from the floor and, rising, ambled uncertainly toward the door. The lawyer asked a question.

"You'll stay in your cousin's—I mean in your uncle's house for a while, I suppose?" he asked.

Benijah nodded once more. The nod was almost cheerful, would have been surprisingly so on the part of anyone else under the circumstances.

"Um-hum," he replied. "Don't know how long 'twill be, though. Occy, he's dead set on sellin' everything he can, right off. He's cal'latin' to go to Bayport this noontime, after dinner, to see a feller he thinks may buy the place. . . . Goin' to have clam pie for dinner, we are," he added. "'Tain't my choice—no sir! My dyspepsy's been botherin' me awful lately. Guess Uncle Zeke must have left me his dyspepsy along with the hundred dollars. I wouldn't have picked no clam pie to tackle, you bet you, but Occy's boss and he ordered it. He likes my cookin' fust-rate; says so too. That's kind of nice of him, ain't it?"

He made the observation in entire sincerity. Bradley sniffed. "Very," he observed dryly. "He lets you cook for him and pays you by saying he likes what you cook. His kindness is certainly remarkable. Well," he went on, "while he is at Bayport you might have one more hunt around the house for that later will you think your uncle made. Of course you won't find it, but if you should it might alter things a bit."

Benijah's blue eyes blinked between their puckered lids. "I'm just as sartin as ever I was that he made that will," he said. "'Twas Decoration Day—his last day on this earth, poor soul—and he was all rigged up in his Grand Army blue coat and hat. He set great store by them Civil War times when he was a commodore in the horse guards, or whatever 'twas. I remember just how he looked and what he said. He had dyspepsy when he went out in the mornin' and was cranky as all-fire, but when he come back along in the afternoon he was good-natured and chucklin' to himself. 'Nige,' says he to me, 'you're little better than a poor fool, and all hands knows it, but I've decided to look out for you after I'm dead. I've fixed things so's you get the heft of my money.' I was surprised, of course; not by his callin' me a fool—he was always jokin' that way—but on account of his havin' told me so many times afore that I wan't fit to be trusted with a cent and that he'd willed everything to Octavius. 'You'll never have gumption enough to earn a decent livin',' says he, jokin' some more, 'so somebody'll have to give you one. I've decided it's laid onto me to be that one. It's all fixed for you now,' he says, 'so you can depend on it.' Then he went upstairs and changed his clothes and—and that very night he was struck down dead. Now I ask you, Mr. Bradley, if what he said to me that afternoon don't mean he made a new will later than the one Octavius has got, what does it mean? But there! I've asked you that afore, ain't I?"

Bradley smiled. "You have, at least a dozen times, Benijah," he said. "And I've told you that you may be right. Something father seemed to be trying to tell me just before he died makes me almost sure of it. But if we can't find that new will what good does it do us?"

Oaks ruefully shook his head. "Not a mite—not a mite," he agreed. "Still, you can't never tell, can you? There's lots of things ain't been found yet. Uncle Zeke had a way of keepin' things hid up. Kind of like a crow he was, for hidin' things. Come to think of it now, I ain't never seen that there Grand Army coat and hat of his since he passed on. Must be somewheres, wouldn't you think? . . . Humph! Say, Mr. Bradley, there was a show come to the town hall last winter; The Widow's Mite, the name of it was. Good show 'twas too. All the way through it there was a widow woman havin' a dreadful hard time on account of her havin' paid off a mortgage, or a bill or somethin', and no receipt to show for it. Got so all hands thought she was bound for the poorhouse sure. But in the

very last act there was the receipt or mortgage or supeny or whatever 'twas, hid right in the clock on the mantelpiece of the settin' room. Just where you'd never expect to find it. Now maybe Uncle Zeke's new will is in some place like that."

The lawyer laughed. "Those were the missing papers, Benijah," he said. "If it wasn't for the missing papers half the plays—yes, and the stories—couldn't be written. The trouble with such papers in real life is that they usually stay missing. You might look in the clock, though, when you go home."

Benijah grinned feebly. "I looked there fust thing," he confessed. "There wasn't nothin' in our clock but works, and the mainspring of them was busted. . . . Ouch!" passing a hand across his faded waistcoat. "Guess the very thoughts of that clam pie is fetchin' my dyspepsy onto me. Dear, dear! I wish I didn't have to eat it."

The lawyer lost patience. "Don't eat it then," he said. "Stand up in your boots for once, Benijah. Bills doesn't own you, even if he is going to own the property. Let him eat his own clam pie—yes, and cook it too. Be a man for a change. Tell him to go to blazes."

Benijah's grin this time was even more sickly than before. "I—I—sometimes I feel as if I'd like to," he confessed. "But he's so sort of—er—masterful. Ah-hum! Well—er—good mornin'."

Bradley turned his back in disgust. Oaks shuffled out of the office and along the main road for a mile or so, then turned from it to the short cut across the fields and over Smalley's Hill. Another two miles, through pine groves and along the beach of Carey's Cove, brought him in sight of the lonely, rambling, gray-shingled house which had belonged to the late Captain Ezekiel. In the yard of that house the bulky figure of Octavius Bills was pacing impatiently up and down. It was a conspicuous figure, for Mr. Bills esteemed himself something of a sport, and although his checked suit was not over clean, it was distinctly loud. He greeted his cousin with a snort.

"Where in thunder have you been?" he demanded. "I let you out of this house for twenty minutes and you stay two hours. Didn't I tell you I was goin' to Bayport and had to have an early dinner?"

Benijah stammered an apology. He had been over to the Centre on an errand to the—to the store, he explained. It had taken longer than he expected.

"I'm awful sorry I was late, Occy," he added eagerly. "I'll get right to work on that clam pie."

"You will not. That pie will take another hour and a half to make. Get somethin' else and get it in a hurry. You hear?"

Benijah heard, but he looked troubled. "Now I come to think of it, Occy," he faltered, "there ain't nothin' much in the house except them clams. It's too bad, but – – "

"Oh, shut up! Cook the clams some other way. Make a chowder."

"I ain't got no onions. No, nor potatoes nuther. I—hum! I suppose I could fry some clam fritters."

"Fry 'em then, and fry 'em quick. . . . Well? What's the matter now?"

Benijah was absently rubbing his waistcoat. "I I was just thinkin'," he stammered, "that clam fritters always give me worse dyspepsy than even clam pie does."

"Bah! You make me tired. Your dyspepsy's all in your imagination."

"No. That ain't where 'tis: I wish 'twas. Why Uncle Zeke, he used to have it the same way."

"Yes, and he took medicine for it. Why don't you find out what he took and take it yourself?"

"I'd like to. I used to ask Uncle Zeke what the name of his medicine was, but he'd never tell me. Came in a big green bottle, it did. I've been hopin' I might find one of them bottles around the house somewheres, but I can't seem to. I wonder why he never told me the name of it."

"Aw, be still! Most likely he didn't think it was worth while tellin' you anything. I don't wonder. . . . Come! Are you goin' to fry those clams or ain't you?"

Benijah chopped the clams, mixed the batter and fried the fritters. He brought them to the table, hot, fragrant and dripping with grease. Octavius ate seven of the deadly things and his cousin five. The little man realized only too well that he was heating the irons for his own torture, but the fritters were tasty and he was hungry. To abstain from food when hungry requires strength of will, and will power was distinctly not a part of Benijah Oaks' make-up.

Octavius bolted his seven clam fritters, flooded them with three cups of strong coffee, tucked a huge cigar in the corner of his mouth and prepared to leave.

"I'm goin' over in Ellis' car," he announced. "I'll be back by five, or sooner. You can clean up around while I'm gone. You've got the beds to make and enough to keep you busy. You ain't done what I told you to do in Uncle Zeke's room yet, have you?"

"Why—why, no, Occy, I ain't. I've meant to, but—but, Lordy! I do hate to go into that room somehow. Ever since Uncle Zeke died in there I ——"

"Say, look here, Nige Oaks! If I was you I'd try to appreciate what a soft berth I had. Hangin' around in this house of mine, gettin' your board and keep for nothin'. Everybody's wonderin' why I let you do it, but I tell 'em I'm the easy mark in our family and always was. You fix up that room."

He stalked out of the house, leaving Benijah to wash the dishes and wrestle with the preliminary gnawings of indigestion. By the time the dishwashing was over the preliminaries were over also and the dyspepsia had settled down to business. Benijah's trips between the sink and the pantry were punctuated by groans. At last he climbed to the second floor, stopping to groan on every stair.

The chamber which Bills chose to occupy had been the spare room, the guest chamber of the old house in the days when Mrs. Oaks was its mistress and guests came there occasionally. It was by far the pleasantest of the sleeping apartments, which was why Bills selected it. Benijah's own room was at the rear, in the ell. It measured nine by eight and had one window under the eaves. The room where Captain Ezekiel used to sleep, and in which he died, was between the two. Big and gloomy it was, furnished with a walnut washstand and bureau, a mammoth walnut bed, the headboard of which, ornamented with a bunch of walnut grapes, reached almost to the low ceiling. On the walls were crayon enlargements of Uncle Zeke and Aunt Sophronia; a colored print portraying The Death of Andrew Jackson; and a framed cluster of family coffin plates mounted on black velvet. The floor was covered with a faded rag carpet, and the bedquilt was one which Mrs. Oaks had fashioned from strips of her discarded calico gowns and aprons.

Benijah groaningly but carefully made his cousin's bed. Then, after an interval of agonized

(Continued on Page 158)

A Particularly Sharp Pang of Indigestion Caused Him to Halt and Writhe Before the Open Door

THE OLD MAN OF THE MILLS

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

ONE thing about a steel-mill yarn—it needs no villain. In steel itself is villainy enough. Man-breaking labor, skin-peeling heat, sulphur stink. The sickening, sweetish odor of monoxide, carrying imbecile menace far more to be feared than death. The squeeze—that steady, unremitting pressure hard to make outsiders realize, that constant urge, that pitiless unceasing drive for tonnage and more tonnage. There is the old twelve-hour day. There is the seven-day week, the three-hundred-and-sixty-five-day year. There is the double turn. There is the Old Man of the Mills himself. There, with the list not one-half said, is villainy enough to fit out half a thousand tales with villains. Still, if you must have your heavies flesh and blood, there is B. L. Sebo.

You can lay a bet that they nicknamed him B. L. Zebub. They did, and rightly. Fire and brimstone were his element. B. L. Sebo was one of the general managers that came and went at Mid-Penn Steel in the tough old days when Mid-Penn gulped down a general manager about once every two or three years and whooped for more. B. L. Sebo lasted over ten years at Mid-Penn Steel. No wonder that he got the name Beelzebub.

Beelzebub was an alumnus of that engineering institute which we name Valley Tech; and across the desk from him, as this tale leaves its mark, there stands another product of those same halls of learning—halls which boast the proud record of having dumped on a long-suffering world less useless graduate material and more work eaters than any other college, and of having furnished steel with more hard-boiled sergeants and more major generals, still harder boiled, than all the other schools in America combined.

There He Stood a Moment, His Long Mill Back of Him, Beelzebub Draped Over His Thick Forearm

Samuel Trowbridge Steed was the name of the splendid chunk of meat and bones that faced Beelzebub across his desk. Samuel Trowbridge Steed, known to his fellow man as Charger Sam. Sam's nickname was as apt as B. L. Sebo's. Not so much because his name was Steed as because of the fact that he was a line-busting fool and a war horse generally. Sam, just the day before, had shaken good-by handgrips with the pals of four good years. Just yesterday the ancient chestnut trees of old South Mountain had spread their fostering arms over Sam and his fine friends, yearning above them just as they had yearned above a thousand other boys, loath to see them go out into a world that would so sorely try their stalwart undergraduate faith in men; and the voice of Packer Hall's old sweet sad bell had made it a difficult thing for Sam and brother graduates to refrain from the disgrace of glistening eyes.

And then, all in a day, the scene of Sam Steed's life had changed from one of bright green lawns and velvet terraces to a smudged vista of bristling stacks and belching chimneys, at sight of which Sam's nostrils worked like those of Job's great charger when it smelled the battle and heard the thunder of the captains and the shouting. So young Sam Steed had stood, smelling conflict, rejoicing in his strength, outside the frowning gates of Mid-Penn Steel.

And now he faced Beelzebub himself.

"They tell me," growled Beelzebub—"they tell me that you played most of the last half of the game last fall with a cracked collar bone."

Beelzebub didn't say which game. He said "the game." There is only one game of football every year. Any Valley Tech man can tell you that.

Sam Steed got red. Sam shuffled his feet about.

"Well, you see, Mr. Sebo," Sam explained, "I didn't know that the fool thing was broken till Doc looked it over in the field house afterward."

Fire flamed in Beelzebub's cold eye. Beelzebub himself had more than once taken an elegant cleat-first jump at that dark red bulwark against which Charger Sam had wrecked his collar bone. He knew the feel of it; knew the traditions that went with the assaulting of those bristling Maroon defenses.

"That last-minute score you got was pretty, Steed. And I thank you kindly for the way you knocked the bottom out of Ostravitski making it. I'd been waiting four long years to see somebody sink that coal barge. I'll bet he didn't know your collar bone was broken either."

Then suddenly the genial glow of Valley Tech reminiscence died in Beelzebub's eye, leaving it cold and hard again.

"In that game, Steed," he snapped, "you went good thirty minutes under pain. In this game that you're going into now we'll break a damn sight more than your collar bone. Charger Sam, eh? Good name to hook up to a dolomite shovel in the open hearth. Here's a card to the super over there. Come in to see me in about ten years. I don't think you're a quitter or I wouldn't take you on; but if you want to know, I can tell you certainly if you'll drop in at the office here to see me ten years from today."

Ten years in steel.

Ten Easter Sundays delicate with the tender tints of spring. Ten, with their choir boys sweetly singing and their lilies nodding and their young girls wearing lovely dresses, like so many slender birches wearing their first fairy green. And ten with the open-hearth furnaces, tapping withering steel.

Ten Decoration Days, with graves all fragrant and green, with memories fragranter, greener still. And ten with gas producers reeking with a sweetness that is almost obscene.

Ten Independence Days, with picnics and with noisy fun. Ten days when reunited families gathered about huge tables loaded with much cause for happiness and thanksgiving.

And, pushing each one of these blessed days off the calendar of Sam Steed, the Old Man of the Mills came driving in, belaboring and unresting.

Ten Christmases, with snow floating jollily down outside wreathed windows, and with floors toy-scattered. Ten, with trees shimmering gayety, radiant happiness, heart-melting good will to little ones; and into more than one of these a long-awaited dad has come, carried by four; quiet and black. Weary with giving twelve-hour days to steel, with giving full many a twenty-four-hour day to steel; weary with giving his Sundays, his Easters, his Fourth of July's, his Thanksgiving Days to steel for many years, this dad had not jumped quickly enough when she broke through the side instead of at the tap hole at which they were slugging on this Christmas afternoon. So the Old Man of the Mills leers forth through burned-out furnace walls at one more gone down under the lash and load of his riding.

The Old Man of the Mills. Maybe his day is nearly done. A terrible creature he, born of civilization's terrible need for steel, born from the great earth womb out of which steel's coal and ore and flux have been so mercilessly ripped; a dreadful replica of Sinbad's hideous old rider, armed with a lash of fire. Maybe the time has come when

men can shake him off. For who can doubt that as mankind takes more and more to the air necessity will invent some stuff to meet steel's cost, with all or more of steel's great strength and half its weight. But when the Old Man rode, he rode not only open-hearth melters, open-hearth helpers down. He rode them all—the clerks, the carpenters, the railroad crews. He rode the general superintendents—the B. L. Sebos. He rode the open-hearth superintendents—the Sam T. Steeds; for after ten years in steel Sam Steed was that.

Steel is the vastest of all challenges to serve. And that vast challenge Sam T. Steed had met with all he had. In ten years Sam had been on the perilous verge of quitting more than once. In ten years death had snatched at him, missing him a hair's breadth many a time. Weak men and strong men had come to love him in that time; one or two men had come to hate him with a great hate. Tired, squeezed dry, hammered sick, he had plugged ahead through many a stretch with more than his collar bone broken; for the spirit of him was bowed to the cracking point time after time as his bright faith in men was tarnished by this or that slimy human trick. But that spirit straightened every time, uplifted by the mere magnitude of the thing of which he was a part, by the sheer tremendousness of the task to which he had dedicated his strength, by the simple splendidness of many of the men who worked beside him, giving themselves to steel; and far from his least source of strength was a grim and sour resolve to go in to see Beelzebub at ten years' end and look that old devil squarely in the eye.

And now that day was come—ten years to a day from the day when Charger Sam Steed, smelling battle, had champed his bit outside the gates of Mid-Penn Steel. Marked on Sam's calendar in red. And on that very day the Old Man of the Mills rode B. L. Sebo down

Beelzebub was on the ropes for sure. Both eyes were black—black with the eye rings of a man who washes up on the plant. When a man washes up on the plant the result is a face and neck that gleam a sort of phosphorescent, corpselike pallor. Company soap does it—company soap, which is made from equal parts of lye and dynamite. In contrast to the ghastly white it brings to human skin, the eyes are sockets in a skull. A line of ebony also marks the eyelash roots; for a man may not risk that soap about the eyes unless his lids are tightly pressed, and only with great caution then, for one of the specifications under which the company contracts for its soap supply is a guaranty that it take the enamel off the wash troughs. A little of it goes a long, long way. Thus are economies effected.

B. L. Sebo, the general manager of Mid-Penn Steel, had washed up on the plant for more than a week. He had also eaten on the plant for many a day, and had slept there averaging as much as three hours' rest in every twenty-four, from the looks of him.

Beelzebub was on the ropes, all right. His burly shoulders sagged and his bull neck drooped, and his clothes hung on him wrinkled and soiled, as though he had not had them off him for days, which he hadn't; fitting him loosely, as though his very flesh had shrunk, which it had.

The Old Man of the Mills had been riding Beelzebub ragged. Labor was on the rampage. Labor, hopping up beside the Old Man of the Mills, was riding every executive of the Mid-Penn steelworks ragged, including Sam T. Steed, the open-hearth superintendent. A twenty-five per cent wage increase was all the boys were after, and someone, in zeal to hurry the gladsome day when he would get it, had just put over a dirty job at the crossroad.

The crossroad of the plant at Mid-Penn Steel was at the combination switches at Five Scales. Here, as at Five Points, or the Village Square, all traffic passed going from the north end of the plant to the south and from the east side to the west. Here was a jumble of switches and frogs and guard rails, of crossings and levers and signal stands to make a new yard brakeman think he was seeing triple. Someone, on purpose, or maybe some green strike-breaking trainman, by mistake, had tossed the wrong switch lever over, and a train of hot pots going from the blast furnaces to the open hearth, loaded twelve tons to the pot with molten iron, had jumped a switch and one pot had upset. And now the whole of that complicated thoroughfare at Five Scales was one hopelessly tangled mess of railroad steel and blazing ties and red-hot pig iron.

Short-handed, labor almost not to be had, a score of loyal clerks, yardmasters, weighmen, blast-furnace foremen, trainmen—any and every faithful man who could be mustered—slugged and pried and barred, scorching there to the queen's taste, trying to free the tough red metal from about the rails before it hardened.

Ties crackled and smoked—also language. A locomotive crane bore down upon the scene, and while a man blistered his hands to place its hooks it tore up huge red ragged slabs of pig iron, often as not taking a rail and many dangling, flaming ties along. A midsummer moon shone hot and breathless down, to aid the spilled pig iron glowing up. But somehow, by some strong alchemy of swear and sweat and fight mixed in just the right proportions, a track got cleared and a bottled traffic started through again.

Beelzebub, limp in his chair, listened to a report of this; then let the receiver plump down on its hook and his head plump down on his desk.

For the best part of a month now, scarcely sleeping, seldom eating, he had charged about the plant. From blooming mill to open hearth, from Bessemer to blast furnaces, from forge plant to steel foundry, from cinder dump to merchant mill; righting this wreck, bolstering this faint heart, conciliating where he might, hitting out right and left where blows went best, taking tough buffets in turn without any sign of backing up, coming through with the good old indispensable know-how when operations jammed; standing by like the rare old fire eater that he was.

And now, with things going from worse to worst, they had the old boy walking on his heels. The ropes were sagging under his groggy bulk. One more good wallop and the crowd could climb down off their seats and start for home. The bell, in fact, was all that saved him. The bell in this case was the rattle of his office-door knob. It brought his head up like a sniff of aromatic spirits. For the door opened, and into the room limped old reliable Sam Steed, than whom there ne'er was ever-presenter help in time of trouble.

Sweat streaks were dry on Samuel's grimy face. Burns marked his hands. His eyes were bleary from lack of sleep, and he hobbled with pain, for both his soles were blistered.

"We got one track open, dang their eyes," he stated, and came down with a thump into a chair.

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"I Don't Want to See You or Any Other Open Hearther. I'd Like to Know What Lame Brain Told You I Wanted to See You Tonight!"

New Things and Better Ones

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

THIS is a story about getting something from nothing; about the creation of values out of things that were nuisances; about the marvelous accomplishments of men who made millions out of accidents; about the things that are responsible not only for high wages and all material advancements but for the cultural progress of civilization as well. In fact, it is a tale about an age where changes come so speedily that theory today is practice tomorrow, and the scientific beliefs of one year are proved to be fallacies in the next

It is only natural that in a time of such amazing industrial development we should be fed a lot of buncombe. An automobile owner with an eye to economy installed a newfangled carburetor that was guaranteed to save 20 per cent in gas. Then he put in special spark plugs, an intake superheater, a patented rear axle, and replaced his old tires with a new brand. The manufacturer of each of these improvements promised him a 20 per cent saving in gas consumption. But this was not enough, so he drained his crank case and refilled it with a new oil that was also guaranteed to increase his mileage another 20 per cent. Here was a total fuel economy of 120 per cent, which, if true, would have made it necessary for this motorist to stop every once in a while and bale out his gas tank to keep it from running over.

Old-World Irrigation. A Man Walks Back and Forth on the Trunk of a Coconut Palm to Raise and Lower a Leathern Water Bucket

At Left—New-World Irrigation. A Man Simply Turns a Valve to Regulate the Flow of Water, Which Comes From an Artesian Well

Let Science Do It

WHAT we have to look out for today are the half truths. Often they are more than mere exaggerations that might be excused by an excess of enthusiasm.

"Did you know that Harry made $50,000 in Washington in a week?" said Abe.

"I don't believe it," replied Solomon.

Abe called over his friend Weiss: "Isn't it true that Harry made $50,000 in Washington in a week?"

"Sure it's true," replied Weiss, "only it's wrong in four places. It wasn't Washington, it was Denver. It wasn't in a week, it was a year. It wasn't $50,000, it was $5000, and he didn't make it—he lost it."

A few years ago the accomplishments of scientists were regarded more or less as legerdemain. The great inventors themselves were not averse to having their achievements surrounded by a cloak of mystery. Now the wall of secrecy and superstition that was built around science has been torn down and everyone is invited to enter the sacred precincts. Instead of an army of lay skeptics, we are now building a nation of superoptimists. People who could not be attracted by even the soundest innovation have developed attitudes of mind that make them the prey of the dishonest exploiters of ridiculous theories. Instead of being afraid of science, the average person now regards it as a cure-all for any difficulty that may arise.

"What does it matter," they say, "if we waste our natural resources? Science will provide us with substitutes."

Though this indifference to the necessity of living on our national income rather than upon our capital is not a good thing, it certainly is a tribute to the effectiveness of the present program of popularizing chemistry and engineering. It is this wide recognition of the power and value of science that is making it possible for the trained research worker in the employ of a great corporation or of the Government to take the place of the garret genius. It is this same understanding of the benefits to life and industry of technical investigative work that permits us to carry on studies which aim at no definite result and yet may revolutionize our habits.

A few years ago it took fourteen yards of material to make a woman's dress. We had five-cent movies, five-cent ice cream sodas, three-dollar shoes and fifty-cent dinners with seven courses. The doctor charged only a dollar a visit and the best seats for the finest shows cost but $1.50. One could get board and room for five dollars a week and the butcher taxed us nothing at all for the liver we took home for the dog.

Some of this sounds mighty attractive and many sigh for the low prices of yesterday. But the good old days we hear so much about had wooden ships that required 100 days to make the trip from England to India. Hot water was a costly luxury, and though it may have been an age of romance and chivalry, the people were notoriously unwashed.

Playthings of Today

ALUMINUM and other metals were displayed as laboratory curiosities, and folks were ignorant of any practical uses for magnesium, vanadium, tungsten and manganese. In cold regions they obtained light by burning the candlefish, while in warm countries they used cages to hold the great light-bearing beetles which provided illumination. Even in those regions where civilization had run fastest, whales and seals had to supply lighting fuel and lamps were really developers of human patience and fortitude.

Our present high standards of living call for the roar of the mail plane over the route of the old Pony Express. We insist on having hot water with no more effort than the turning of a cock. Gas that had one use and cost six dollars now has 5000 uses and costs one dollar. The motorboats that are displacing gondolas in Venice may be less picturesque, but they save time and are more comfortable. Ocean liners of 55,000 tons have been substituted for those of 12,000, and small craft skim our waters at sixty miles an hour. On the silver screen we can see the sun pierce the clouds and buds break into flowers. Marvels of our age like radio are the playthings of schoolboys, and in several states one farmhouse in three has a radio set and gets its market reports daily through the ether. Instead of telephone conversations taking place over a single wire with grounded circuits, we talk through cables having a diameter

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CALIFORNIA DIVERSIONS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Californians Can Jump From Midsummer to Midwinter in Four Hours

NEW ENGLANDERS of long standing are frequently afflicted with a form of mental discomfort that, for want of a better term, is known as a New England conscience. It seems to be a purely local disturbance, like that which leads Italian prize fighters to kiss each other passionately at the end of a boxing match, or causes occasional European tennis players to develop severe attacks of nerves when threatened with defeat.

The person who is troubled with a so-called New England conscience is fundamentally averse to separating himself for any protracted period or with very pronounced intensity from the more serious aspects of life—such aspects, for example, as the milking of cows, the selling of hardware, the practice of law, the supervision of a family, the worrying over several hundreds of things that cannot possibly be altered or improved by worrying, and the impressing on friends, relatives and acquaintances of the large amount of exhausting toil that he wishes them to think he is performing.

The source or cause of the New England conscience has long been a moot point with psychologists and other people who can get into an argument over the reasons for anything. Some of them have blamed it on the excessive austerity of the early New England settlers, whose ideal of a rousing good time frequently consisted of sitting on a hickory bench for five hours while a pessimistic clergyman painted a glowing word picture of the horrors of hell.

Others have ascribed it to the cumulative effect of various peculiar New England foods when persistently devoured by several successive generations. Among them may be mentioned three helpings of baked beans and hot bread on Saturday night, closely followed by the regular Saturday night bath—a powerful combination whose only New England rival was Sunday morning codfish cakes and doughnuts, followed by a two-hour sermon and an afternoon on haircloth furniture in an unventilated parlor.

Still others have awarded the credit to the New England climate, which during six months out of each year is of such a nature as to cause many of the more susceptible residents to become deeply distrustful and resentful of everything and everyone, including themselves, at an early age, and to retain an embittered and ingrowing outlook during their entire lives.

No steps were taken, however, to make a scientific study of the New England conscience in order to see whether something could be done to ameliorate the more violent cases or intensify the undeveloped cases—a fact which fails to redound to the credit of the scientific world as a whole.

A Popular Diversion on the Part of California Hikers in the Yosemite. At Left—A Moderate-Sized Sea Bass Weighing 325 Pounds, Caught at Redondo Beach in January, 1926

The layman is apt to develop a somewhat cynical attitude toward science in general when he sees distinguished scientists devoting years to investigating the mental capacity of angleworms or the home life of the potato bug, but making no effort whatever to discover the exact causes of the New England conscience.

Until the comparatively recent discovery of California by the retired business man, there was no way of knowing which of the theories concerning the origin of the New England conscience was the correct theory. As New Englanders pushed westward into Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Kansas, their New England consciences still went with them. Their seriousness was unimpaired, and they continued to fuss at their trades or callings for upward of eleven hours a day and to spend the rest of their waking hours telling

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The Municipal Golf Links in Lincoln Park, San Francisco, Overlooking the Golden Gate

The Sweetest Story Ever Told

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

IT WAS at Madison, on the last day of our wedding trip, that we saw the novel book in the middle of the window of a store devoted to such articles. Across the paper cover these words stood printed:

IT WILL MAKE YOU LAUGH!
IT WILL MAKE YOU CRY!
IT IS THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD!

"What is the matter, Luella?" I asked, as we walked down the street. "Do not always be so secretive, because, as you have admitted yourself, that is your one great weakness."

"Yes, I know, Everett," she replied in a low voice, "but I cannot help being secretive, because I have always been that way."

"Well," I said, "at any rate, this is no great secret, because it must have happened less than a minute ago. Why are you so sad all of a sudden?"

"Everett," she said, slipping her hand into mine, "I will tell you. I wish so much we could go back and buy that novel book. I do so want to read the sweetest story ever told."

"Yes," was my reply, "but we are now due for the auto excursion, so we had better not buy the book till afterward."

"Everett," Luella said as we walked on, "one reason I am so crazy about novel books is because they are always about people who love each other, and the exciting things that happen in consequence. There is always a third party who, by making a duet into a triangle, pretty nearly spoils everything for the happy pair."

I thought over the various novel books I had read, before remarking, "Yes, you are right."

She went on in a wistful way: "When you are reading the book you get so you hate that third party, because he is always trying to spoil everything. But there is an advantage about such a person, after all."

"How so?" I asked.

"Because, Everett, it teaches the happy pair to appreciate each other. When we were engaged there was never a third party to cast a cloud on our happiness, and if I had not been too secretive now and then there would never have been anything but the calmest of good feeling between us. Our engagement did not make us laugh and it did not make us cry, and, though we might say it was the sweetest story ever told, we would not really mean it."

We walked back to the hotel in a sad silence, neither of us seeming to think of anything further to say.

The automobile excursion was very pleasant, except where a soda-water clerk got fresh to Luella, and I had to tell him a few plain facts.

We stayed out longer than we expected; so long, in fact, that when I had paid for the auto excursion and settled the hotel bill I had just about enough cash left to take us back to Elmon.

"It doesn't really matter, Everett," said Luella, when I had explained the situation and said that the book would have to wait for the present. "After all, we are married now and that sort of life belongs to the past. And, whatever might have been, I am sure that now I do not want any third party to come between us ever. Promise me, Everett, on your solemn honor, that you will never let our love affair drift into a triangle."

I promised on my solemn honor, and we took the train back to Elmon.

"Unless You Want Me to Throw Something at You, Don't Say That Again"

II

TO ANYBODY knowing my character I guess I do not have to explain that I lived up to the sacred, solemn promise I had made to Luella. In fact, as often as I encountered a temptation I stood up so straight that I practically leaned over backward. For instance, it has always been my ambition to learn to play the banjo in order to sing comical songs in the Southern dialect when at evening parties; but, though before becoming engaged I had intended to take lessons, I now gave up the idea altogether. The reason was that I did not wish to cause Luella any uneasiness, in spite of the fact that the banjo teacher was an elderly married lady and above reproach. And while on this topic I might relate an incident that occurred when I had been called to demonstrate a tractor at Pleasant Prairie and was enjoying supper in the United States House.

When bringing the potatoes the waitress looked at me in a certain way and said, "There is a show tonight at the Opera House," and my reply was merely to remark in a cold voice, "Oh, is that so? Please pass the bread."

I did all this because I did not wish to miss any chance of making our marriage a success.

And it looked like a complete success—except now and then when Luella acted too secretive—and everybody congratulated me, with the exception of Old Bill Hutton, employed by the gas works to inspect meters.

Here I might add that, although universally known as Old Bill, he was not in reality much more aged than myself. But in his boyhood he had gone to Chicago, where he had been variously married and divorced before coming back to Elmon the same as an embittered old man.

The first time he saw me on the street after my marriage was one noon, when he stopped me and said: "Well, Ev, I certainly wish I could congratulate you, but I know a little too much about marriages to be able to do that with a straight face. Of course I'm not wise to anything about your own case in particular, and maybe you will get away with it yet, and I hope you will. And a year from now if you are still married come around and I will buy you a good cigar. But when I see a nice young fellow like you who doesn't know what he's up against it makes my blood run cold."

"Bill," I said, "that is hardly the way to talk to a man who has just got married."

"I am no mealy-mouthed hypocrite, Ev, and I have got to say just exactly what I think. Marriage does not work, and I wish I had a certain book here so that I could show you. It is not one of those lying novel books; there is nothing in it but cold facts. It is called Marriage a Failure and Why. My copy is lost, but if you could ever read that book you would see I was right."

"Well, Bill," I said, trying to kid him along a little, "I suppose you will admit that now and then there is a marriage that is a success."

He gave a hollow laugh. "If it is true," he said, "nobody on the inside has ever admitted it. I suppose you know there is one divorce for every ten marriages in the United States. And you can bet the other nine couples would be divorced if they only had a little backbone."

"Well, Bill," I said, still kidding him, but not so much, "what is the reason why marriage is a failure?"

He let out another hollow laugh. "The reason is the sort of women who get married. They are never satisfied with the poor boob they have hooked; they always finish by getting disagreeable and finding a lot of things wrong with him and making eyes at a third party."

"A third party," I said, as though I had not heard what he had remarked.

"That is the dope—a third party. When they say you are the only thing in their lives you think maybe they mean it; but when your back is turned they begin looking out for Number Three. Believe me, because I know."

I judged the conversation had gone on long enough, so I said, "Well, Bill, I guess I have got to get along now."

"Come around next year, Ev, and tell me what you think then; though of course I don't mean anything personal in what I say and I hope your case will be the exception that proves the rule."

I made no further comment, but walked away resolved to forget all he had said. But, though I had no intention of thinking further along these lines, my return to the house produced an incident which brought it all back.

Entering the house, I greeted Luella in a light-hearted way, only to receive the response: "There is no use asking me why the napkins are not changed this noon. The laundry hasn't come back."

"Well," I said pleasantly, "if it has not come back, probably it was not sent out on time. Of course it makes no difference to me, but it might be easier for you if you arranged to have the wagon call the same day of every week and then have the laundry ready when it does call."

Her astonishing reply was, "You have cut your neck again."

"Yes, it is my razor. Something about it doesn't work, but ——"

"Then buy another. They are not so dear as all that."

"I was thinking of buying another, but what I started to say previously was that the laundry ——"

"You have left shaving soap again behind your right ear Won't you ever learn?"

"I will wipe it off. The laundry ——"

"Yes, you will wipe it off today, but you will leave some more there tomorrow. What can other people think of you? It is disgusting. Did you ever see any shaving soap behind my right ear?"

"No, but I am shaving and you are not."

"That is a fine excuse. When you used to come and see me you were particular about your personal appearance, but now anything goes. You don't even have your hair cut regularly, and you have too much hair for the shape of your head. Yes, too much."

That was the start of my suspicions of the existence of a third party. Before this Luella had always been more than attentive to anything I ventured to suggest, but from now on she not only fought my suggestions, but lost no opportunity of criticizing the way I looked or the things I did. She was always saying I was too thin or too tall, or why I did not hang the towels back the way I found them, or why I tried to reason everything out instead of acting in a natural manner, and why I didn't have sampler tastes for breakfast, and so on. And along with this, she got more and more secretive every day.

At first I did not say anything, but the longer it went on the more it worried me and the less I could get out of my mind what Bill had said to me. Finally, about a week later, acting as though it were a chance meeting, though I had timed everything on purpose, I ran into him on the street.

We exchanged the usual greetings.

"Bill," I said, "the other day I was talking to a married friend of mine and I told him what you said. He doesn't care to make himself known, but he is having a little trouble about his wife and he wants me to ask you some questions about marriage."

"I can tell him anything he wants to know," said Bill. "How about dropping in and having a soda?"

We sat down at a little table in the corner, and as soon as we had ordered, Old Bill took out his pocketbook and removed a couple of clippings.

"They come out of the morning paper," he said. "I never picked up a morning paper yet without finding at least one—and think of the number of morning papers all over the country. Ev, I have got two thousand and twelve clippings all just like these filed away at home. What is the country coming to, Ev?"

Then he read me the first clipping.

It was about Mrs. L. Lemuel Keener, of Boxtrap, Montana, who had run off with Mr. Laurie O. Doane, a well-known clubman of the same place, while Mr. Keener, a prominent tailor, lay sick in bed with pneumonia and their seven children.

"There you are," Bill said; "that's the way it goes. She was probably a good wife and mother till she began making eyes at the third party. But listen to this." He now read the following:

Mrs. Raymond E. Bollins, of Belleville, South Carolina, having, as she stated, ceased to love her husband, a well-known blacksmith, put a little arsenic into his coffee every morning in order that she might be free to give her attention to Mr. Melchior B. Brennux, a prominent milk dealer of the same place. Mr. Bollins, say the doctors, passed a comfortable night."

Old Bill put the clippings back in his pocketbook

"Think of it, Ev. In that case the police got wise; but think of the others where nobody ever found out and never will. And all because the woman in the case wasn't satisfied with the good husband God sent her. It's terrible."

"Well, Bill," I said, not feeling particularly cheerful as a result of those clippings, "I guess the case of my friend isn't so serious as all that. He doesn't know one way or another. And all he wants to find out is how a man can tell when his wife has got interested in a third party."

"There is one sure way," Bill said. "Have your friend find out what the lady does with every hour of her time during the day, and the rest is easy. If there's a third party in the case she's devoting a lot of her leisure to him."

It sounded like a good idea, and on arriving home that evening I remarked in a casual way to Luella, "Hello, what have you been doing with yourself all day?"

In response to this innocent question she came back at me like a tiger cat.

"Am I some kind of a slave," she said, "that I have to account to you for every minute of time I spend?"

I replied she was no kind of a slave at all, but that I had merely asked the question.

"Well," she said in the same manner, "since you're so much interested, I'll tell you that this morning, after washing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen, I got dinner, and after eating dinner and washing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen, I had a long talk with a gentleman who was very much interested in what I had to say. Now do you feel any better?"

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Luella Gave a Sort of Wild Cry and Caught at the Sheik's Robes. "Don't Explain Anything. Don't Tell Anything. You Promised"

BOUGHT FOR A TURN

"You Could Have Been Killed, You Idiot," He Said, Glaring at Her. "Couldn't I Just?" She Agreed Amiably

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

ON A BEAUTIFUL morning in September, 1920, the nursemaids on the benches along a part of Riverside Drive in the City of New York called to their little charges' attention a quaint and moving spectacle. It was a man on horseback. The little ones—children of a machine-borne age—stared at the horse and rider with all their eyes, and clapped their chubby hands when the horse stood on its hind legs and pawed the air.

The solitary horseman was crossing the Drive from the almost disused bridle path by the park wall. Cars had shot by the horse's dimpling nose; cars had grazed its palpitating haunches. Taxi drivers, in an infernal hurry, had tooted and tooted, and had measured the chance of shooting successfully under the horse's fair round belly. With four cylinders, with eight cylinders; with sixty horse power, with eighty horse power; carrying groups of travelers the cars rushed along; faster than horses, stronger than elephants, tireless as tortoises. The rider patted his single-seated and one horse power vehicle and spoke to it as if it were human, coaxing it to believe that it would not be slung across a radiator hood and whirled away, bullying it into trusting its frail hoofs again amid singing rubber and steel.

"They ought to be in the circus, I declare," said one of the relieved women, when horse and rider had won free of the traffic.

"Maybe he will go in the circus when he sells the riding academy," said her friend. "Look, they got a sign up on it saying For Sale. That's Mr. Farren himself, that owns the stable and rents out horses for people to come and ride on for sport."

"If that's sport, Madge, they can have it. Catch me at it! Yep, they are going to tear down that old stable all right, because I seen men measuring around there. Well, a stable got no right on Riverside Drive, anyways, among all the fine houses."

"Don't you think he's good-looking?"

"Not for mine. He's too skinny and yellow in the face, though he got a nice figure. But I always say, Madge, that a man with a lot of curly black hair is vain and deceitful. Ain't they, you?"

Mr. Jack Farren was slightly ruffled in his feelings as he piloted his steed over the quiet area before the dingy old stable of which he was, by force of circumstances, the manager and proprietor. When a large open car rounded into the Drive from Claremont Place next above and headed directly toward him, he disregarded its persistent tooting; there was plenty of room behind him. But the big car rolled down on him at eighteen miles an hour, hugging the curb that he was crossing to the stable, and was obviously about to knock the hind legs from under his mount. With an exclamation of intense annoyance Jack applied the spurs, and his steed leaped convulsively to safety. Jack turned for a searing look at the car and its reckless driver.

The driver had turned her brown head to look back at him, and the expression in her departing blue eyes was not at all one of mockery; it was on the contrary intensely sympathetic, apologetic. But the car rolled right on, abating not a whit of its resolute though sedate eighteen miles an hour.

"I'm darned," said Jack, watching the car making a drunken turn at the corner just above and vanishing behind Mr. Hagan's salmon-colored mansion. The car, so suddenly irrupting, so ruthlessly driven, was leaving the Drive along a course that paralleled that of its approach.

A minute later—a mere instant in time, when a young man is sulking and secretly inviting the world to give him a push and take the black consequences—Jack saw the same car. It had rounded the block, always at an inflexible eighteen miles, and was about to pass in review before him again.

"May I see Mr. Farren?" cried the lady musically, and with a touch of dissolved laughter, and of hysteria just a trace. She was twenty yards away when she cried this, and Jack looked at her attentively as she swept majestically onward at eighteen miles, and he relented considerably. She was certainly pretty.

It is hard to form a rationalized opinion of a lady who is passing at the speed of a cantering horse; but one gets an impression, if one is impressionable. Jack saw eyes of a marine blue—eyes that glanced with frightened gayety. He saw an oval face, a snub nose, a streak of pure white between parted red lips—the upper lip was long, in the Celtic fashion, with an inclination to curl upward and expose the red—and then he had a rear view of a bobbed head that might almost have been mistaken for a boy's.

"Why don't you stop?" he shouted after her.

"I—can't!" floated back to him. And she was gone around the corner.

He met her next time, shouting advice, and raced her the length of the block.

"Shall I jump?" she offered, trying to look at him and to look ahead. "Catch me!"

"No, don't jump!"

"Will you jump?"

"No, darn it. Pull that ——"

She snatched and pulled. The car made a leap, locked a wheel with the curb, slithered, reeled, and fell over. She

was flung free. He jumped down to aid her, saw her getting up without apparent injury, stopped the roaring engine and offered her an unnecessary arm.

"Got here," she said. She walked around the overturned car, looking at it as wisely as she could, and said, "That wasn't the engine I heard smash, was it? Oh, it is only glass. Bobby can have that fixed, can't he?"

"You could have been killed, you idiot," he said, glaring at her.

"Couldn't I just?" she agreed amiably. "Are you Mr. Farren? Oh, isn't that good! I came to see you, Mr. Farren. You see, mother has furnished apartments down on West End Avenue for only a very refined and desirable class of gentlemen, and I thought, why should I hang on mother? So I thought I would take a position, and this morning I looked in the Help Wanted, Female, and I saw your ad for a young lady to do office work in a riding academy for sixteen dollars a week. Well, I thought, if it has nothing to do with teaching people to ride horses—I wouldn't want to teach people to ride horses, Mr. Farren, unless it was absolutely necessary, because I never rode on a horse."

"Is this the way you apply for a position, as a rule?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Farren. That is, I have no rule, and I would have to be guided by experience, as I never applied for a position before."

"Come inside, anyway, and I'll call up a wrecking car for you, Miss ——"

"Del Costa," she smiled graciously. "Ivy Del Costa, Mr. Farren."

"Come in, Miss Del Costa, and we'll hold you for the police. You must be badly shaken up too."

They entered the stable and climbed a straw-strewn stairs to the office and rest rooms above. She seated herself in a sagging armchair and he sat at the battered roll-top desk. She was still impelled to explain her errand in all its aspects.

"You see, Mr. Farren, my mother, Mrs. O'Brien, lets rooms and suites on West End Avenue to a very cultured class of business gentlemen ——"

"Your mother—Mrs. O'Brien?"

"Now isn't that me all over?" she asked him, smacking her lips. "Right away I have to blab it right out. You are awfully quick to notice things, Mr. Farren—but I suppose I shouldn't speak like that to you. I thought I should have a business name, and I thought the name Del Costa sounded so cultivated. I got it off a bottle of sweet-pickled peaches."

She fixed her shadowed eyes on him. He felt that it was his duty not to dismiss her at once; perhaps he could advise her.

"But what is the idea of that one-ring circus you were conducting out there? You can't drive a car."

"I thought I could, Mr. Farren. Bobby told me how, but I guess I must have forgotten. I guess I wasn't listening. He gets so serious. Nothing slays me but such a child getting so serious—but he has loads of money, Mr. Farren. Oh, he has loads of money. Lots of girls, my friends all tell me, would gold-dig him, but I wouldn't gold-dig him because he gets so serious. Yes, he told me how to drive the car, but I must have been thinking of something else. You know how it is when you are thinking and somebody keeps talking at you, Mr. Farren. So, after he told me how to drive it, he asked me if I could drive it, and said I could use it any time I wanted. So this morning I looked out the window and saw it in the street, and I thought, well, why not look like somebody? There I go. I was going to tell you, Mr. Farren, that I was only working for experience, to see how poor girls lived. But I guess that's out now. Well, won't you give me more than sixteen dollars? I was offered thirty-five dollars to model, but mother simply wouldn't hear of it. She said, 'Do you know what those men want girls'—but there I go. I guess I better not talk so much. Why don't you say something, Mr. Farren?"

Jack began to laugh. She began to laugh. They were laughing away without a care in the world when Bobby appeared.

Bobby was serious. His stare at Ivy was heavy with reproof. His hair was on end—though that was perhaps its normal attitude—his pink-and-white face was elongated, and his immature mouth was rounded.

"What did you do to my car?" he exclaimed.

"Well, if this isn't the limit," she said, bouncing up and facing him. "What did your car do to me, you mean. But that's men all over; they always blame the woman. Why, Bobby, it ran away with me and could have killed me. Why didn't you tell me right? I don't think you know how to drive at all."

"I don't know how to drive?" he cried, pointing at himself.

"Then what is the car doing upside down out there if you are such a good driver?"

"Well," he said, backing up, "it must have upset. But ——"

"I'll say it upset. If it wasn't for Mr. Farren telling me to pull something I don't know what would have become of me. I was getting positively dizzy, going around and around. Well, I suppose it's not your fault either. The car must have been weak on that side."

She passed a slender hand over her short back hair and said, "Well, anyway, Bobby, cars are not the thing any more. It's all horses nowadays, if one would be modern. You should sell the car, Bobby, and buy a nice horse and go for a ride. I can give you all kinds of tips, because I'm in the horse business now."

"Listen, Ivy," he protested stubbornly. "Don't you know you could be arrested for driving a car without a license?"

"I declare, Bobby Waters," she said, amazed at him. "Now we hear the good part. Do you mean to tell me that car hasn't a license? And you let me drive it. Bobby, for your own sake, make me promise not to tell mother. Very well, I promise."

"Good, isn't it?" said Bobby, appealing to Jack Farren.

"I've just called up the garage, Mr. Waters, and they're sending a wrecking car around," said Jack. "Suppose we go down. Stay right here until you're feeling yourself again, Miss O'Brien."

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"We Have Such a Very Select and High-Toned Class of Horses Here; We Don't Cater to the Other Class"

THE APOLOGETIC AMERICAN

By GARET GARRETT

American Delegates Arriving at Geneva for the International Arms Conference

EVERY nation thinks itself tall and smooth. As with trees in the jungle, as with all things living in competitive rhythm, each obliged by a law of Nature to exhaust the power within it, so one nation will be in its time the tallest.

What shall that nation do with its power in a world becoming civilized? Shall it break its own sword in token of amity?

This we have done. A free and voluntary act in limitation of our military power.

Consider the nature of power in the abstract. It may be the power of water in a high place, the power of a cell to subdivide, the power of an idea—but it will spend itself. It has no other law. Consider then the magnitude of American power. Never, so far as we know, in the life of the world had one people so much. Power of spirit, power of invention, power of resources, power of method, power of wealth. And a surplus of it, so that we were unable to think of ways to consume it all within ourselves

Exchanging Supremacy for Equality

HISTORICALLY, what have people done with surplus power—invariably? They have put it forth in feats of empire, works of conquest, adventures of military aggrandizement, lustful, wanton, romantic, sometimes beneficial. We had no empire motive. Nor, for that matter, had any people to begin with. Power suggests that outlet for itself. It has always happened before that people with the power to walk in foreign paths have found the urgent foreign errand

Having laid down the keels of an incomparable Navy, which was notice to the world that in the race of armaments we could easily build two, three, four ships to any other people's one, we invited the other maritime nations to an arms limitation conference at Washington. They came, and they were dazed to hear the American Secretary of State, in a calm, unemotional voice, propose to wreck what was potentially the greatest Navy in the world and accept thereafter for the United States a naval ratio only equal to that of the next most powerful maritime state, provided everyone else would act accordingly. Would they embrace the principle? They would. They embraced it without so much as debating it, seized it as if they feared it might turn out to be a dream. Why? Because it was wholly to their advantage. For the first time in the history of mankind a paramount military power was proposing to limit itself. It was no power of theirs that was to be limited. In a competitive manner, theirs had already been limited to permanent inferiority by the American building program. The United States, on the other hand, was proposing to limit only its own power.

The most powerful nation in the world on its own initiative offering to exchange supremacy for equality in naval strength! Never had anything like this been heard of or imagined. By sinking our own power we were raising theirs.

Yet now when we go on with an invitation to attend a conference on further disarmament at Geneva, knowing beforehand how little can come of it because nobody else is willing to exchange supremacy for equality, and every European power begins by assuming that whatever advantage it has against other European powers shall be made perpetual in the name of disarmament; and when it is moved to break the subject up into many parts for reference to League of Nations Committees with which it is their hopeful design to entangle us, and our delegates say "Committees of this conference, please, and not committees of the League of Nations, since the United States is not a member of the League of Nations," there is much petty displeasure with us, and diplomatic pouting, and a saying that the Americans are rough and undiplomatic, wanting always their own way or none.

The Use of Surplus Power

THERE was still that American power, more than we could employ in exclusive ways, or more than we supposed we could, which is in fact a fallacy we have yet sometime to explode. Still, there it was, so regarded. The wonder of the kind of power we are talking of is that it will just as easily build a factory as a warship; as easily a hydroelectric plant in the Alps or in the Congo as in the Canyon of the Colorado. Assuming that we had more of this power than we could spend upon ourselves, what were we to do with it, since we were not going to spend it in the historical manner upon self-dazzling feats of empire? The obvious alternative was to lend it to other people. That is perhaps the ideal way to put forth surplus power. At least it might be. There are certain counts against it.

There is, first of all, the danger of losing the capital you place in foreign countries. Suppose the borrower refuses to pay. European nations, having been the first and until our time the only lenders of capital in foreign countries, had pursued the policy of protecting their investments by force. If the debtor nation declined to pay, or its citizens waxed contumacious, they sent warships

Americans Paying Income Taxes That Were Increased Enormously by the War

there to illustrate the integrity of debt, and if necessary to shoot up its capital town and seize the customs house.

To Americans the thought of collecting debts by force is wholly repugnant—foreign debts, that is. If, therefore, we were going to put our surplus power abroad in the form of capital loans, upon what security would these loans rest, the protection of force having been ruled out? The only possible security in that case would lie in the good faith of the borrower—that is to say, in the attitude of the foreign debtor toward debt as a moral obligation.

Here appeared an extreme difficulty. During the war and through the crucial post-Armistice period the American people, by way of the United States Treasury, had loaned $10,000,000,000 to the Allied European countries, on their unsecured promissory notes signed and delivered to the American Government. The attitude of these debtors since the war had become generally reluctant, in some cases very disagreeable. They were unwilling to pay and found all such reasons as will occur to the debtor why he should not pay if it hurts and he cannot be made to pay. It would certainly seem very stupid for the American people to lend billions more of their capital direct to those countries and their citizens who were at the same time reluctant about their promissory notes at the United States Treasury. Nevertheless, this happened.

We went on lending them privately large sums after the war, until the absurdity of placing our capital with people who reserved the right to say which of their debts were payable and which were not became too apparent.

It was never actually the payment of war debts in which we were interested. It was not the money we wanted back. It was the attitude of the foreign debtors toward debt in principle that concerned us, and this attitude was becoming more and more unsatisfactory.

Good Faith

STILL, Europe's borrowing enormously in Wall Street from the American people, and at the same time calling their Government Shylock for holding that war debts were payable, was a pleasantry that continued until the American State Department and Wall Street agreed together that a change of attitude on the part of our European debtors would be very becoming. If they wished to continue borrowing in Wall Street they would have to put their account straight with the United States Treasury.

The Commission to Study German Finance in Foreign Lands

Notice to this effect was circulated. Then they began coming to the United States Treasury to discuss their promissory notes. They said they could not pay them in full. The American Debt Funding Commission said: "It isn't expected. Let us agree upon a sum you can afford to pay, and whatever that is we will accept it as full payment and say it is payment in full for the sake of your credit in the future."

On that basis the settlements were made—at eighty cents on the dollar with Great Britain and some others, at forty cents on the dollar with Belgium, at thirty cents on the dollar with Italy. The agreement signed by Secretary Mellon and the French Ambassador calls for repayment, roughly, of only the sums she borrowed from the United States Treasury after the Armistice. Altogether, since the Armistice, from the United States Treasury and from Wall Street, she has had $2,000,000,000 of our capital. And as fast as the European debtors had made their settlements with the United States Treasury, each according to what it could pay, they resumed their borrowing in Wall Street.

It is against this background the new thing appears—an attitude of the creditor. We put forth our capital upon no security other than the good faith of the borrower: and this capital is creditor capital, not proprietor capital. The difference is fundamental. Proprietor capital participates in the profit; creditor capital receives interest only, which is rental for use. Who borrows capital at interest pays rental for the use of it at a fixed rate and keeps the whole profit above that; the profit may be anything. Who borrows proprietor capital takes in a partner and thereafter divides the profit

Creditor and Proprietor Capital

HITHERTO in all the history of international finance the principle of proprietorship has governed foreign investments. Europe's foreign investments have been mainly of that character. That is why they have been so profitable They have returned to her both interest and profit. The European practice, moreover, usually is and has been to collect a profit in the first instance by stipulating where, with whom and under what terms and conditions the borrowed capital shall be spent. If it is a loan to a foreign state, contracts and rights of exploitation are stipulated for beforehand.

How, on the contrary, do Americans lend capital? They lend it flat. They lend it for use at rental. The difference in the economic life of a state between the use of creditor or proprietor capital, whether the borrower be the state itself or its citizens, is very great. In one case it multiplies its wealth by the use of capital at the market value of capital, as if it were pig iron or raw cotton, and keeps the whole profit; in the other case it must divide its wealth with the lender, since he has claimed an interest in the profits over and above the interest.

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American Delegates at the Geneva Meeting on the Arms Problem

CHIFFON STOCKINGS

He Often Picked Her Up After Work, Went Swimming With Her on Sunday Mornings. He Was a Delightful Companion When He Wanted to Be

By
Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WHEN a little gray light, like clear water, filtered into the room, Kathie awoke with a start from an uneasy dream. She lay rigid under the immediate freezing conviction that Russell had forged that check. He must have. Out of the unconsidered crannies of her mind, in this blank depressed hour between night and dawn sprang suddenly a dozen hints and proofs and suspicions. Russell had forged that check. He must have forged it.

He had muttered something about money on the races last week when he had come into their hotel room, his eyes dark and brilliant and a little glazed, and had spilled money, whole handfuls of money—quarters and halves and a drift of bills—on her bedspread. Later he had said that old Pete Adams had sent it to him. Yet she knew he had had no letter.

Peter V. Adams—that was the name, in huge black letters, quite unlike Russell's handwriting, that had flashed to her hand mirror from the blotter that time she had done her eyebrows at the desk. She had not thought anything, either, of coming into the room suddenly and finding Russell writing something, over and over, at the desk. He had looked at her queerly over his shoulder, hastily tearing up the paper. She had been glad to see the money. They had been in Miami a month now, on their honeymoon, and Russell had not found a job. They could pay the room rent and she had wanted some chiffon stockings. But now—could he have forged that check?

She had intended always to have chiffon stockings, now that she was Mrs. Russell Olney. It was one of the reasons why she had married him. All the smart-looking women in Miami and over at Miami Beach wore chiffon stockings. Four dollars a pair was not much to pay when you thought how many of these women went right in and bought them by the dozen, at fifteen dollars a pair. She loved the clinging, cobwebby things. She loved her legs in them, sleek and shining and delicately tan, with bright patent-leather pumps on her small fastidious feet. They made her feel elegant and superior, as she had always wanted to feel. Her legs proved the subtle complacent difference she had always felt existed between herself and her mother and sister Emma, stumping carelessly about the farm in harsh black cotton stockings.

She had resented furiously the idea that she would get to be like these stocky, blunt, unattractive women, with red, unpowdered noses and stained nails, their heads filled with stupid thoughts about eggs and chickens and cows and sterilizing bottles and bacteriological content and things. She had resented the fact that they made a success of the chicken farm, resented the ugly brown house, outside the New Jersey town, from which she had to go to high school on the trolley. She had resented bitterly that she had had to help the hired girl with the dishes.

But worst of all had been her mother's idea that she would turn the chickens over to Emma and Kathie after Kathie graduated, while she herself concentrated on Grade-A milk. It was a detestable future, impossible for Kathie even to think of. The ugliness of it stuck in her throat. She wanted a life utterly different, graceful, silken, easy, beautiful. She wanted beautiful things, to know nice people with charming manners, and, of course, to have money, because it seemed to her that ugliness could be combated only with money. So she had married Russell, not because he had money but because he was a nice boy, with nice manners, liked nice things. He had been traveling for a hardware house and he had saved money. She could tell that his people had been nice city people. From the moment she had met him with a girl she knew, at a movie, she had decided she would marry him and go away and live in a hotel and wear lovely things like chiffon stockings. He had been as eager as she to come to Miami on their honeymoon. And now—he had forged a check.

It seemed queer to her to love anyone like that, but it was a good thing he did. She would threaten to get a job herself. He hated that idea. And, as far as that went, he knew she would hate him if he could not support her, pay for a room in a hotel, better than this one, give her pretty clothes and good stockings. She wanted to sit in hotel lobbies, smartly dressed; and above everything, she wanted to dress for dinner. There was the loveliest peach chiffon in a shop window. She thought lingeringly how she would look in the peach chiffon.

She stood looking at her reflection in the glimmer of mirror, misty and lovely, drowned in that soft light. She leaned to her reflection, absorbed in the dark mystery of her eyes, that were bright goldy-brown in the daytime, turned her head to study critically the pathetic droop of her soft full mouth, the clear sweet line of her throat, the way her hair curled about her head, like soft little feathers. She liked the way she looked. Kathleen Olney. Not Kathleen Caffery any more. Mrs. Russell Olney. It made her feel important and distinguished. Oh-h, how sleepy she was. Queer how that horrid dream had depressed her. Outside and far off, early roosters were crowing. A truck rattled along the street before the hotel. Out the east window a thin line of pure gold appeared in the gray beyond the dim bulk of two housetops and the dark mass of a tree. She snuggled down under the light bed covering into instant sleep.

But she woke again, drugged and blurry, to the sharp brightness of the early sun blazing into the room. There was something breathless and cruel about its scorching brilliance, before the wind was up. That bitter depression of before dawn was tight in her throat. Suddenly she was

She sat up and stared through the glimmering gray at the huddle of bedclothes in the other bed that was Russell, sleeping heavily and hatefully. If he had done this dreadful, this dangerous thing, she would never forgive him. Suppose people found out. She grew stiff with fright, feeling ugliness like a kind of fog rising up to choke her.

It simply could not be true, that was all. She had dreamed it. She got out of bed and got herself a drink of water and forced herself to think calmly. Of course she had dreamed it. It was because Russell had worried her so with his suggestion of having been drinking. He had been blurry, excited, not himself. He would have to stop that. She simply would not have a drunken husband. It was part of that ugliness she loathed so. There was no reason why Russell should get depressed and take to drinking just because he had no job yet.

It was just as bad for her. She knew she could make him stop, because she knew he loved her—loved her with a kind of mute passion that was even helpless and a little humble.

afraid, dreadfully afraid, with a kind of panic. It was not a dream. Russell had forged that check. Something dreadful was going to happen. She plunged out of bed to splash her face hastily with cold water, run a comb through her hair, powder and rouge, pull on her clothes, all in a kind of petrified quiver. The new chiffon stockings went on quickly, but with care. They reassured her, told her that nothing could happen to a girl with as nice legs as hers. Her smart little yellow dress reassured her, too, until she moved more slowly, smiling at herself a little for her hammering heart. And yet she went on adjusting her tight little yellow hat without a glance for Russell, spread out like a lean, unconscious child, his black hair tangled on his hot forehead, his mouth slack, his face spotted over the cheek bones with unnatural red. She would go and get her breakfast by herself.

Just then the telephone began to ring, a sound so abrupt and imperious in that silence that she stood stock-still by the bureau, numb with panic. The silly shrill clamor went on and on, urgently, hatefully. Under her hand, on the bureau top, was Russell's scattered money. The telephone bell was screaming at her. She picked up the biggest bill, fifty dollars, thrust it in her stocking top, ran to the door, unlocked it and ran out, leaving the thing whirring evilly like a snake, in there with Russell.

Just outside, at the end of the long bare hallway, was the open door of a rear outside staircase, down which she fled, her panic tightening with every running step. On the ground three flights below, among trash barrels, she thought she could still hear that bell ringing overhead, but forced herself abruptly not to run, and so walked, stiffly, as if people were running after her to catch her by the shoulder. She walked as fast as she could without drawing people's attention, putting corners and crossings and many blocks between her and that hotel.

She found herself on the bay front, staring out dully at dancing blue water beyond ships, and at the wink and glitter of cars racing on the Causeway. She walked, not knowing where she was going or what she was going to do, until at last she made herself stop for a cup of coffee in a little coffee shop filled with the smell of bacon and the constant ringing of the cash register bell. It made her calmer to see how casual everyone was. She was calmer after she had had her coffee. Why, how perfectly silly she was, running off like that, just because the telephone rang early in the morning! It was probably only the laundry, or a package from a store. That was it—a package from a store. Those white shoes she bought yesterday. Really she was being too ridiculous.

Still she did not go back directly, but sat on a bench in the park, letting the morning wind from the sea blow her hair and her eyelashes and calm her still twitching nerves. Two hours later, quite cool, she sauntered leisurely back.

If Russell fussed about her going out so early, she thought, turning in the narrow hotel lobby, she would say she had been so worried about his drinking that she had gone out to see about getting a job for herself.

The girl at the desk, who was also the telephone operator, looked up at her as she passed and said remotely, "Mr. Hutchins would like to see you in his office, Mrs. Olney, please, right away."

That sick throbbing came again to Kathie's heart, but she said "Certainly," and walked erectly to the door marked Private Office, feeling the telephone girl's eyes in the small of her back.

Inside, there were two men—Mr. Hutchins and another; a tall, broad-faced, dull-eyed man who sat at Mr. Hutchins' desk; a man with a sort of impenetrable waiting solidity about him, as if he could sit like that indefinitely, sure what he wanted would come through the door to him at last.

She felt his heavy gaze rest on her with no expression she could read. She turned to Mr. Hutchins' more familiar long face, with the faded polite eyes and the creased smile that was just another piece of hotel property. Mr. Hutchins' sallow face was faintly red and his eyes skimmed on and off her face. She stood and waited, with her small chin up and her heart pinched tight as Mr. Hutchins got to his feet. The other man sat still, solidly.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Hutchins?" Kathie said with a chill calm that surprised her.

"Yes, Mrs. Olney. Ah"—said Mr. Hutchins uncomfortably—"Mr. Maloney here wanted me to ask you to step in a minute to an to ask you ah "

"Tha's all right," said Mr Maloney, taking charge with a smooth, fat voice. "Just si' down, will you, girlie? Right over there—yeah. Now tell me, how long have you known this young feller, this Russell Olney, hey?"

Kathie sat down. She had a feeling no one in the world could have done anything but sit down, stiff and still and waiting, the way he said it.

"My—husband, you mean?" she said faintly. "We've been married a little over a month. I knew him three or four months before that." She longed to be able to say fiercely "But what business is it of yours, I'd like to know," but she could not. Somehow he made it seem dreadfully his business

"Married 'n' everything," the man was saying, with, to her horror, a heavy sort of facetiousness. "License an' minister 'n' everything, hey? Folks know about it?"

"Certainly they knew about it," she said, with returning spirit. "And a caterer, too, if you want to know." She remembered how she had had to argue her mother into having the caterer.

"Never knew what this young feller did before then, didja? Have a regular job? How'd you happen to come to Miami?"

"He traveled for a hardware house," Kathie answered. "We came to Miami on our honeymoon with money Russell had saved and we thought if we liked it he would get a job here. He's been looking for one."

"Been spending his money for him, too, haven't you? Pretty near broke, wasn't he? Didn't get a job, did he? D'jever hear him say anything about being in jail?"

"Certainly not. He never was," Kathie said indignantly, resenting bitterly this man's cool assumption that they were both suspicious characters. She wanted to burst out at him, yet something within her said, "Be careful—don't

(Continued on Page 166)

She Stood and Waited, With Her Small Chin Up and Her Heart Pinched Tight

SEMELE

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

THIS Jupiter," said Regimental Supply Sergeant Clifford Robinson, "had ought to have been policed Your fool civilian school-teachers give this chuck to kids to read because it's classical. If Jupiter's behavior to ladies was modern he'd be in the police courts most weeks and in jail pretty regular."

He closed Tales From Greek Mythology and prodded Private George Dewey Brown with one toe. The pink youth said drowsily, "Yeh, I hear you, sergeant. Go right on readin'," and curled up even more thoroughly on the floor of the supply company's office.

"You," the little sergeant ordered, "go to bed! We been workin' an hour on you to make you more civ'lized, an' all you do, chickenfeed, is to go asleep on us! G' on to bed and pray to be made a better boy of. My aunt in Ohio used to have me pray for that an' it worked grand. I'm twenty-seven—thirty on my service record—an' I ain't killed anybody much yet, outside line of duty, nor stole anything very valuable. Go to bed, kid."

Private Brown sat up and yawned horrendously. He was all of sixteen years old and infinitely pleased with everything that happened to him. His intelligence operated with the open violence of a bucking mule. When he had a thought it fairly pranced into sight. Some girl in San Antonio had called him ignorant, and he, after some speculation, had applied to the regiment's chaplain for cultural aid. The chaplain had enthusiastically given this suppliant a volume of Greek myths. I don't know why. What G. D. Brown needed was a grammar. I wrote his letters to his mamma in upper Mississippi, and anybody literate in the supply company read her answers.

"Those there Eyetalians you been so kind as to read me out about, sergeant, is all dead?"

"Greek, kid. Yeh," Robinson admitted, "they're all dead—Ole Man Jupiter, Mrs. Juno, little Apollo an' Miss Semeel——"

"Sem-e-le," I corrected. "Three syllables, Robbie."

"You know too much," the sergeant assured me, "for a lousy recruit with a sore foot. . . . Gimme a match. . . . My argument is that if you kind of translated all myth'logy into a newspaper story you'd have the subscribers kickin' about the paper's morals. However, they teach it in kindergartens. . . Hello, Conkling! Where you been?"

Private Erasmus Caleb Conkling, of F Battery, lounged through the moonlit door and sat down on one of our regal camp chairs, wiping his forehead. Heat seemed to drip on Texas from the moon, and Conkling had been walking. Black slashes appeared on his trousers and where his olive shirt flattened on his chest.

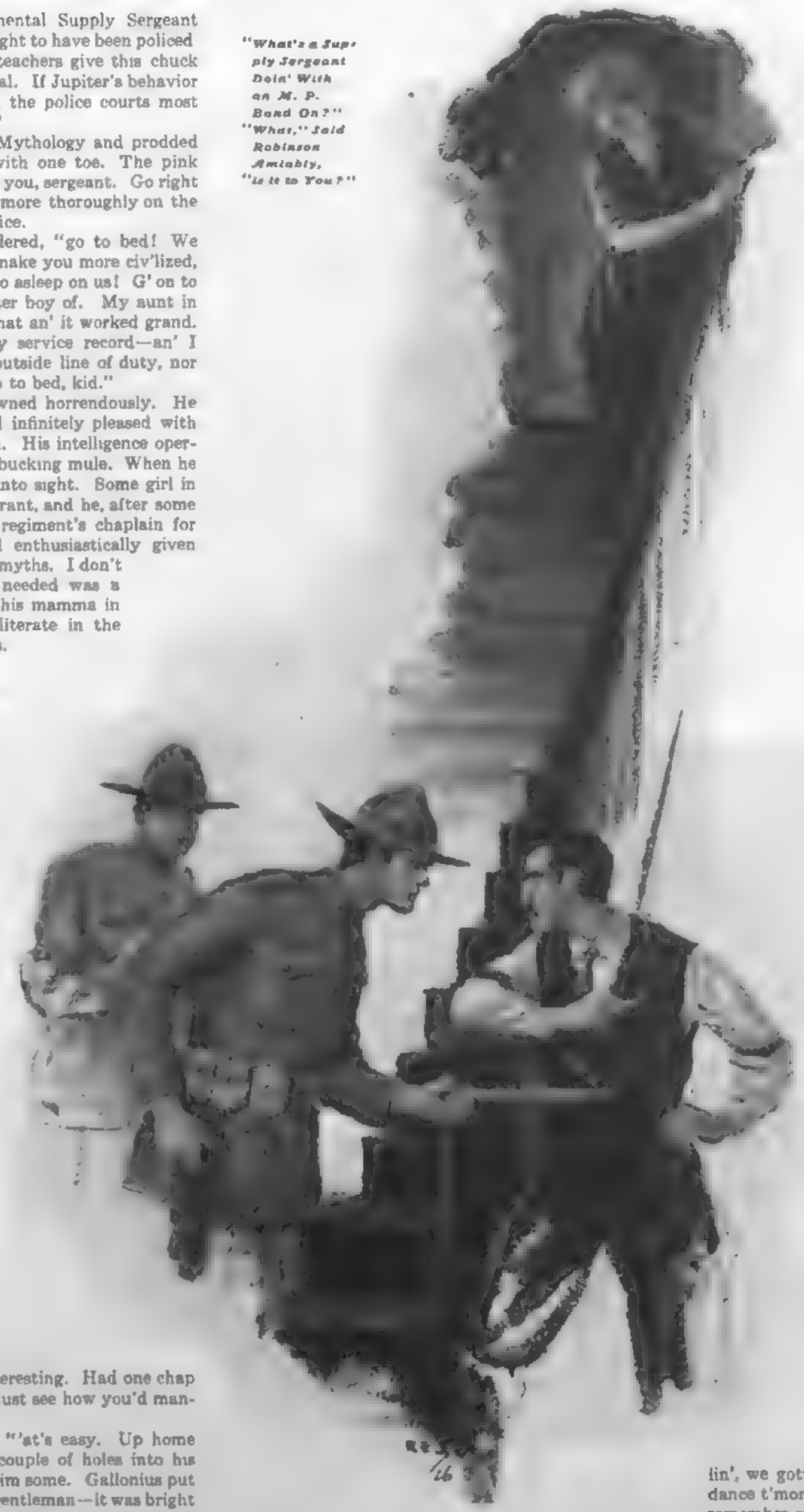
"Moving pictures. Pretty stupid, too, except that they had some views of hospitals in France, and those were rather interesting. Had one chap shot through both arms. I don't just see how you'd manage that."

"Oo," G. D. Brown objected, "'at's easy. Up home my cousin Gallonius got him a couple of holes into his arms when his wife's poppa shot him some. Gallonius put his hat up on a stick so 's th' old gentleman—it was bright moonlight like this here—would shoot his hat. Only but Mr. Franklin shot some lower an' the ball went froo Gallonius' arms, both of 'em."

"What was the old man annoyed about?" I asked.

Private Brown gathered up his blanket from the floor and simply explained, "Oh, Gallonius, he'd fell in love with another lady down to Tchula, where he worked in a store some, an' he was leavin' home. His wife's folks thought it was unbecomin'. . . . Well, thank you kindly, sergeant, sir. G' night."

He draped his blanket respectably around his white underclothes and withdrew into the moonlight while Private Conkling still blushed.



"What's a Supply Sergeant Doin' With an M. P. Band On?" "What," said Robinson Amiably, "is it to You?"

"Gallonius," Robinson drawled, "was a lively boy. . . . Quit lookin' so shocked, Conkling. The Mississippi backwoods ain't Newport."

Robinson, after three chats with young Conkling, had located the boy as something or other out of the fashionable jungles which, in the nation's imagination, center on Newport, Rhode Island, a watering place which has been a good deal advertised. The wiry little veteran had a sense of accents. He asked me nothing about Conkling, but he examined the lad with his listless hazel eyes and came to conclusions. These conclusions, though, never joined the recruit's name to the bearded likeness of Conkling's grandfather stamped on the wrappings of Conkling's Casaba Soap. Robinson merely assumed that harmless creature came of wealthy people and observed, too accurately, that Conkling was not sophisticated. But he happened to like Conkling, and now he undertook briefly to improve him.

"What shocks you is hearin' Brown say that his cousin was runnin' off from his wife, ain't it? If it was your cousin you wouldn't say so. Manners, an' so forth. Never wash your dirty linen in public, an' all that. But the kid comes from where they mention such things out loud. You think he's a nice kid, so it shocks you hearin' him give away his cousin to strangers. But Brown don't mean nothin' by it; so it ain't bad manners."

"I suppose not," Conkling brooded, turning back the sweated cuffs of his shirt. "He is a nice kid too. . . . Either of you going to San Antonio tomorrow night?"

"My foot's too sore," I said, shifting it in the carpet slipper which covered its oiled bandages. Then I got up to answer the little field telephone that more or less connected us with the rest of Leon Springs Military Reservation and with San Antonio when all the operators were in a good temper. After tumults and warblings came clearly the balmy voice of Pearl McCue, waitress in the Maximilian Ice Cream and Candy Café on East Houston Street, demanding Mr. Brown, if available, and I limped around the partition that cut the office from the supply company's bedroom, to call G. D. Brown from his cot.

"It's your red-headed friend, son."

"Which one, corp'ral?" the infant asked, hopping out of his blanket.

"The McCue girl."

"Aw, her! She," said this soldier, "is a kind of a noosance. . . . Thank you kindly."

He flitted back into the light of the office and plastered himself earnestly against the wall, yawning before he dulcetly said to the telephone, "Hyo, honey? . . . Yes'm, this is me. . . . Uh-huh! . . . No, I been thinkin' of you ev' since Tuesday an' nobody else." He effected this perjury with the expression of a strayed cherub, his yellow hair flopping on his pink, blank forehead, and we all grinned while the girl in San Antonio spoke at some length, in a mosquito's buzz just within our hearing. G. D. Brown scratched one calf with the big toe of the other foot and looked across his shoulder once at Conkling before he answered. "Yeh-heh. . . . Yeh, the big fella with gray eyes. Name of Conklin'. . . . Yeh. Yeh, I'll fetch him in. . . . Who thought he was cute?" Conkling blushed here. "You did? . . . Yes'm, all right, honey. I'll fetch him in. . . . And you ain't fell in love wiv nobody else sinct Tuesday? . . . Goo' by! . . . Conklin', we gotta take us Pearl McCue an' another girl to a dance t'morra night. She thinks you're kind of cute. So remember you're goin' to Santone wiv me t'morra. And you'll have to make me a loan of some more money, 'cause I ain't got any, an' remind me of it pay day. . . . Gimme a cig'rette. Thank you kindly."

Conkling drew in his feet under the camp chair and looked at G. D. Brown with embarrassed alarm. I knew that he would escort the pretty red-haired waitress to the dance tomorrow night, because when anyone was so heartless as to refuse George Dewey Brown, the youngest member of the supply company made his eyes into pools of angelic woe and suggested, vocally, that he might cry. Nobody ever did other than what G. D. wanted. They couldn't. He went touring among the batteries and came

home with halves of birthday cakes which some "very nice guy" had given him; the world was his brother. He now beamed possessively upon Conkling, and Conkling humbly said, "Oh, all right. But I don't know Miss McCue."

"She's a widda. Her husband died of pneumonia down on the Border las' spring. He was a doughboy. She's down outa New York, an' pretty old—nineteen to twenty" Dewey Brown guessed, sitting on his heels, "but kinda nice. She got disappointed in a lootenant 'at was courtin' her some this spring, but she's over that now; an' she dances nice. An' we could get a pass for over Sunday an' stay in a hotel, too, if you got enough jack," he proposed, "and I'll take you to see 'nother girl lives up on Grayson Street. Her name's Minna, but she ain't very Dutch. Her daddy's a jooler."

"You're a great invention," said Robinson, beginning to shed his clothes. "How many boys in your family?"

"Just seven," G. D. Brown yawned. "Bill died. He wasn't much good anyways. Kinda yella. Only thing he had guts 'nough to do was get married, an' anybody can do that."

"So Voltaire said," I chuckled.

"What outfit's he in, corp'ral?" G. D. inquired.

"He's dead," I said; "a long time ago. . . . Go'to bed."

But G. D. was now aroused. He looked sternly at Robinson and told him, "Been thinkin' over 'at story about Semeel an' Jupiter an' I think it's just a bloomin' lie. I never seen nobody that could have him the lightnin' burn a lady up. I think it ain't so. I'm gonna get me a schoolbook an' have Conklin' teach me readin' out of that. Mamma never got very far wiv me. You'll teach me readin', Conklin'?"

"Oh," said Conkling, "all right. Good night."

"G' night. I guess," G. D. reflected, "I'll get me transferred into your battery anyhow. It'll be convenienter for teachin' me readin', and I like you a hell of a lot too."

"Thanks," Conkling stuttered and escaped into the moonlight. He should have been spending his sophomore vacation from Harvard at Watch Hill, where his father's elaborate concrete villa nestles among shrubbery and sand dunes, but he would now finish the season as G. D.'s tutor and banker.

"He's fine," said Private Brown, undoing his legs, "but he's awful funny. I bet he ain't never been drunk even."

"Did Pearl ask you to bring him in, kid?" Robinson asked.

"Uh-huh, sergeant. He was eatin' ice cream in there other night. She seen him. . . . Corp'ral, you write me a letter about bein' transferred, early tomorra, an', sergeant, you work on the lootenant to sign it right fast, so's I can take it up an' make the adjutant transfer me quick. I been in this army a year, so I ain't like one of these chicken-feed kids dunno what he wants. You make me a nice letter, an' I'll take care of the rest of it. . . . Gimme 'nother cig'rette, so's I can have one if I wake up any time. . . . Thank you kindly. G' night."

Robinson looked after G. D. appreciatively and drawled, as he hauled his cot into the middle of the office, "Been in the army a year an' nobody's killed him! Funny he'd get thick with Conklin' though. Opposites attractin', kind of. It's none of my business, but if I was you I'd tell Conklin' to watch where he steps. Pearl McCue's a smart girl. . . . The kid's rich, ain't he?"

"I expect so, Robbie "

"It's none of my business," the small man remarked, and reached for the hot lantern. As the flame wilted he said, almost harshly, "I ain't any use for some kinds of women. . . . G' night, bud."

I had the relation toward Conkling of a remote port in the mental storms which had been overtaking him ever since we were recruits at Fort Slocum in May, and he blushed when I cursed a cake of Conkling's Casaba Soap escaping me on the wet floor of the shower baths in those jammed barracks. He was not a clever youth in any way, or very adaptable to the miscellaneous society of F Battery. So he hung about me somewhat, and I served him for occasional confidences. We had some acquaintances in common, and he had the vague respect of nineteen for twenty-seven years to expend on me. But I wasn't his nurse, and it was neither my duty nor my pleasure to find out how he spent his time in San Antonio. And yet I had never heard Robinson speak unkindly of any woman before. The sergeant's philosophy did not embrace good and evil as those subjects are understood in sewing circles and Sunday schools. His friends in San Antonio seemed generally to know all about police courts, jails and gambling hells

But he had come near to warning Conkling, through me, against the graceful Pearl McCue, around whom youths sighed and cavorted vainly in the soda bar on East Houston Street. It startled me a trifle.

But the next morning we were very busy getting G. D. transferred from the supply company into F Battery. The dreadful child appeared early, slicked and arrayed in his smartest tight shirt and his palest trousers, and hung over my shoulder while I typed a letter requesting his transfer.

Then he made the dazzled supply officer indorse it, expressing his extreme sorrow at parting from a commanding officer so agreeable, and duly armed he trotted up the hill to beam at the adjutant.

He was gone precisely ten minutes. Returning at a trot, he appeared between F Battery and the supply company and raised a falsetto howl for Conkling to come and help him move his effects. A committee of the supply company assisted Conkling in lugging over G. D.'s trunk, a crate, handmade, for the transport of an armadillo to his youngest brother in Persis, Mississippi—if he ever found time to imprison an armadillo—a patchwork quilt sent by his mamma, and some other goods which I forget. G. D. smoked several of Conkling's cigarettes while superintending this transfer, and then settled on the doorsill of the supply office, sighing, "It's certainly awful hot for work this mawnin'. . . . Gimme 'at book about Jupiter, corp'ral. . . . 'Rasmus, you can show me some readin' outa this It's no good, but it's got lots of words in it. . . . What's 't say here?"

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The Cushions Were Cool Under His Neck. The Voices Seemed to Drip Down Some Incline Into Nothingness. Everything Delightfully Slid Away

THE FIREBIRD

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"If That's the Firebird Hoss," Came From Breezy, Standing Between Us, "and I've Got the Feeling He Is, I'm Lookin' for a Chance to Hop Him This Meeting"

THE time had arrived for our little Yuma delegation to make its third annual pilgrimage to the Cheyenne frontier feature—that is, if we were going—and Mr. Quinlan, the big boss, being approached, allowed we were.

"Whoop-ee!" admits Jo Kain, always knowing the words expected of a cowboy, but a great bronc-forking kid, though showy and known as Yuma Jo away from home.

The Split Sevens sports other gents of fame in the whing-ding world, including Panhandle Larkin, a top-string bulldogger; Hardtwist Peters, Arizona's roping wiz; also Martin Shorey, myself, foreman and all-round top hand, running chiefly to brains. Champs being hard to live with, require handling delicate but firm, which Mr. Quinlan leaves to me

The next afternoon, on the Bone Ridge siding, we were loading hay on a freight car, when along the tracks from the direction of Yuma appeared a stranger, walking as if not used to abusing his legs that way and not intending to do it much more—a fine set-up young fellow, long and narrow, except at the shoulders, where he flared out. The face at the end of that manful length looked so young as to start you guessing all over again; and the first notice I take of the lad's natural good taste is when he refuses to kid around any with Pan or Hardtwist, but asks for authority at once and is directed to me.

"Needin' a hand?" he inquires, lighting a paper twist.

"No."

"That's too bad."

"Headin' anywhere special?" I asked.

"Cheyenne," said he, "and I've got everything done possible to miss gettin' there, since reaching Yuma yesterday, including going broke at an écarté table last night."

"What did you mean to do in Cheyenne?"

"Havin' entered for bronc honors, I hoped to ride one or two—especially that Firebird hoss. My name's Bob Lane, called Breezy more often, of Corosanto, Sonora."

"Martin Shorey of the Split Sevens, foreman, Yuma post office, Arizona," said I. "Ain't entered up there before, have you, Breezy?"

"No, I'm mainly located south of the line since I was ten."

"What did you say about Firebird?"

"Nothin', only I'd like to ride him."

The name of this Colorado outlaw horse was more and more in the air, like a popular song; a promising amateur killer with three nicks in his mane, not heard of in round-up lists until last fall. I looked at the lad standing before us, not more than twenty or twenty-two and talking about riding Firebird as if venturing his intentions of becoming President.

Breezy

"This here eight-wheel buggy is going to Cheyenne with the Split Sevens outfit and saddle stock—if the vines don't start growing up and clog the wheels," I said. "Sometime tomorrow, if you was to climb aboard, the worst thing that could happen would be for you to fall off. Meanwhile you'd better ride the hay wagon back and we'll whittle you up a sandwich at the ranch house."

That evening after supper Breezy picked up a guitar and gave it what it was made for with amazing speed and softness.

He sang as easy as talking—low soft-flowing songs which you hear below the Government's big wire fence. Jo Kain was eager to hear first-hand as to the reactions of señoritas to white men straying down that way.

"Just what was it kept you in Sonora so long, Breezy?" I heard him inquire, but didn't wait for an answer, because just then at a little distance I saw Kate Durman standing in the dusk and moved toward her.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Kate whispered. "Oh, Marty, what is that something about him that puts a catch in your throat?"

"The guitar music?"

"More'n that," she said.

Kate had just come back from a week's stay in Yuma. She was the fair relict of Bill Durman, the foreman who had presided over the Split Sevens before my time. Having lost her Bill—a whole lot of a man he was, too, in our section of Arizona, twenty years older than Kate and given to gun-thumbing, two hands; having lost her Bill, who treated her like his little girl, doing all he could to spoil her without making a success of life; having lost her Bill three years ago, as I've intimated, Kate had tearfully made known her willingness to stay on at the Split Sevens, and Mr. Quinlan gave her the ranch guest house to mistress over. With him away most of the time and me holding down Durman's old job, it sort of fell to my part to keep a mothering eye over Kate, who proved mean to do with on one count, being faithful to Bill Durman at all times.

Still listening to the guitar music, she turned to me now, her face showing tenderer than I'd ever seen it show before.

Breezy played on at a distance, all unconscious.

"It means being hurt as a child—some awful injustice," Kate said.

"What's that?"

"That look of his round the eyes."

"He's lost his travel ticket to Cheyenne."

"More'n that, Marty," she said. We reached the door of the big dobe guest house. "Home sure has the world whipped," she went on, in tones always a little breathless and husky after being away.

"All you got to do is to stay with it," I said, letting her hand drop, remembering Hardtwist had overdone it once and since been plumb infrequent in her company.

Up to midnight that night we were packing our finery in war bags, such as neckerchiefs, decorated boots and fancy chaps. I caught Jo Kain surreptitiously slipping in three of his prided silk shirts, about which we've endured a heaviness of talk year after year, they being of boudwah pink.

"Jo," I said, "I thought one more year in my stable company would cure you from wearing such unmanlike garb over your upper portions. Why do you do it?" I asked, concerned.

"Pink," allows Jo, more respectful than usual, eying a rip in the seam of one of his best boots, "is a color utter female. When a woman sees pink her heart is moved, and those looking to land a riding champ don't have no trouble finding him when he steps down from horseback after the show."

"My theory is," remarked Pan, "Jo uses that uncommon shirt cloth because it's eye-blindin' enough to keep attention off his other features."

In the Denver yards we got some newspapers to read up on the Cheyenne fiesta. The editors didn't seem to be so excited about it as we were, but the grand remuda of bad horses was accentuated on: Firebird, Reverend, Goofy Gus, Crossbearer, Little Bud, Blighter, Black Saliva, Moonshine, Drowsy Waters, Hell's Escort, and some more.

"I see they're expecting a lot of Larry Dryden, the new Pendleton flash," Pan said, poring over his part of the paper. "Also they are speaking plenty high of this new outlaw, Firebird—worse than the Reverend, it says here. Queer they don't seem to know we're comin'," Pan added, scanning down the columns.

"Oh, yes, they do," came from Hardtwist without looking up from his sheet. "Here it is: 'Among other play boys of the prairie to arrive is Yuma Jo Kain, a promising young ty—tyro; Panhandle Larkin, if not wanted too bad elsewhere; and the master of all ropin' and ridin' gents, Hardtwist Peters, in person ——.'"

By that time we got the paper from him and I read at my leisure that the Yuma delegation in charge of "that sterling all-round top hand, Martin Shorey," was being looked for, imminent and eager.

"I sure feel interested in this here Firebird animal," said Breezy, who had been sitting in quietude for some minutes.

Cheyenne was bathing in the freedom of her favorite holidays, streets crowding with tough-faced gents, sifting in from all quarters of the open, smiling happy under their town hats. You could hardly get a look at old Hugh Shumack for the paws and arms around him; and there was Bob Cawkins, smiling quiet and pleasant, all-round cowboy champion; and Paddy Flynn, his side kick, both Montana men; young Larry Dryden, who finished off last year close to the top; and hawk-beaked Slim Purdy, his wolfer side exposed that afternoon, his dialogue being confined to abuse. Round-up dust kicking sky-high—smell that once and a man can't stay home on the range year in and year out like he used to.

"Pan," I confides, all alive with good feelings, "we'll have to get us beaded pants and a uke. The boys are dressing gayer each year. More like Jo Kain."

"Marty," he said, "you can lay it on Hollywood. She's sure spoilin' more ranch hands than alcohol."

We saddled and rode down to the death cell for a look at the bad horses. Same old faces, some sunken-eyed like Little Bud, who lays out his plays with brute strength, too stupid to be mean; others looking calm and quiet and easy, the same blowing up entirely and changing color and form the minute they're driven to a chute or somebody tries to saddle. There was Frock Coat, alias the Reverend, with his white blaze like a shirt bosom opened up, and a reputation of having the ambulance follow him into the arena every time he was let out of the chute.

Breezy Lane joined us on foot and his eyes settled on a lean black beast I hadn't seen before, sun-faded and mud ground into his hide, but a hint of thoroughbred back in his family tree, enough to show, under his scarred knees and pasterns. This horse raised his head and I looked level into his right eye over the five-foot fence. What I saw was something like human grief. Excuse me, but it made me feel sad, like a woman crying.

"Who's this sick stranger?" Pan called, examining the same horse from a little distance to my right.

"Outside of a nightmare, I never saw a more wicked eye."

"Wicked!" I said. "Why, it looks burning up with sadness more'n evil."

Pan jumped in a curious way and inquired, "What hoss are you talking about, Marty?"

"Same as you. He's watchin' me now."

"Come over on this side, mister."

Which I did, and the eye on that side let me into an altogether different party. There was KILLER, as if the capital letters of the word flashed out in red light from the eyeball.

"Why, they aren't mates!" I muttered. "From the other angle he had me ready to bust into tears."

"If that's the Firebird hoss," came from Breezy, standing between us, "and I've got the feeling he is, I'm lookin' for a chance to hop him this meeting."

I glanced over his head at Pan, and we put it down to ignorance, Breezy wasting so many years in Mexico. The boy's head otherwise wasn't turned anyway. The presence of a hundred-odd best riders in the business forgathered at Cheyenne didn't pull him away from our little Yuma delegation any more than if we were still in the freight car. And this point we'd found out: Besides being overrefined in his associations with the guitar, Breezy's two-handed way of playing on an empty six-gun had leaked out. We had reason to believe he was keeping up his five-finger exercises on both instruments hours each day.

"S'pose he can ride too?" Pan inquired.

"Ask me that tonight," I answered, it being the second day and Breezy on the program to sit Gangrene in the afternoon.

It happened that I didn't see Breezy ride that afternoon, not close at least, being at the opposite end of the arena, making ready to haze a steer for Pan Larkin, who took the kinks out of his shoulders, embraced and busted in fifteen flat. By the time we made the other end of the arena, a chute opened and out comes tearing old Crossbearer, not taking to Jo Kain at all or listening to reason. The crowd went silent and deep into itself at the sight of the pink shirt, everybody thinking of the right thing to say in case our Joey messed up his performance. Now I've ridden old Crossbearer myself, and though he was full two years older today, his heart was just as full of grief and his ways just as perturbed. He sprung his whole list, which Jo took without breaking a rule, though too busy to decorate his activities with any flourishes that ride.

"How did that new Sonora kid, Breezy Lane, come out on Gangrene?" I asked Len Hudkins, one of the judges.

"Made a nice ride, Marty," Len answered, meaning that exactly. Further inquiries netted the point that if a champ had set as pretty, he'd have drawn a perfect score.

About that time the announcer directed the crowd to another door of the chute, which shot back, and there stood Firebird taking his look at the arena with Larry Dryden astride—first time out for man and horse. Most bad ones make a jump with the swing of the gate, but this new outlaw stood there like a pointer in full daylight. Something in my head may have clicked; I recall everything appearing so curious about this sixty seconds that I didn't venture to express myself later.

For several years Mr. Dryden had been bringing good habits and natural talent to bear on reaching the top of the cowboy list, and now at Firebird's first fast move I saw him slowly rise. An invisible hook took him by the scruff of the neck and lifted him clear. As for the action he was leaving the center of now—if you've ever seen a whip snake thrashing about with its head pinned, something of Firebird's bucking can be drawn from that—bawling, kicking wall-eyed fits, his front feet pawing the white out of the moon.

Larry raised up to his knees, facing where I stood, an awful look on his face before covering his eyes. Firebird stood before him half a second, his flanks to me, then yanked off, and presently there was a kind of moan in the air from the direction of the grand stand, where he looked to be whacking his brains out, trying to get loose from the empty saddle.

In the mess tent for supper, and from various circles all that evening, you could hear the boys talking about the ride, but Larry Dryden only kept shaking his head. More than once I heard their voices rise higher than usual, not because any bottle was going the rounds, but because each man saw it in his own way. Yet nothing they said reported the thing I saw.

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Breezy's Move Now Was to Grab His Hat and Start Passing, Something Firebird Hadn't Counted On

The Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AT TIMES the waiter fetching Willie Gerald's breakfast from the Constitution Café brought up, with the tray, his mail; the letters were left on a table in the lower hall; and at times he got them, very much later, when he went out. But on other and more pressing occasions he sent down for them, and this was what he had done on an overcast morning in October. Usually letters did not arrive at the moment they were logically expected; they were a day late, or something entirely unforeseen interrupted their coming; and then when they did appear, more often than not they were unsatisfactory. But in this single instance not only was the letter Gerald hoped for present, its contents were relievingly all that he could desire—the law firm of Clening, Blake & Adamson, writing on the part of a Miss Denham, accepted the model of a packet ship, The Cygnet, for Miss Denham, under the conditions of the previously noted agreement, and inclosed their check in full. This put Gerald in an uncommonly cheerful humor and he turned to the rest of his mail with an expansive spirit. But who, he wondered, could he writing him from Albany? He glanced forward to the signature. Jenning—Salmon Jenning? With what was that name connected? Early English china; a small Worcester pitcher. Of course. Salmon Jenning was the collector of Doctor Wall Worcester to whom he had given such a pitcher.

"We wondered," Jenning wrote, "if you would come to Albany in the near future. The provocation for this request, I know, is slight, yet my purpose is in a way professional as well as social. And not immediately connected with early Worcester; a subject, I gathered, in which you were but little interested." A letter, Willie Gerald thought, as accurate as a mirror in the reflection of the writer, remote and stiff and measured.

There was no tangible reason for his accepting such an invitation. Albany was a nuisance to get to, he'd have to adjust himself to a whole new set of people, and the professional part, more likely than not, would turn out to be useless. And yet he couldn't be certain of that. Albany was a city of uncommon historic interest and connections, and talking to people was for years his principal occupation. But in addition Gerald had a feeling that he ought to go; he was instinctively impelled toward Salmon Jenning. He combated this impulse, explaining to himself that he was primarily a man of reason, for whom mere impulses had no actuality; but his mood was acquiescent; he had no immediate engagement in New York, and so he wired Jenning he could come to Albany on the Thursday immediately before them.

At dinner in Salmon Jenning's house he was glad that he was present. It was an unusual dinner, of the greatest richness and elaboration, in an unusual house. The walls about him were deep maroon in color, glittering with ormolu and glass prisms; a great crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling; the fireplace was onyx, and the glasses grouped by his plate a ruby Bohemian, cut and traced with gold. Mr. Jenning was formal and pleasant, and Mrs. Jenning, who was small and feminine-appearing and ashen blond, pleasant and as appealingly informal as, in that setting, she could manage. A place at the table, Gerald noticed, was unoccupied, and Mr. Jenning explained that his sister, who had just arrived from Madison, was late, but would be down almost at once.

"But Then It Would Occur to You That Since I Taught History I Must be Wholly Antique"

She came in eventually, with the salad, but with no trace of haste. Willie was surprised; he hadn't looked for an actually handsome, a really impressive, woman. Miss Jenning was thin, her face was thin and her nose decided, and she had bright red hair cut as closely as possible to the shapeliest head he remembered. Aside from that, her dress was in the best manner, a chiffon printed in indeterminate violet and gray, and she paid not the slightest—not the slightest—attention to him. This, since it was so noticeable, Salmon Jenning attempted to explain:

"Virginia, my dear Gerald, is one of these new, disquieting teachers of history. She is of the school, I am told, that utterly discards the past as being quite valueless for the present. So you can readily imagine what she thinks of you and me, who, to such a great extent, live in the eighteenth century." After this Virginia Jenning gazed coolly and appraisingly at Gerald, a slow impersonal scrutiny that increasingly irritated him.

"I'd be glad if you would explain what your brother means," he said to her. "It sounds rather absurd to hear that the past has no bearing on the present. Why, the past, to an enormous extent, is the present—yes, and the future."

"I would be obliged if you would tell me what that means," she replied. "What connection, for example, has this Wall, who made china in England in seventeen something, with Salmon? One was a practical affair of dishes, and my brother is like a child with a lot of toys too expensive to be played with."

"But," Gerald asserted, "the present is the result of the fine designing of the past. All we have to show where we are going, and what we have accomplished, lies in such collections as Mr. Jenning's. It's the record of the accomplishment of thought and art, of beauty."

"On the contrary," she informed him, "my brother's collection, as you call it, is his great excuse for doing nothing. For being an amateur, a dilettante. If he hadn't bought, at absurd prices, some other person's conception of fine plates he might conceivably be forced to make them for himself, if the necessity were strong enough. The fact that there is none of it now is quite as interesting, and far more significant than its survival out of another age."

"I don't see that at all," Willie Gerald persisted.

"Certainly you don't. Why should you? Your mind isn't trained or exact. You went to school in the Dark Ages."

"Well, I'm not more than a thousand years old." The Dark Ages in Education, she replied, lay about thirty years behind him. Damn it, he told himself, she had no business to be so good looking, to have her hair cut that way and wear that dress, and at the same time be so—so disagreeable.

"All that I hear about old furniture, when I'm with Salmon, makes me ill," she continued. "Furniture is the result of the social and economic conditions that produce it, of the degree of progress of a trade. An age of factory and wholesale production will make flimsy chairs, naturally; and slow hand labor, a small accomplishment, will build solid chairs. What of it?"

"Just this," Willie Gerald declared: "The handmade chairs will be good and the machine-made chairs bad."

"What of it?" she repeated. "Does it seem to you that fifty or a hundred more years in the life of a piece of furniture is as important as the fact of changing economic conditions? The trouble with Salmon—and I'll say Salmon when I mean you as well—is that he has the sentimentality of ignorance. He doesn't actually know anything about the conditions of life. You both think the American Revolution was a noble effort of liberation. That is sweet of you, but it isn't very impressive."

"Virginia will tell you, if you're not careful," Jenning interrupted them, "that Jefferson hired a poet and found him a place in the Government so that he could blackguard George Washington."

"Of course," she said calmly; "of course. Jefferson was a practical boss. There was no academic veneration in Thomas. But Salmon and you, who can't meet reality, live in a stuffy air of traditional worship and lies. Until you sweep out your cabinets and your minds you'll be like barrels of old water that accumulate mosquitoes and disease."

"What I did want to talk to you about," Jenning said later, "was something appropriate to hold at least a part of my Worcester. It's all scattered about the house now, in cupboards and on commodes in the dining room. I can't even keep related periods together. I know what I'm after, but I haven't been able to find it."

"Probably the best thing would be a library bookcase," Gerald replied. "Chippendale made them, but there are only a very few of his in existence, and the price would be horrid." Salmon Jenning interrupted him stiffly to explain that price had no bearing on the subject of their discussion. Gerald continued, ignoring this. "Shearer made some fine ones—I mean with closets across the bottom and glass above. And then, of course, there is Hepplewhite. He'd be very appropriate."

"That was my idea precisely," Jenning agreed. "Although I'm afraid I got no further than Hepplewhite Shearer I didn't know of, and I'd forgotten Chippendale. I'd have thought he was a little early for the special delicacy I wanted."

On the contrary, Willie Gerald pointed out, it had been Thomas Chippendale who first brought the Chinese motive to English cabinetwork. Nothing could be better suited to the Chinese decorations of the early blue Worcester. That, of course, was so, Jenning recognized, and went on:

"Then, what I want of you—I'm told you are the best one to go to—is a Chippendale library bookcase. I wish you'd regard this as a commission—yes, and charge me accordingly. I understand fully that you might have to go to England; and that, too, I'd take to be entirely reasonable."

Willie Gerald gazed at him calmly. "I don't know where you get your information," he proceeded, "but I am not a purchasing agent. And I haven't any intention of going this fall—with conditions what they promise to be—to England. You could have saved a lot of trouble by writing to me first."

"Not at all," Jenning protested. "I wanted to see you. I wanted to consult you. And while I understand you are not a purchasing agent I happen to know you do purchase, but perhaps only for your friends. Well, then, let us say that if you are looking around and see an appropriate bookcase, if you approve of it, you'll get it for me. The truth is I am absolutely ignorant of furniture, and, as you said in another connection, with conditions what they are I can't think of a dealer I would trust such an important commission to."

The night had grown warm and they were seated on the porch that lay at the side of the Jennings' house. The porch was narrow and lined by a succession of high Corinthian columns; a luxuriant trumpet vine ran over a formal lattice, and a narrow garden, under a great fence, had tanbark walks, rockeries, and a fountain with a slender musical stream spouting from a dolphin held by a leaden cherub, into a basin like a gigantic shell. Footsteps sounded behind them, and Willie Gerald rose to confront Miss Jenning.

"My sister-in-law asks you to excuse her, Mr. Gerald," she proceeded; "she says she has a headache, but the truth really is that she's overcome by my conduct."

"It's too bad, Virginia," Jenning said. "You seem to forget that Mr. Gerald is not in the family."

"What is it that's too bad, Salmon?" she asked directly. "After all, if Mr. Gerald isn't in the family he equally isn't made of sugar. He won't be dissolved by an opposing opinion. And then you'd both expect me to listen quite all evening to your drivel. That is what is so annoying about the current American—he can't stand the slightest criticism. There is no such thing as a generality with him. How can you have any intelligence or any conversation like that? Mr. Gerald was absolutely shocked at what I said about his little antiques. You don't seem to recall that men make these things, that they are only interesting as a part of men, and that men today are just as absorbing as they were in the 1700's. What they are making now, really, is a thousand times more significant than the things you anivel over."

Salmon Jenning objected very decidedly to her choice of descriptive terms.

"Well, it does tire me to extinction," she continued: "or bore me to death, if you like that better. It's so trivial and so stolid. I see you fingering cups and saucers and studying workmen's marks through a glass, when you can't see facts crowding around you bigger than elephants. You say that the present is impossible, when as a fact perhaps it's the most significant age the world has seen. Heavens, Salmon, what does some china matter?"

Willie Gerald put in, "Not at all, except as a record of the dignity of society, it's the accumulative record of ——"

"But you've said all that once before," she interrupted him; "and it's just as silly now as it was when you first went into it. Society—I suppose you mean humanity—has never been a very dignified affair, and you're not adding perceptibly to what dignity there is by supporting antiquated and lost states of being." Gerald impertinently reminded her that she wasn't in a classroom. "I know that," Miss Jenning retorted. "Salmon and you wouldn't be here for five minutes. Mr. Gerald, my brother tells me you are an authority in early Americana—why did a Virginia delegate to the Constitutional Convention refuse to ratify the instrument he had such a large part in proposing?"

"Have a cigarette," Willie Gerald answered "I couldn't tell you if my life depended on it."

"Salmon," she turned to Jenning, "what turned Kansas into the Dark and Bloody Ground?"

"Why, that's easy," he almost shouted, "it was the contest over slavery."

She laughed. "Wrong, my dear brother," she informed him. "It had to do with nothing in the world but a fight over the eastern terminus of a transcontinental railway. It was simply a question of investment"

"Well, anyhow, you are a smart girl," Salmon replied. "It's nice to think you know all these things. And when we want to find them out—when we do, darling Virginia—why, we can ask you, can't we?"

"By telegraph," she responded. "Mr. Gerald, do you mind telling me why you have been staring at my feet for the last half hour?"

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"It's All a Question of Superior Knowledge—Do You Know More Than Those People, as You Call Them, or Do They Know More Than You?"

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

WHEN launching a French restaurant in New York we tried to reverse that old adage: "The imitator of a man gets all his vices and none of his virtues." What is true of an individual is true also of an institution. There was one vice we sought to circumvent, and that bad habit was the tipping evil.

A man dining in a Paris café must donate honorariums to at least five or six servants connected with the establishment. The usual fee for the maitre d'hôtel was 100 francs in the days when a franc was a franc. In return for this monstrous emolument of office, this individual would assure you that you were looking splendid, that the lady was getting thinner and it was a fine day. I have bought my weather reports much cheaper in America.

The next solicitor in the Royal French Academy of Itching Palms would be the capitaine. A captain is a man who is not quite a maitre d'hôtel, but is too proud to be a waiter. His fee would be twenty francs and his duties were to lead you to a wabbly table in a desirable spot. He would also take your order and assure you that you were never looking better in your life, even though he had never seen you before.

When the capitaine had taken your order he would then go into executive session with your garçon, whose share of the plunder was at least 10 per cent of your check. The omnibus, a frail juvenile who carried dishes which were too heavy for the big strong waiters, received his bit of the spoils from the waiter's end of the swag. On your way out you were forced to run the gantlet of the *vestiaire* and the *chasseur*, known in a less expensive language as the check-room boy and the starter. All these uniformed mendicants would assure you that you never looked better in your career. I have no doubt that an extra franc would make them reveal the past and foretell the future.

A Waiter at Rector's Was a Salesman, Was Regarded as Such, Talked to as Such, and Never Tried to Get Away From the Idea of Being Merely a Waiter

A Hot Tip

HOWEVER, our efforts to modulate the tipping epidemic were without avail. It grew and grew until it was out of proportion to the services rendered. I think that Americans like to tip and would regard the abolition of this peculiar form of tribute as a violation of their constitutional rights. Men like Stanford White, Sidney Love, Charles Thorley, Harry Content, Larry Waterbury, Harry Lehr, Morton Plant and Harry Thaw were liberal tippers.

The prize tipper was the famous Scotty from Death Valley. Scotty came to New York with a bagful of twenty-dollar gold pieces supposed to have been mined in his private El Dorado in Death Valley. When first seated at his table, Scotty would tear a fifty-dollar bill in half. He would then give the waiter the western half of the bill and retain the eastern half, saying, "Now if the service is all right, I will give you the other half." Needless to state, the service was always neat if not gaudy. I have seen Scotty line up the waiters and chefs in Rector's in an *ensemble* resembling a minstrel show. He would then give each one a twenty-dollar gold piece, a total of around $800 or $900.

Frank Gould came in one night between acts of Zaza, then being played by Mrs. Leslie Carter at the Criterion. Although not a dramatic critic, Frank had accumulated a headache and asked our head waiter, Paul Perret, for a remedy. Paul suggested a cure known in his native land as kirschwasser, a Swiss cordial. Gould felt better in a few seconds and, before rushing back to the Criterion, he pressed a bill in Paul's hands. It was a $100 tip—about ninety-eight dollars more than Gould would have had to pay a doctor.

Of course, the big take was around the holidays, when the rich patrons of Rector's remembered their favorite waiters with substantial checks. The biggest recipient of Yuletide spirit was the head waiter, who often took down $15,000 or $20,000 in checks. The largest single tip I recall was the one given by Dan Reid, the tin-plate king, to the same Paul Perret. It was not in the form of money, but was a tip to buy Rock Island and hold for a rise. When Perret sold his stock, his profits were $14,000. I consider that the papa of all tips.

Although we thought that a patron of Rector's should enjoy the privilege of checking his hat and coat free, we soon found this was impossible. The first check-room boy was Jerry Pelton, who started working for us at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Jerry was a very polite and efficient checker of hats and umbrellas, and soon startled us by offering to buy the check-room privileges for $100 a month. We couldn't understand the reason for this and suspected that he might be helping himself to the contents of pockets and high-grading in gold-headed canes. However, when Jerry explained that he wanted to be his own boss, and was in love with the charming little telephone girl, Anna, we sold him the coat-room rights for a year at his own price.

Patrons of Rector's will recall this romance. At the end of the year Jerry had a gold-headed cane and a fur coat of his own to check. By then we began to have some suspicion of the richness of the checking privilege, especially when another youngster offered us $300 a month. Rumors circulated that the check room at Rector's was a bonanza and Jerry was forced to bid $5000 a year. It grew each season until Jerry was contributing $10,000 a year to Rector's.

The Susskind brothers decided that a hat-and-coat business must be profitable, especially when your customers furnished the hats and coats. So they entered the field and cleaned $500,000, often paying as much as $15,000 yearly for the coat room in a popular hotel or cabaret. The king of the check rooms today is Leon Mollet, who pays fabulous sums for concessions and has grown enormously rich.

Hot Dogs

THE concessionaire is a very important man in modern life. He is a sort of fungus growth on the ship of commerce. And, like fungus, he must wait until something is started to which he can cling. He becomes wealthy peddling peanuts at another man's circus, will pay you $500 a month if you can guarantee him exclusive taxicab rights at the front door of your big hotel or restaurant, and would like nothing better than to be the owner of the only hose in a city ablaze. Before he would soak your property, he would soak your pocketbook plenty.

We soon discovered that we must reckon with the concessionaire. Before the new century dawned, we had leased the candy, florist and souvenir concessions in Rector's; and we also got a substantial sum from a ticket agency for some of our floor space.

The now famous Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden was a choice bit for the frankfurter concessionaires, who ran the bid up to $10,000. They must have had a good idea of what the delegates liked to eat. Each extra day of the historic deadlock meant the destroying of thousands of frankfurters. When the Garden was torn down last year, there was a report that workmen, excavating in the basement, discovered a secret dungeon in which two loyal delegates sat, chewing hot dogs and shouting "Twenty-four votes for Oscar Underwood!"

Although the job of waiting on tables became a concession in some restaurants, we never allowed this at Rector's,

even though this custom existed in some very prominent places, both in France and America. We paid our waiters twenty-five dollars a month. They averaged from $600 to $900 a month in tips. This was rich pickings. Soon we had applicants for waiting jobs who offered to work for nothing. There were some waiters who tried to pay us for the privilege of working in our place. We never hired men like these. We wanted all our men on our pay roll; and though we knew our men expected tips, we didn't want to turn timber wolves loose among a pack of polite foxes.

A waiter at Rector's was a salesman, was regarded as such, talked to as such, and never tried to get away from the idea of being merely a waiter. Patrons would come in and look for their same waiter night after night. All our waiters were educated in their profession on the other side and spoke six and seven languages. They had worked in the capitals of the world and on all the big ocean steamers. We found that the best servants were boys who had attended the College of Waiters in Geneva, Switzerland. Never have I seen such waiters in my life. They were polished, subservient and of handsome appearance. They were often mistaken for guests. However, an experienced eye could detect that our Swiss were too polite to be guests.

Cultured Commission Merchants

A COLLEGE OF WAITERS may seem peculiar until you realize how many of your own meals have been ruined by bad service. Although there may have been no cheer leaders in this college, I have no doubt that many of its athletic heroes earned their varsity letters by drop-kicking a soup tureen over the goal posts from the forty-five-yard line. Or can you picture another athlete throwing a hard-boiled egg on a dead line from deep center field to the home plate? However, they were all schooled in the science of waiting, knew what to do with their hands, and no patron of Rector's ever was forced to order a glass of water with the thumb on the outside.

When I say our men were salesmen, I mean that they got a percentage on foods which a guest might not think of ordering, such as olives, celery and *petits fours*. The waiter's bit was 10 per cent, which would amount to from thirty to sixty dollars a month. In addition to this, he received twenty-five cents for pint champagne corks and fifty cents for the corks from quart bottles. This was paid to him by rival wine agents, seeking to increase the sale of their beverages. That would run into another thirty to sixty dollars a month. Of course, we never allowed our waiters to suggest any particular brand of wine, as there was too much danger of angering the other dealers. But I have no doubt that some waiters were subsidized by unethical agents. In spite of the fact that the pay was less than a dollar a day, a good waiter could clean up $1000 a month in legitimate service.

We employed sixty waiters and twenty omnibuses. The day men came in at ten in the morning and worked until two, and took a three-hour recess in the afternoon. They then came back and worked until after the supper rush at two in the morning. The night men came on at ten in the evening and worked straight through until closing.

There were eight captains of waiters who all retired rich on a pay of seventy-five dollars a month. Three cashiers were necessary to keep tabs on the business and five checkers to check and add up on the food service. The cashiers also waited on the cigar stand and were under the direction of a head cigar man, who had charge of a humidor which always carried a stock of the finest Cuban cigars. We would not surrender our cigar stand to the ubiquitous concessionaire, as my father refused to consider profits when compared with the risk of a patron getting a bad after-dinner smoke. Our cigar man went to Cuba every winter to select the various brands of leaf and our humidor never moistened less than $20,000 worth of tobacco. This man was paid fifty dollars a week—huge pay in those days of wagon picnics and raglan overcoats.

He even drew down larger pay than the maitre d'hôtel, who was the most important man in the establishment, but received only $150 a month. Our maître d'hôtel was Paul Perret, and we lured him from Delmonico's with honeyed words and promises of a better life to come, and he more than repaid us in service and good will. He knew everybody in the world and could address almost any man in his native tongue. He had an uncanny gift of guessing a patron's nationality by appearance alone.

The next man to him in personal value was our manager, Andrew Mehler, another importation from the Italian-Swiss canton in the Alps. We trapped him also in our happy hunting grounds in Delmonico's after he had been with them more than twenty-nine years. We baited him with an offer of $10,000 a year and double that amount in stock. He was an excellent man, a good greeter, and knew his business from A to Izzard. He drew a large salary because he received absolutely no tips, while Perret's poor wages were more than compensated by the fact that his job was worth $25,000 a year in tips and bonuses.

Under Royal Protection

THE real salaries started with Mehler. In fact he got the only big salary in the dining room. It was vastly different downstairs, where men were cooks. Our chef was Emil Hederer, who landed in Rector's en route from Alsace-Lorraine via the old Bellevue in Philadelphia. George Boldt brought Emil to New York when he opened the Waldorf-Astoria and we snared him by dangling $7000 a year under his capable nose. He was a man well over sixty, heavy set, a big eater and drinker. The high spot in his career was when his great specialty, terrapin à la Maryland, found its way into Buckingham Palace during the reign of Queen Victoria. Boldt sent Emil's finest effort all the way from the Bellevue in Philadelphia to England.

Emil received an autographed photograph of the Queen, which he carried next to his heart and exhibited at every chance. He finally lost it during a dispute with a Sixth Avenue car conductor over the paying of a five-cent fare.

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John Knew Everybody by Name and Made It a Point to Learn Our Patrons' Home Addresses

BEAUTIFUL

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

II

I HAD imagined surely a hundred possible greetings which might pass between Bruce MacIntyre's daughter and myself. But our meeting was little like any of them. We stood there together on the railroad platform, with the lazy little train panting wearily beside us, and spoke impulsively of things I had not dreamed would ever be said between us. We laughed, with tears in our eyes

"I've thought of you millions of times," she said. "The fairies themselves must have brought you. Wherever have you come from?"

"Right straight out of that same picture—from a little old town in Ohio called Valley Springs. Your father sent for me last Sunday."

"To come to me?"

"Yes; to be with you and your little girl, Barbara."

"You knew all about us?"

"No, nothing. I had not heard from him, until then, except a telegram when my son was killed and one when my husband died, since the year before you were born."

"But you had loved each other?"

"Yes," I said.

"How amazing! But you're dreadfully late coming out of the picture. It made a horrible mess for me. Why didn't you marry my father?"

And there we were, just met, on a railroad platform, and I told her, unashamed, the truth that had been pain to me for nearly thirty years:

"Because your mother's money and beautiful face meant more to him."

"Oh!" It was a sharp little cry, and she winced. "But you came when he sent for you; do you still love the old traitor?"

"At least," I said, "I was very sure I should love his daughter."

She laughed delightedly. I had never seen anyone so entirely free of any touch of manner or affectedness. "Oh, you're perfect! You make me almost want to forgive him. We-ell, I suppose old Uncle Doctor has warned you that I'm going crazy." This was bewildering, and I showed it. She laughed easily and tucked my arm under hers. "Don't be embarrassed; of course he has. I've not been sure myself that I wasn't, until—just now. It's a great relief, really. Annie got to be a dreadful strain, expecting me to lose my mind any minute, just the way I might drop my handkerchief around some place. But I don't seem—ah—touched, do you think?"

I laughed with her and tried desperately for the right thing to say. "Not the slightest," I said, with exaggerated seriousness. "But then I've been considered a little queer myself, so perhaps I wouldn't notice it."

"Well, don't you tell on me, anyhow, and we'll get on famously—being queer together. Now what am I going to call you? 'Mrs. Douglas' just simply isn't possible at all."

I suggested, "Aunt Margaret."

"Oh, terrible!" she said. "I think 'aunt' is one of the hatefulest words in the language. I like 'Margo,' if you don't mind; that was the name on the back of the picture. And Margo'll be easy for Barbara to say. I hope Uncle Doctor's prepared you for an atrociously naughty child. Do bad children upset you?"

"I shall discipline her," I said. "Doctor Merea was very particular about that part of it—but I'm not to let you suspect it. You see, both your father and Doctor Merea thought it best for you not to know I'd ever even seen your father; all together, I'm to be very surreptitious about many things, and disciplining Barbara is one of them."

"I shan't worry," she said. "I'm helpless with her, and I know she's a little heathen; but she holds her illness over me like a club. I think, though, that you'll adore her—you must. . . . Where on earth's Jerusalem? Jerusalem, where are you?"

"Heah me, Mis' Mack," Jerusalem softly announced himself, behind us, where he was already attached by both hands to my heavy suitcase. He greeted me with a smile as full of welcome as it was empty of teeth. Jerusalem was plainly a precious survivor of that almost exterminated race, the old-fashioned darky. His faded overalls were crazy-quilted with patches and he was old and bent, but rugged with the strength of a scraggly scrub oak. Jean explained me as "a great surprise from Doctor Merea, an old, old friend instead of a stranger."

"Ain't she the Mis' Douglas us was 'spectin'?" he asked astutely.

"She's Mrs. Douglas, but not the one we were expecting," Jean qualified.

Jerusalem was politely satisfied with this, but suggested practically that "us had sho bettah hustle up or dem beans won't be wuth their totin' in town." So we hustled up to a veteran runabout whose natural rear end had been replaced by a small truck body, where a large box of green beans sat wilting in the sun. We assembled ourselves in the front seat, while Jerusalem and a lanky, laborious, grumbling white man assembled my small trunk and big suitcase with the beans in the back.

"Yes, Jerusalem is his real name," Jean told me, "and his daughter's name is Bethlehem. She's my cook and constant entertainment. Her name was Tallahassee when she came, but I couldn't resist Bethlehem and they like it much better. . . . All set, Jerusalem?"

"Mos' of me is. Ise tryin' to shade de beans. I specks old man Smart'll dock us on 'em 'cause dey's wilted."

Which did happen. The cross-eyed groceryman docked them fifty cents and "'lowed he didn't need 'em noways, but 's long 's she'd brung 'em in he'd do her the favor o' takin' 'em." He softened the decision by adding that she could save four cents by taking two ten-pound sacks of sugar, as there was an extra special on. This, to a woman worth millions!

"Oh, yes, put it in," she said, scouting about the untidy, smelly little store in true housewifely fashion. "I don't need it at all and probably it will mold before I can use half of it, but I'll do you the favor of taking it." She was so different from all my anticipations that I felt stupid with my effort at readjustment. The grocer grinned and winked at me, which made his cross-eyedness more dreadful than ever. Jean introduced me as an old friend who had come to make her a long visit. He was a Mr. Smart.

"And he is smart," Jean said; "he does me out of all my poor little profit."

"Sho do," Jerusalem darkly agreed, dumping the beans into a bin. "Dem beans sho is wuth two dollahs at the leastest, Mis' Mack."

Whereupon Mr. Smart, taking a second scrutiny, grudgingly "'lowed" them one dollar and a half for the beans, and the bargain was closed.

"You better not figger on too long a stay or Mis' Mack'll work you to death," he jestingly warned me, with another terrible wink. "Howje like Florida so far?"

I made the mistake of confessing that I had been a little aggrieved at so much flatness, for it had become monotonous to see exactly the same thing every time I had hopefully looked out the train window. But Mr. Smart said that as far as he was concerned he'd leave all the hills to

But There Was No Favor in the Grave-Eyed Gaze She Gave Me

them as liked to climb 'em an' be contented savin' brakes an' gasoline.

After her careful and judicious marketing, Jean whisked through the village on a sight-seeing tour. A rambling one-storied Main Street ran down to the bay front, where some fishing craft lolled lazily in the sunshine. The castle of the town was a three-winged many-windowed old hotel with hospitable verandas, inhabited by rocking-chairs full of women. Some scattered nondescript houses made up the rest of the village, a few of them well kept and inviting, none pretentious, many unpainted and squalid. There were few flowers. Nearly all the trees were tall ragged pines. In a sandy clearing, a group of men, old and middle-aged and young, all comfortably unenergetic, were throwing horseshoes.

"Do you like it here, Jean?" I asked wonderingly.

"I like its remoteness and lack of pretense," she said. "You've no idea, Margo, what a precarious business this is—this being poor and nobody but just myself; and this is an ideal location for such an undertaking. Now I have to go to my real-estate agent's office for a minute and then we'll hurry home. I'm anxious for you to see Barbara. She's probably in need of some of your discipline this minute."

"Is a real-estate agent part of the necessary equipment of being very poor?" I asked her, extremely uncomfortable at the thought of meeting my accomplice in intrigue before I had anywhere nearly adjusted myself to the situation.

"Oh, very necessary," she said. "You see, I'm so poor I have to buy everything on the installment plan, and that makes interest to pay and notes to meet. Right now I'm being fearfully venturesome, and picking up pieces of property here and there—the payments are almost nothing and I get it very cheap. It's not all bluff with me by any means. I expect to make money on it."

"I hope the agent is honest," I said.

"He's unbelievable," she said. "He's the exception that proves the rest of his sex. It actually hurts him to take a commission."

"Then he's in love with you," I risked saying, very casually, not getting any reaction at all. She appeared a wholly normal, unusually practical girl.

"Wait till you see him. He's as honest one way as another. He loves a pretty face, naturally, and he married one. His wife is terrible. She looks like a raspberry-ice-cream soda and chatters like Japanese glass chimes, and he's so proud of her, it's pathetic. He's sorry for me, the nice old thing."

She honked her horn commandingly in front of a modest-sized office window that said "James Hatton, Real Estate and Insurance." It brought Mr. James Hatton promptly, politely crawling into his coat on the way. He was quite as homely as Doctor Merea had said, though he satisfied none of my conceptions of a cracker. I had anticipated ignorance, furtive shrewdness and fingers friendly with rusty triggers.

This man was at once likable, and remained so during the evolutionary years I was to know him, while he developed from a mere real-estate agent into a capitalist and yachtsman, donned knickerbockers and became addicted to country clubs. But on that preboom day when I first saw him he was a long, lean, baggy-trousered, contented villager, with a big homely red nose scarcely lesser than Cyrano's, thin crooked lips and a scarred inadequate chin. But his gentle brown eyes were empty of avarice and his voice was pleasant and drawling.

I knew, of course, that Doctor Merea had written him of my coming, and I felt so guilty toward this unsuspecting girl who had given me her almost instant trust that my cheeks grew hot; but Jim Hatton was comfortably equal to the occasion. He was pleased to meet me, and knew right well I'd like it out to Mrs. Mack's. . . . Had I ever been in Florida before, and how did I like it? . . . Yes, everybody liked it; it was a fine state all right.

When Jean again explained me as a great surprise, and an old, old friend, he did look slightly taken aback, for naturally this left him a little at a loss, having been told I was a nurse sent by Doctor Merea.

"That so?" he said. "Well, then, Mrs. Douglas, you know what to expect, and I don't have to warn you not to let Mrs. Mack work you to death. She's the hardest-working woman in Florida."

"If you'd get busy and sell some of the land you've talked me into buying," Jean told him, "I wouldn't have to work so hard. Here's this thirteen dollars interest, and it took more beans to earn it than you ever hoed in all your life."

"I'll just bet it did," he agreed ruefully. "But say, Mrs. Mack, maybe I am going to be able to sell something for you, no joke. I've been having a right smart lot of correspondence with a man up North named Evans." My heart began to beat so loudly it seemed actually to make a noise. "Might just happen," the drawling voice prophesied, "I can sell him this ten acres you bought. He's coming down pretty shortly—got to live outdoors, he says. I figure he's probably on his last legs, but he seems to have enough money to make his last days comfortable. Maybe I can get seventy-five dollars an acre. I ought to"

"Heavens! It sounds too good to be true!" Jean's voice rang with sincerity. "I never have been harder up, with my next payment staring me in the face and the rabbits eating things up faster than I can plant them, and cottony-cushion scale all over the grove, and a new tooth to buy. Do you think you can get me another hundred-dollar loan from the bank, Mr. Hatton, so I won't have to install my new tooth on weekly payments?"

"Why, I shouldn't wonder, Mrs. Mack. Want it before you go to Tampa then, do you?" She did, desperately, she said. Well, then he'd bring it out the next day. He didn't need to, she said. Jerusalem would call for it when he came in with the tomatoes.

But Mr. Hatton would bring it anyhow; he wanted to look over that adjoining piece of property so he could wire Mr. Evans about it.

"Winthrop Evans," said Jean reflectively as we drove off. "I wonder if he's any possible connection of Sally Winthrop. She's Sally Evans Winthrop. Perhaps I should have said I didn't want to sell it. I've been so lucky in not running into a soul I've ever heard of that I'm getting reckless."

"Do you still feel that you can't ever come back to your old life?" I asked.

"Yes," she said shortly. "Now, Margo, you're about to experience what is known in Florida as a road. Take a last memory of yourself, for you'll never be the same again."

I could see nothing wrong with the road except that the paving was unusually narrow—perhaps nine feet.

"Oh, this part," she said. "But wait until we strike the crossroad."

We left the narrow paved highway after a few miles more. The crossroad stretched flatly through a long uneven

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We Talked Nearly the Entire Night Through, That First Night of My Arrival

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

Another Pair of Cuffs

IF IT is true that M. Georges Clemenceau's political cronies persuaded him to write his open letter to President Coolidge on the subject of the French war debt, they played a decidedly shabby trick upon him. Intentionally or unintentionally, they took advantage of an aged patriot's passion for his country by getting him to stand sponsor for a misleading and ill-considered polemic such as he would never have launched when he was at the height of his powers. His words were strong, but his argument was weak and futile.

By this time M. Clemenceau has had an opportunity to appraise and classify the American reactions for which his unfortunate letter was responsible. He is aware that it made a strong appeal to those Americans of the I-am-ashamed-of-my-country type who derive so much servile pleasure from parroting the prevalent anti-American propaganda. But not all our reactions were so comforting. Consider, for example, the proposal of a Washington correspondent that M. Clemenceau address a note to the President of his own republic, suggesting that he relieve the strain upon the French treasury by taking steps to secure the cancellation of the internal debt of France. The gold value of the franc has already fallen so low that the sacrifice would not be nearly so great as it would have been a year or more ago when the franc was at a higher level. If such a step were taken, however, the sufferers would be French bondholders instead of American taxpayers. This, indeed, would be another pair of cuffs, as they say in France; and the proposal is not one that M. Clemenceau could be expected to welcome.

The old Tiger's insinuation that ratification of the Mellon-Bérenger debt settlement would merely be a preliminary to taking over French colonial territory on account of defaulted payments is so grotesque as to be unworthy of notice, except so far as it affords a clew to the European point of view. The poverty of France is an exaggeration which should not be mistaken for a sound statement of fact. Every expert in European finance is well aware that the French people are in a fairly prosperous condition, despite the straits of the government.

Some Americans of otherwise average intellectual equipment seem unable to learn what is going on in France. The other day a number of them sent in their contributions to the save-the-franc fund which was being collected for the purpose of stabilizing French currency. The irony of the proceeding lay in the fact that so many Frenchmen were doing their best to depress the franc by buying American dollars and English sterling, and were employing every means in their power to deplete their own national gold supply. French bankers have recently admitted that their business men have in voluntary exile the equivalent of half a billion gold dollars; and a French economist estimates the French fugitive gold of the past two years at no less than eight hundred million dollars.

All this and more of the same sort must be known to Clemenceau. One can feel a certain respect for his cynical attitude, his impatient brushing aside of idealistic pretenses and his demands during the Peace Conference, because he believed that his course was best for France and he had small interest in any other nation; though that attitude is responsible for much of the turmoil and trouble in which Europe finds herself plunged today. But remembering all this, it is hard to understand how the Tiger was persuaded to lend himself and his pen to this propaganda against America in which Europe is now engaged. And it is even harder to understand how any American, even an expatriate, can swallow the stuff, some raw, some sugared, that is being compounded for him almost daily by Europe's political quacks and prescribed through the press.

Far from being ashamed of herself, America should be proud of her record during the past ten years.

Refinancing by State Decree

SEVERAL months ago Belgium undertook the stabilization of her currency and the balancing of the budget. A large floating debt was pressing on the treasury and a foreign loan was needed to enable the state to undertake the requisite reforms. The negotiations for the loan broke down and the franc, with the assistance of the French cousin, skidded in consequence. Dictatorial powers were conferred on the King and the first large action of the new régime has just been undertaken. It is nothing else than the transfer of the state railways to private hands and the exchange of the floating treasury bonds for railway shares.

The state railways of Belgium have been well managed and are good properties. These are now sold to private capitalists—a national company with a specially selected board of directors, with public participation in the financing. A large issue of preferred stock is being brought out, part of which is on public sale, part of which goes to the government for the purpose of liquidation. All holders of floating national treasury bonds, to the extent of some six billion francs, must turn these in and receive in return preferred railway shares. Thus the state gets rid of a floating debt that could not be refunded; the citizens get possession of shares resting on physical properties instead of paper money. Under proper management the railways ought to be able to earn the expected dividends. With the floating debt out of the way, Belgium should have no trouble in raising a foreign loan to stabilize her currency. Despite the fact that the entire transaction is forced, it would seem to be sound. We make the inference that we shall witness many such forced reorganizations in Europe during the course of the inevitable housecleanings.

Good News for Shipping

WE HAVE heard so much during recent years of plethora of ships and paucity of cargoes that a report of shortage of boats attracts attention. There has been a heavy movement of grain from the Gulf ports. In order to relieve the pressure for cargo space, the Shipping Board has shifted fifty-nine boats to the Gulf trade, thirty-two of which had first to be reconditioned before being placed in service. Naturally the heavy outbound movement of grain and the relative shortage of boats have driven up charter rates. This has attracted tramps to the Gulf ports. The increased number of boats working in the export coal trade, carrying coal from this country to Great Britain, has aggravated the situation. As a result, the north range Atlantic ports have, for the time being, fewer ships. The port of Montreal has been hit; so much so that the harbor commissioners have been compelled to embargo further arrival of grain from the United States, as the terminal elevators are taxed to capacity. Both Canadian and American grain passes to export through Montreal at this season, and the action of the port authorities gives preference to the arrivals of Canadian grain. During the month of June, twenty-eight million bushels of grain passed through the Welland Canal, the largest movement on record. In a mild way, this all reminds one of wartimes.

Will this solve the problem of our Shipping Board and of the shipping interests of other countries? Quite certainly not. There are too many antiquated constructions and inefficient types. But for the time being we shall hear fewer complaints about the state of ocean shipping.

The Dawes Plan for the Colonies

AN AMPLIFICATION of the Dawes Plan that has been several times tentatively suggested is reported to have been discussed at the annual meeting of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. It revolves around the old problem of transfer of reparation payments, and the objective is enlargement of these payments indirectly through development of backward continents.

Let the scheme be illustrated in Africa. The continent has a population estimated at 143,000,000. The area is largely divided into colonies or mandates of European countries. The undeveloped resources are very large. The native inhabitants are low producers and low consumers. Material civilization stands on a low level for the most part. France and Belgium, two principal recipients of German reparation payments, hold large colonies. To develop rubber, copper, lumber, cotton and other raw materials, capital improvements are needed.

These improvements are to be provided by Germany, for the use of Belgium and France. Railways, docks, mining machinery and mills are to be erected as products of the heavy German industries, as a sort of payment in kind, to become the property of France and Belgium or their nationals. The products of these developments will accrue to France and Belgium, as raw materials, for home consumption or sale in foreign lands, items in their international accounts. The work afforded to natives through the new developments will mean enlarged purchasing power, elevated standards of living, expansion of a world market for consumers' goods of all kinds. The industries of Germany will have employment. The German Government will receive credit for reparation payments. The French and Belgian colonies will accelerate in development. The recipient countries will receive raw materials of essential importance. A new class of consumers for the goods of civilization will have been created.

Perhaps! Or better, we hope so. There are a number of ifs in the program. The sanitation of Africa is an unsolved problem, for both man and beast. Let us waive that, however. But nationalistic and capitalistic ambitions remain. Will the capital and labor of Belgium and France allow the material development of their African colonies to be turned over to German industrialists, capital and labor, in order to have credit items appear in the international accounts of their governments? Was it for this that France reacquired the iron and coal of the restored provinces? Will Great Britain sit quietly by while rubber plantations are developed, through reparation payments, to compete with those of her creation? Will it concern the United States to have exploited, in the Belgian Congo, copper mines to drive our metal from the export markets of the world? Will it do the Corn Belt any good to have reparation-created oil seeds drive down the world price of fat? Are the steel companies of Great Britain and the United States to forgo all share in African railways and docks? Who is to be the arbiter in the allocation of extensive capital improvements of such importance? How rapid is to be the education of the consumers' wants of the natives of Africa?

These questions, and others, come to mind. But perhaps it is far-fetched to speculate on who is to get the core of the apple until we determine that the apple has a core.

MAKING A WORLD MARKET

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

BEFORE the days of transoceanic cables, steamships and fast mail trains, the making of what then passed for a world market was fairly simple. Human ingenuity achieved its best in the form of great fairs and auctions, some of which made a splendid and imposing show. Indeed, a few still survive. But whether splendid or not, this means for disposing of the annual output of some great producing territory existed in virtually all parts of the world. The general plan of these fairs or auctions seems not to have been copied, one from another, to any great extent; they probably sprang up to meet obvious local or national needs.

Selling Bales by Sample

GOODS were moved to these market places without either the seller or the buyer having any very definite notion as to what the price should be. Prices were evolved after the goods and the owners and the prospective buyers had all assembled in one place. Not until the goods had actually been displayed for inspection could anyone say whether the season had been good or bad, the average quality high or low. Each producer knew, of course, what his own experience had been, but the range of his information would not cover the entire producing territory in which he lived. As for possible competitors in some other part of the world, he would scarcely be aware of their existence. Transporting his goods to market would constitute about the heaviest item of the producer's annual expense, and after he arrived there he might find out that the goods had not been worth it; nevertheless, he had to make the trip, because there was no other way to get this information.

At the close of the fair the merchants packed up their goods and set out for their various markets to face uncertainties approximately equal to those so recently confronted by the producers. As for advance information about supply and demand, the merchants could obtain only a very little more than the men from whom they bought. Thus every man who bought and sold was inevitably gambling almost blindly against high risks, but there was no way to change this condition so long as news and freight traveled at approximately the same speed. To make a market under those conditions, only the actual goods would serve in spite of the prodigious labor and frequent losses this system entailed.

With the advent of more rapid communication, however, trade on this basis was no longer necessary and the great market places of the world were immediately in a turmoil of evolution. Steamships brought about the first notable changes while the telegraph was still in its infancy and before the Atlantic cable had been laid.

One of the first of these revolutions in marketing related to the American cotton crop. Long after there were steamships, cotton was still transported in sailing vessels; but it became possible for a Southern planter or merchant to send samples of his bales to New York by steamer while the actual bales were still on the wharf at New Orleans, waiting for some sailboat captain to assemble his cargo after the leisurely manner of the times. News about the size and quality of the whole Southern crop would already be available in New York; also there would be on hand statistics relating to the activities of spinners in all parts of the world. Thus information was gathered by mail well in advance of the arrival of the cotton crop, even before the cable began to play its still more sensational part in international trade.

The first important interval between news and freight grew out of the difference in speed between steamers and sailboats, and that alone was sufficient to precipitate a revolution. Prospective buyers could now look at samples and make offers for the bales from which the samples were drawn. The Southern planter or merchant would have a representative in New York authorized to close a contract. Thousands of sales were thus made of cotton afloat. This arrangement was entirely satisfactory to the buyers, because it gave them a comforting assurance about their supplies much earlier in the season. It also offered the owner of the cotton advantages never previously enjoyed, because if he didn't like the New York market he could order the samples sent on to Liverpool or Havre. There also sales were made of cotton afloat.

A Market for Words

WHEN the telegraph and cable entered the field, developments came still more rapidly, because the interval between the arrival of news and the arrival of freight was again increased. It has become the custom nowadays to speak of the annihilation of distance as a fact beyond controversy, but that boast is only partly true. Words can be transmitted very rapidly, but it still takes several weeks to bring a shipload of coffee from Brazil or rubber from the Orient to an Atlantic seaboard port. So far as heavy freight is concerned, distance is far from being annihilated.

The comparatively young science of making a world market by using the various facilities for rapid communication rests entirely upon the willingness of buyers and sellers to transfer their gold or pledge their credit in return for contracts representing goods, pending the arrival of the actual goods. Stripped to its one essential point, this means that they actually do business with words instead

(Continued on Page 189)

The Great Demand of International Business Today is, "Give Us a World Market"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

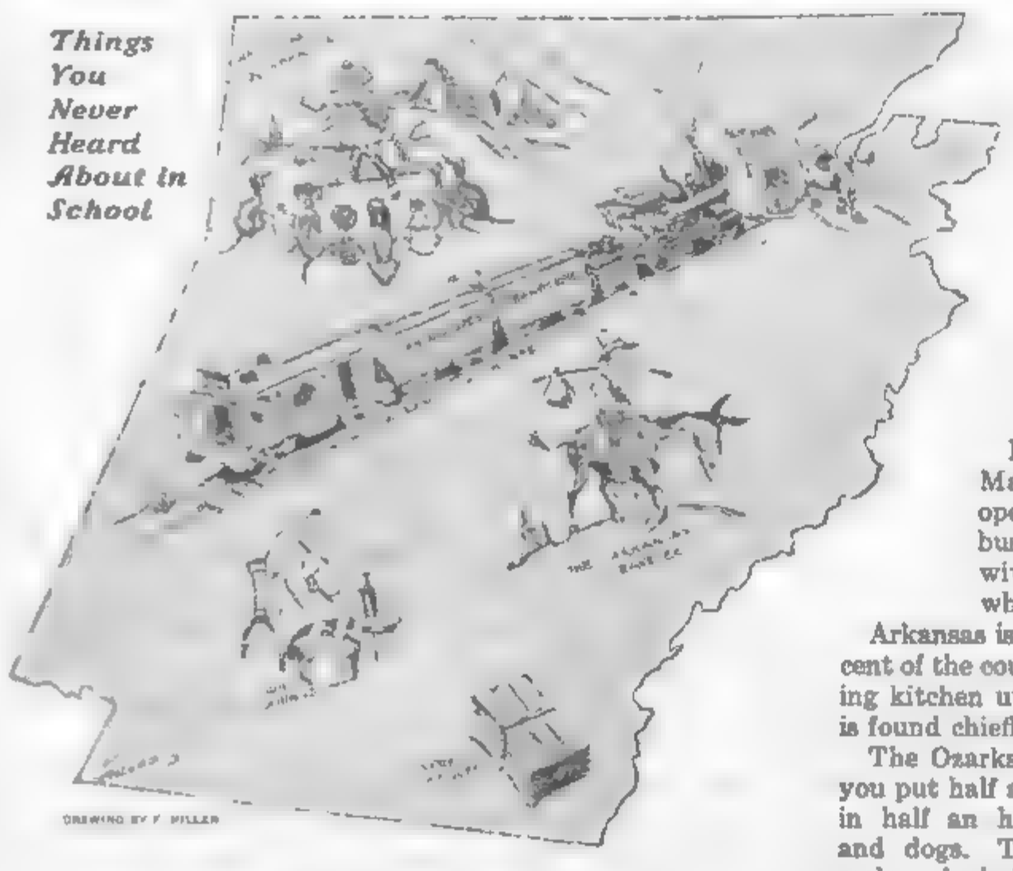
Welcome Home

NOW homeward turn again the wanderers
To tell the tale of their long Odysseys,
Of ancient piles and hoary sepulchers,
Of long song-cradled Southern gayeties,
Of murmurous nights upon the dreaming sea,
Of white moon magic on the Acropolis;
They'd tell of all old wonder seen once more,
But not, by gad, to me!
I've heard their reminiscences, before;
I think I've had about enough of this.

What though in English lanes the nightingales
Sob of eternal passion and of pain?
What though in laurel-sweetened Tuscan vales
Dante and San Francesca walk again?
What though in Paris youth awakes anew,
And hearts are light, and maidens fair enthrall?
(I've seen a movie of the Boulevards.)
I shall not welcome you
If you insist on coming in to call
And on the spot undo your postal cards.

But all we'll talk about is how I made
A trip to Buffalo about some bills,
And how the soap-plant corner stone was laid,
And how the moon rose o'er the knitting mills;
I'll show you how I do the Charleston now,
And demonstrate the funny thingumbob
I bought to get more mileage for the bus;
I guess I'll show you how
You haven't got such a lot on us
Who've spent the whole blamed summer on the job!
—*Morris Bishop.*

Things You Never Heard About in School



A Vest-Pocket Geography

Arkansas

ARKANSAS is the Bear State. It is inhabited by some 1,800,000 persons who insist that they live in Ark-in-saw and not Ar-kans-as. A prudent visitor will not argue the matter with them. It is the home of the strawberry, Senator Caraway and the famous razorback hog. It is noted for its hot springs and its 'coon hunts.

Little Rock is the capital. It is the home of Mary Lewis, who rose from the chorus to grand opera. Grand opera is a musical show where tired business men catch up on their sleep while their wives look about them to see who is there and what she is wearing.

Arkansas is rich in minerals and produces about 90 per cent of the country's aluminum. Aluminum is used in making kitchen utensils and Democratic political medicine. It is found chiefly in the Ozarks.

The Ozarks are a beautiful, small mountain range where you put half a dollar and a jug on a stump and come back in half an hour. They are strong on scenery, children and dogs. They also produce much timber, fruit and melons, including cantaloupes. A cantaloupe is a gambling game invented for housewives. There are two kinds of cantaloupes—too ripe and not ripe enough. The housewife pays her money and takes her choice. —*W. P. Rowley.*

The High Cost of Matrimony

"BUT, lady," a marriage-license clerk explained to a movie-actress applicant, "the law compels me to record all previous marriages before I issue a license."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed her prospective husband. "And I've got a taxi waiting!"

Motto for a Cat's Basket

PROUD is the Castle of Puss-in-a-Basket!
Puss is the jewel and this is her casket.
Puppies are cautioned to leave her in peace;
Witness her claws to this clause in the lease.
—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Atmosphere

HE WORE huge spectacles rimmed with horn; his long slim legs was bound
With a sort of a canvas bandage thing that wrapped them round and round;
He leelered into my lonesome camp and wanted to stop and hear
The voice of the far-off Wilderness and gather some Atmosphere.

He wanted to lie with his ear low down on benevolent Nature's breast,
And fall asleep to the awful beat of the heart of the mighty West.

Now the days are few when a pilgrim comes to travel the Teedock trail;
I took the visitor by the hand and I gave him a friendly hail;
I bedded him down the best I knew and said I was glad he came,
And I welcomed him into the Solitudes in the Trinity Canyon's name.

I bedded him down on Nature's breast and told him to listen good,
For there's been a lot who have heard her voice—but few that have understood.

II

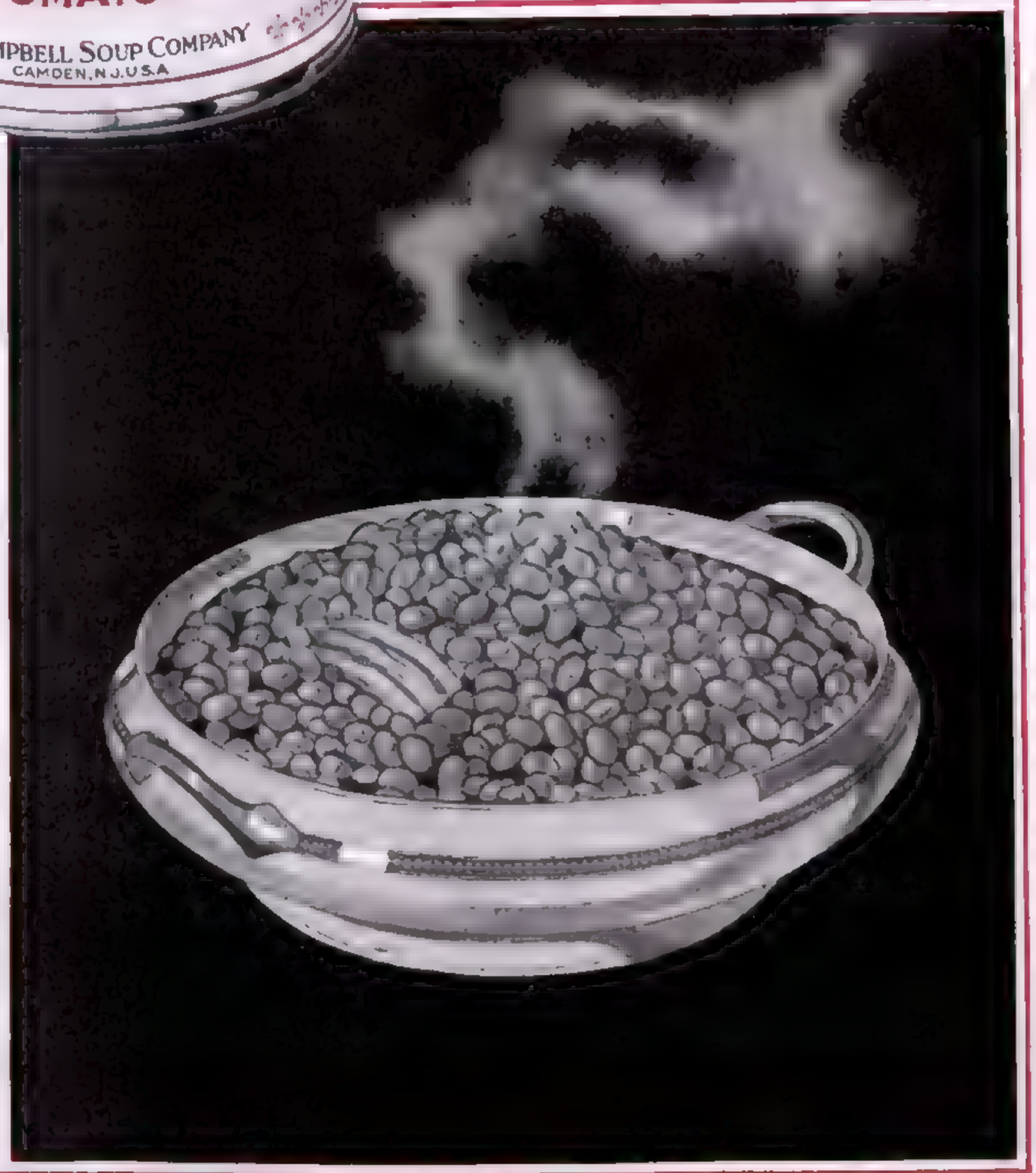
The great, round moon slid up and up. High over Tomoka Bar,
Tiptoe on the Yola Peak, there stood the flame of a single star.
A myriad voices came to me from the murmuring overtones,
Where the old, old river told old tales to the ears of the ancient stones.

A whispering hush was in the night; it rustled the haunted steep;
But the Traveler he didn't see nor hear—for the Traveler was asleep.

(Continued on Page 242)

The New York Night Clubs Close at Twothirty do—— There's No Place to Go But Home. Oh, the Pathos of It!

The beans mothers select! Why?



Beans which are properly cooked offer one of the most wholesome and nourishing of foods for growing children. But it is very important to have beans cooked through and through so that all of their rich nutriment is readily digested and assimilated.

Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked. They are tender, yielding, delightfully mellow to the taste—and so digestible!

How quick the mothers are to learn the foods which it is most desirable to give their children! How natural for them to insist on getting Campbell's Beans every time!

12 cents a can
Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked *Digestible*

MONKEY TRICKS — By Delia J. Akeley

J. T. and Ali Coming Along the Trail Behind a Bouquet of Flowers

WE HAD been in Africa about a year when we went to the great forests on the slopes of Mt. Kenya to hunt elephants. The first week that I was in the forest I shot two splendid elephants, which exhausted the privileges, as far as elephants were concerned, on my game license; so I decided to spend the remainder of my time there, studying the monkeys.

Each morning, taking a native guide and my gun boy with me, I would make my way through the dim and silent depths of the forest until I found a feeding ground where the birds and monkeys were foraging for their breakfasts. Then I would sit down on the ground under the trees, which were very high—from one to two hundred feet. I would even lie down on my back in the undergrowth, with the black boys stationed on guard behind me, so leopards or hyenas could not creep up unawares. Endurance, as well as keen interest, was necessary to carry out my plan of observation, for the floor of this forest was alive with all sorts of crawly things, whose bites and stings felt like red-hot needles piercing my flesh.

Over my head big poisonous-looking spiders ghoulishly dragged the dead bodies of their victims over lacy gray webs, or suddenly dropped downward, almost on my face, at the end of a silken thread. Patience was a real virtue, for the monkeys usually heard us coming and disappeared. The great forest, which a few moments before had been echoing with their barks and cries, would suddenly become as silent as death. Wild animals in some unknown way communicate their fears to one another, and once the alarm is given no wild thing within hearing disregards it.

Masterful Males of the Jungle

AFTER a time, however, my patience would be rewarded, for curiosity would get the better of the monkeys. Bright eyes would peek out here, others there and yonder. Then black hands would push aside the beard moss and foliage which shielded them. Growing bolder, they would come down a little closer. Every few steps they would stop to sit up and threaten me by raising their eyebrows and thrusting their heads forward and back. Sometimes they would sit up and scratch their stomachs and yawn, as monkeys usually do when they are excited or their curiosity is aroused. Few people realize how very inquisitive monkeys are; anything new or out of the ordinary enlists their interest at once, and they are not happy or content until they investigate, and they will take great risks to satisfy their curiosity.

J. T. and Ali Making Friends With a Little Boer Girl

It is this inherent curiosity which often gets them into trouble when they investigate the native game traps, and makes them easy prey for the white hunters. Like most wild animals, when wounded and cornered, monkeys will fight. They have very strong arms and are as quick as lightning in their movements. Their jaws are very powerful and they have long wicked-looking fangs that have a sharp sawlike cutting edge. The law of the jungle, which holds one animal prey for another, has developed in the monkey a highly nervous temperament and a remarkable sense of scent and hearing. They have almost microscopic eyesight and marvelous long-distance vision. When getting away from their enemies they often have to make quick decisions and long leaps, and never have I seen or heard of one that failed to estimate distance correctly.

From personal observations of the African monkeys, I learned that the males are very domineering and manage their home affairs in a very arrogant and masterful way. Many a time I lay on the ground convulsed with laughter or boiling with indignation at the actions of an old tree-dwelling autocrat. I have seen a handsome old male stretched out full length on a limb giving directions to the females, who worked diligently grooming his fur. Every now and then he would give a gruff bark, turn over, and with his fingers give a scratching motion over the spot where he wanted attention.

And I have also seen him leap suddenly to his feet and stand gibbering and making grimaces at a female. Sometimes he would jump, stiff-legged like a bucking bronco, up and down on the limb in front of her, while the other members of his family would stand up and crane their necks over the leaves and branches to watch her. Sometimes the female would leap away to another limb as if terrified. But rarely did one of them escape, for like a flash he went in pursuit, and as they leaped wildly from limb to limb the branches swayed and crashed and sent a shower of débris in all directions.

Tree-Dwelling Disciplinarians

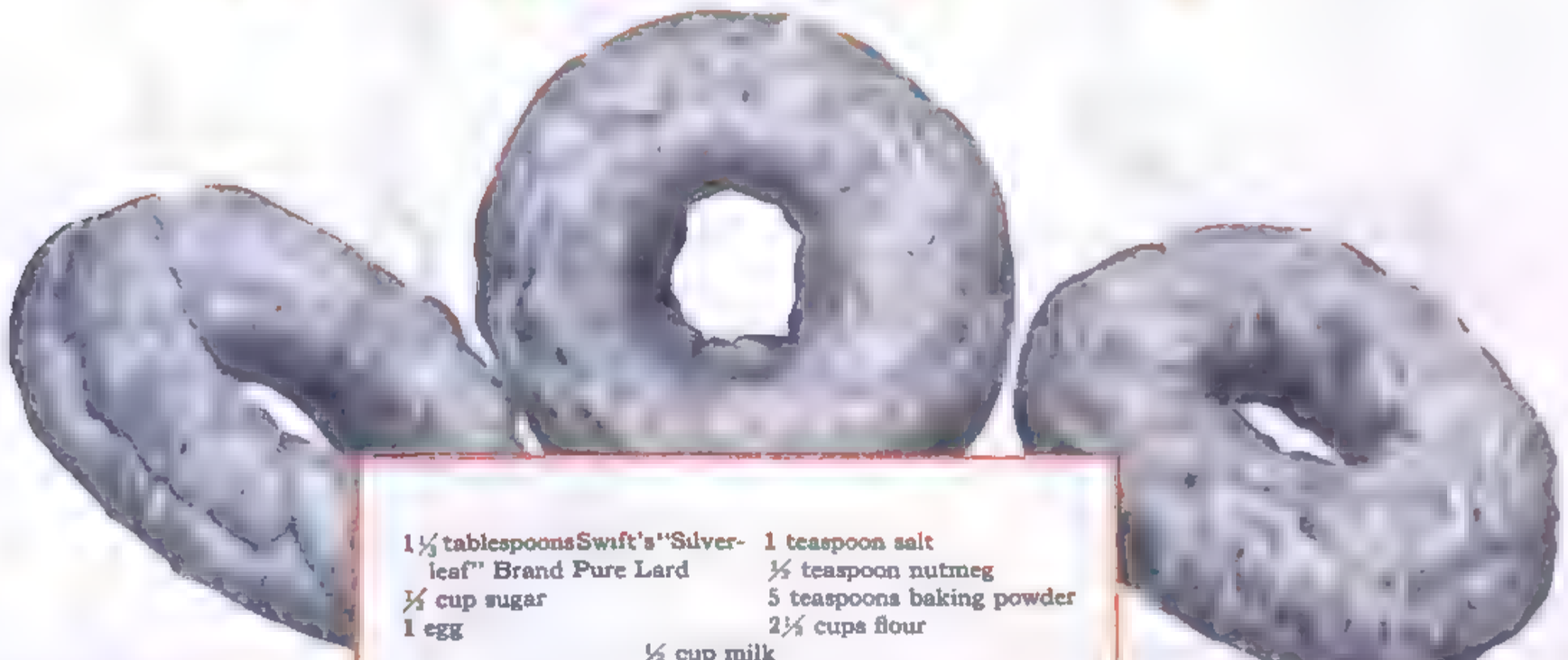
SUCH an episode usually threw the whole monkey family into a turmoil, and they leaped wildly about, filling the forest with their excited barks and screams. Each time I would search the trees with my field glasses, expecting to see a battle royal, but it usually ended with an agonized scream, probably from the fleeing female, for when she reappeared she would sit apart from the others as if she were hurt and grieving. The old male, however, would come bounding back with his hair bristling, and walk about on the branches, stiff-legged and arrogant. Now and then he would relieve his feelings by giving a gruff bark or a threatening jump toward another monkey. The mothers with nursing babies appeared quite indifferent to his mood, but the younger members of the family seemed to think it the psychological time to keep their distance.

At first I was amazed at the discipline in the family life of monkeys. The old males rule after the manner of human beings. A bark of warning will end a quarrel among the youngsters or silence the whole family while he takes a nap. Through days and weeks of patient watching in the African jungles I learned many interesting things about the life of mammals. But the most wonderful thing of all, it seems to me, was the fact that although the old male monkeys did rule their families in a fierce belligerent way and often chastise them severely, I never saw one unkind to a baby or a female with a baby in her arms. As far as I know, the same holds true with the savages, for I never saw a native parent illtreat a child.

(Continued on Page 39)

J. T. and Bill, Mrs. Akeley's Kikuyu Tent Boy

S W I F T



1½ tablespoons Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
5 teaspoons baking powder
2½ cups flour
½ cup milk

Cream lard and sugar; beat in egg. Add sifted dry ingredients with milk, combining with fork. Place dough in ice box for one hour. Turn out on floured board, roll to one-third inch thickness; cut out. Cook in frying pan of Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, hot enough to bring doughnuts immediately to surface. Drain on soft paper and roll in sugar

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

No more bother with packing measuring spoons and cups when you use this exclusive "Silverleaf" carton! You just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the exact amount needed

Hints on making doughnuts

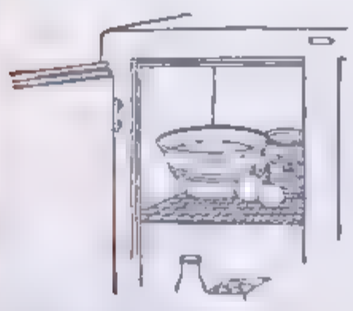
—to have them light and firm with the delicate "nutty" taste you like

All who enjoy eating doughnuts—and cooking them—realize that few fried foods offer such opportunities for creating special goodness. To have them with their tempting taste at its best, doughnuts with "crunchy" crusts and flaky centers, requires only a little extra care in details such as are described on this page. And how vital to their flavor, the selection of the fat—used both in mixing the dough and in frying it!

It is for the special appetizing flavor, for the trace of added richness that it gives to all baked and fried foods, that so many careful cooks use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered sweet and pure from choice pork fat, it imparts just that delicate goodness which you want.

And because it heats so evenly, it fries foods to just the right crispness on the outside and cooks them thoroughly to the center. As a shortening, its creamy smoothness brings exceptional lightness and tenderness. Your dealer has "Silverleaf" in convenient 1 lb. measuring cartons and in 2, 4 and 8 lb. pails.

Swift & Company



For easy handling of the dough, with a minimum of flour, chill it in the ice-box before rolling

Only two lbs. of "Silverleaf" in a cast-iron or aluminum skillet are needed to fry doughnuts

Drain doughnuts on soft, crumpled paper before rolling in sugar

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

New pleasure in driving your Ford. Smoother stops in traffic.

A result now scientifically achieved through the improved Mobiloil "E"—the same fine oil that you may have used for years. This oil simply adds one more superiority to the many others which have made it the favorite oil among experienced Ford owners.

The ability of today's Mobiloil "E" to keep Ford transmission bands soft and pliable is a real achievement. *It decreases wear on the bands. Replacement is needed less often. Thus operating costs are cut considerably.*

And the same marked freedom from carbon.

For years, Ford owners have remarked on the unusual freedom from carbon which accompanied the use of Mobiloil "E." It has taken years of study on the part of the Mobiloil engineers and chemists to retain this characteristic and at the same time keep transmission bands soft. The two benefits are not ordinarily combined in one oil.

Mobiloil "E" is scientifically correct in body and character for the Ford engine. It does not reach the combustion chambers in excessive quantities. It burns clean. Hence it leaves but little carbon.

An economical demonstration

It will cost you only a little over a dollar to fill your Ford crankcase with the new Mobiloil "E." Any Mobiloil dealer will be glad to assist you in discovering for yourself the new smoothness of operation that follows the use of this unique lubricating oil in your Ford car.

Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chrysler 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc		
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
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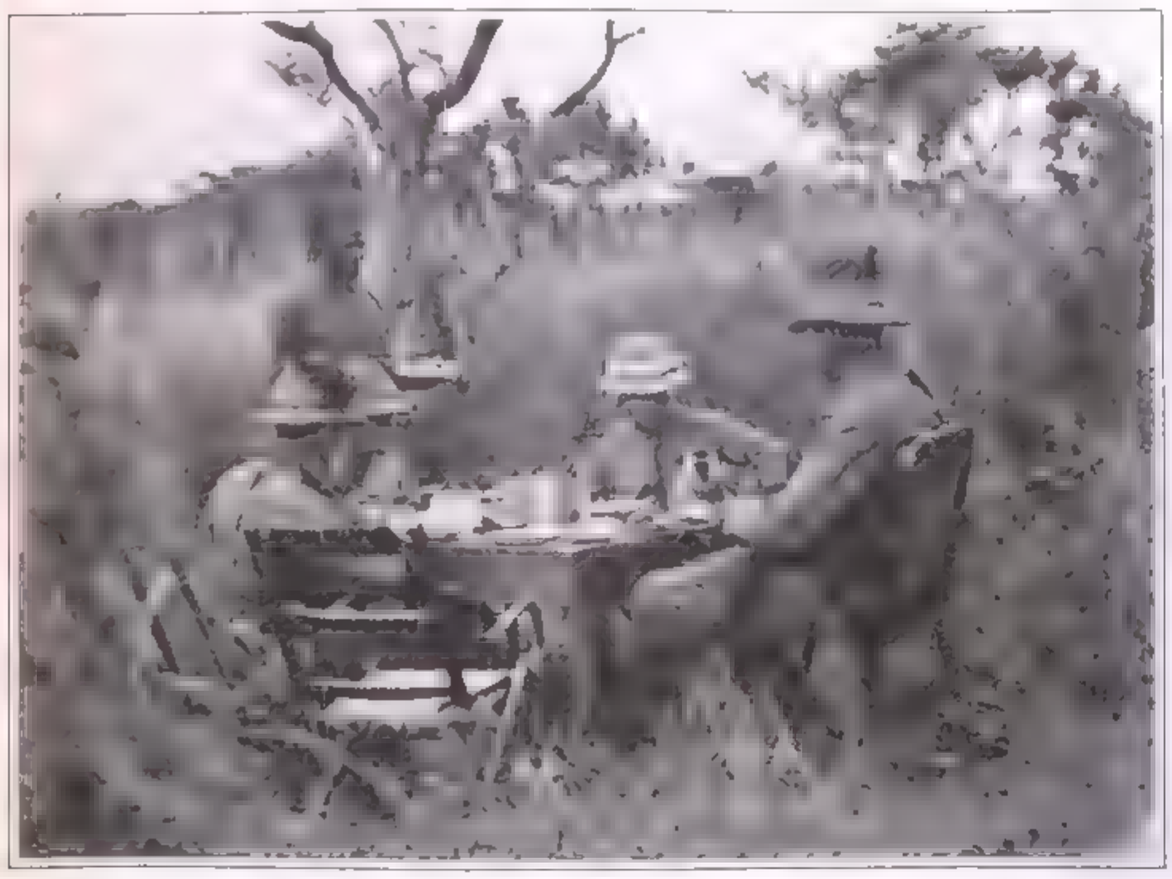
(Continued from Page 36

The African monkeys are very strong and agile, and in going about in the forest they leap from branch to branch, spreading out arms and legs and landing on top of the foliage on their stomachs. They clutch the branches with both feet and hands to keep from falling. Why the babies, who cling tightly to the fur on their mothers' backs, are not swept off by the swinging branches in those wild leaps will always remain to me one of Nature's miracles. In all my field observations I have never seen the African monkeys traveling through the forest by swinging from branch to branch with their hands. And contrary to some of the oft-told travelers' tales, and the pictures seen in old schoolbooks, the African monkeys do not hang from the limbs of trees by their tails, for the simple reason that their tails are not prehensile.



J. T. and Members of the Expedition Lunching in the Jungle

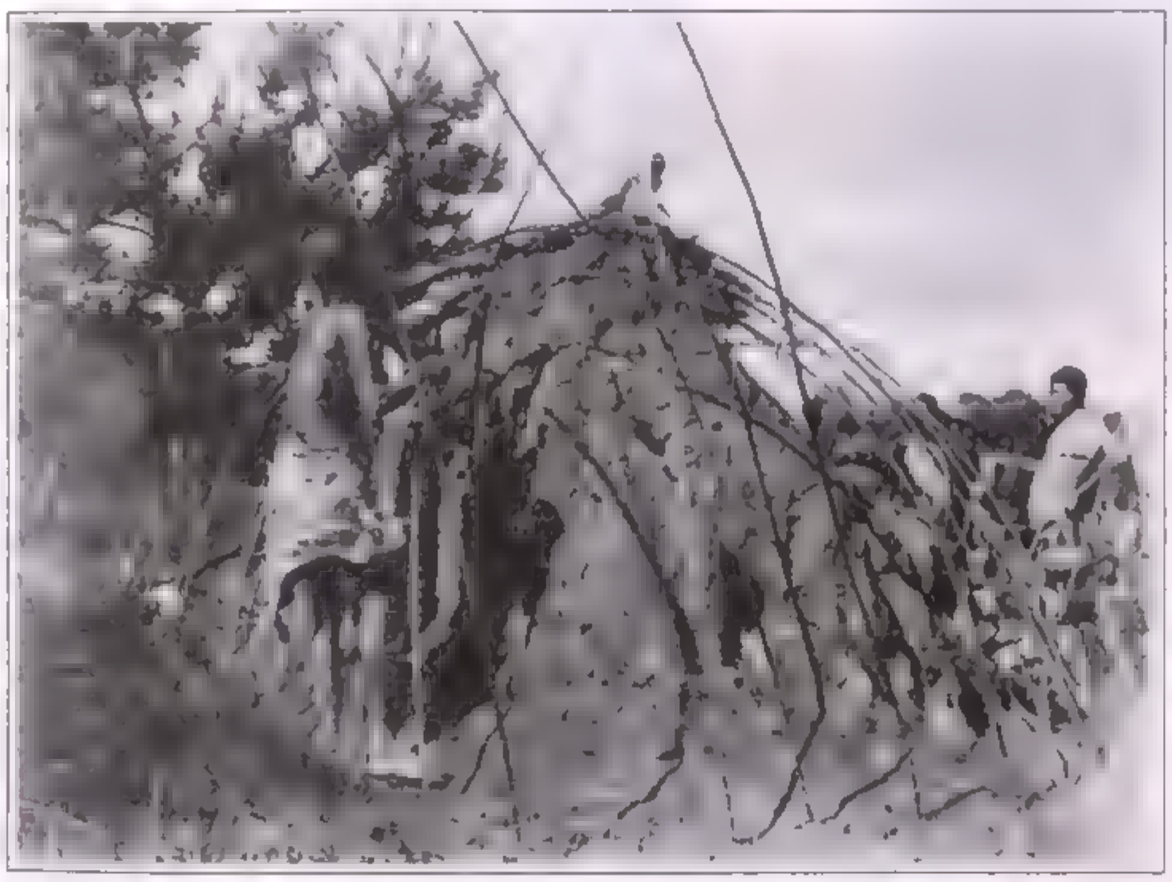
It is very difficult to see monkeys in the shadowy depths of a tropical forest, owing to the wonderful way they have of lying flat on the branches and hiding among the moss and foliage. Especially the Colobus monkeys, for the black and white of their coats blend in a remarkable way with the color of tree branches and arboreal plants. These monkeys have no thumbs, but the lack does not impair their grasping power, and as they travel from tree to tree they often leap thirty or forty feet, their long fur spreading into the air and their bushy white tails sticking out, guiding their graceful bodies through space like the rudder of a ship.

To watch the Colobus mothers with their babies is a sight not to be forgotten. They are so careful and loving with them, and are apparently as much worried if a baby is hurt or sick as human mothers might be. When a baby makes its first wabbly excursion along the branch of a tree, like a human baby it is encouraged and protected by an anxious mother's outstretched hands.

Cleaning Up for a Night's Rest

IF THE little one stops to put a berry or a leaf into its mouth the monkey mother scolds, and grasps it by the back of its head, and holds it firmly while she inserts her finger into its mouth and removes the tabooed morsel. Exactly like a human child, the baby rebels by squealing and squirming and waving its tiny hands. And often peace is not restored until a stern old male barks out a warning. The baboons are also amusingly human in taking care of their babies, as I discovered during a two weeks' stay at Lucania Hills. These hills were alive with baboons, hundreds and hundreds of them in troops or families. One family used to come every night to sleep in a tree just back of our camp. The mothers, with the young monkeys on their backs, came up from the plains, where they had been hunting for food all day, and climbed the wall of rocks. Even though the wall seemed absolutely perpendicular, these baboons would find a foothold and reach the top. The big old male baboon, weighing at least one hundred pounds, would come down perhaps fifty yards nearer our tents than the mothers, who stayed with the babies on the rocks above. Here he would sit on scout duty, his chin propped on his hand, where he could see over the whole country.

Meanwhile the mothers prepared their children for bed by taking them on their laps and picking off the burrs and ticks. If one of the babies, with its head hanging over the mother's lap, would try to play, reaching out its hand to another baby on the ground, the mother would take it up and slap it and shake it just as human mothers do: and screaming loudly, she would stoop over and make a motion with her hand as if she were looking for a stick or something to throw at the baby on the ground. Whereupon the little monkey would scamper off. The one punishment was never sufficient, however, to teach the baby to lie quiet on the mother's lap, and it would have to be spanked two or three times before it was ready for bed. Then they would race for the tree, and one could hear the babies squealing and fighting for the best places, probably to get next to their own mothers.



Natives About to Harvest Their Crop of White Ants—J. T. on Top of the Hill

It gets dark very quickly in equatorial Africa and the monkeys have to hurry into the tree tops to escape their ground-prowling enemies. One night we were awakened by a great commotion among the baboons, and we realised that a tragedy was taking place. In the morning we found that a leopard had been there, and after that the baboon family did not come to its tree. Sometimes old male baboons get very ugly and in certain parts of the country, where they are unmolested, they become very bold, and the natives fear them. Once when we were hunting in Uganda the natives came to our camp and begged us to go with them and shoot a baboon that had killed a child. He was a huge beast with enormously heavy shoulders and long yellow fangs. When standing upright he looked as tall as a man.

I was told by the natives living on the edge of the Budango Forest that chimpanzees have similar habits, and often kill children when they come out of the forest to raid the native gardens. But I found no proof of this, and native information is very unreliable. I believe, however, that such a tragedy might easily occur if a child startled them by coming upon them suddenly, or if the animals were interfered with while feeding.

Each Ape an Individual

THE real truth concerning the habits and characteristics of apes and monkeys can be learned only through exhaustive study. Years must be spent by the student in the lonely forests where the animals live. No caged animal or stuffed museum specimens with distorted bodies and horrid glass eyes can tell us the fascinating life histories of the wild free creatures. It is greatly to be regretted that much of our information about these interesting animals has been gained by deduction, travelers' tales, and by studying captive animals that are living unnatural lives in cages and on a man-selected diet. By comparison, the apes and monkeys vary in their dispositions as much as do human beings. One animal may be lazy, another energetic, one aggressive and ready to attack without provocation, while another will be a pacifist and run away to avoid trouble. From my own experiences with the big apes, I believe they are quite capable of attacking human beings when surprised or angry.

Once when we were crossing the unexplored part of the Budango Forest to Lake Albert, we surprised a family of chimpanzees in the top of a giant tree and tried to make photographs of them. The half-grown youngsters managed to get away to the other trees on the interlacing branches, but the three adults in the group could not follow on account of their great weight. When they realized that escape was impossible they became infuriated, and with blood-chilling screams they jumped up and down on the limbs and beat the trunk of the tree with their hands. Their shrill, piercing cries of rage went echoing weirdly through the forest. Twice the big black powerful creatures came part way down the tree and threatened us. They opened their mouths and drew

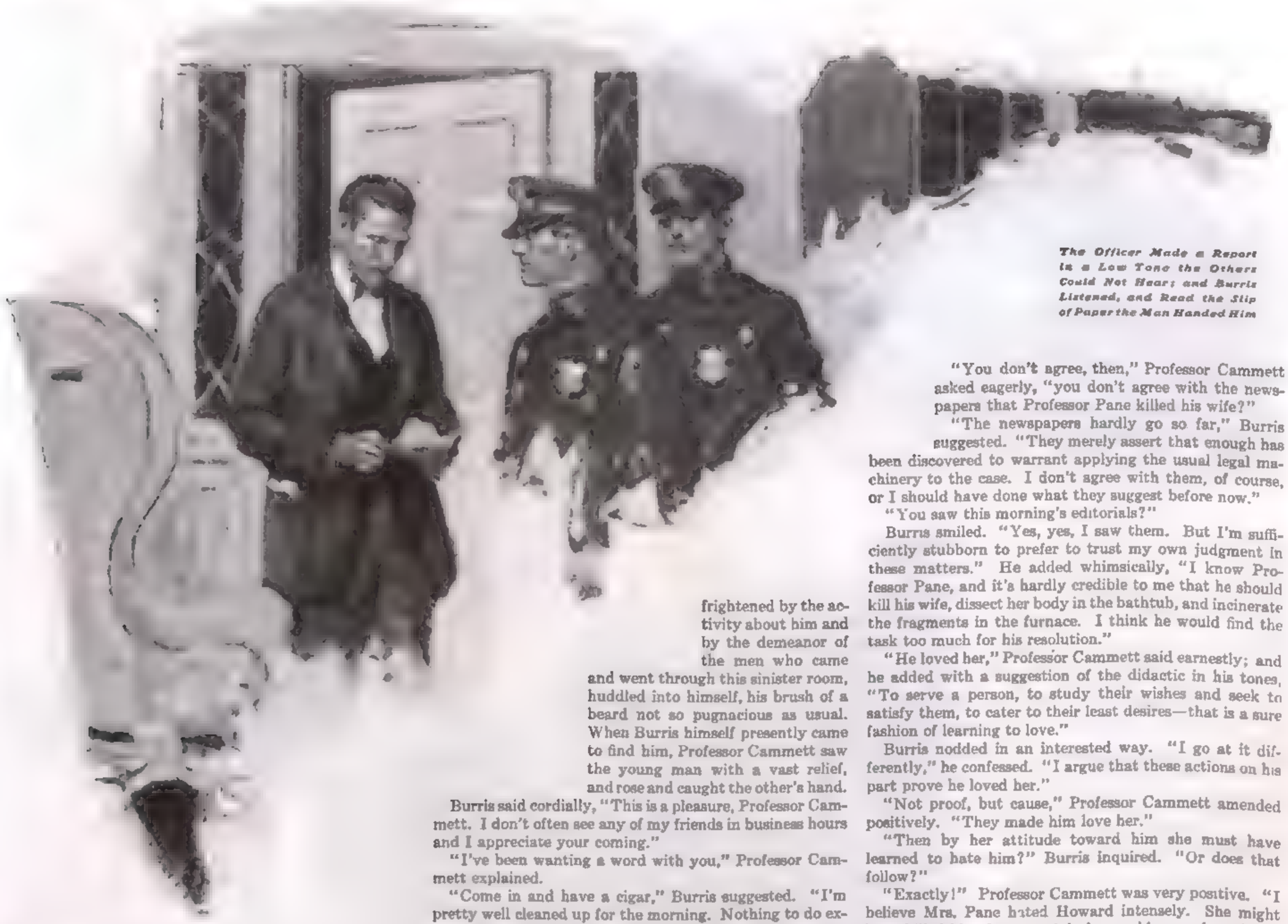
(Continued on Page 107

J. T. and Bessa Crossing a Stream in the Forest on Mt. Kenya

THE FINE POINT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART



The Officer Made a Report in a Low Tone the Others Could Not Hear; and Burris Listened, and Read the Slip of Paper the Man Handed Him

VII

PROFESSOR CAMMETT had that day a nine-o'clock class; and he conducted it in an abstraction which made some of his logical dissertations seem to his listeners even more obscure than usual. He was in fact in a more and more distracted frame of mind. The trouble which had beset his friend had assumed the proportions of an incubus under which not only Professor Pane's shoulders, but his own were bending.

He was anxious to see Walter Burris, not so much because he thought the district attorney might be able to give him some reassurance, and not so much from any serious thought that he might be able to help Burris, as because he was uneasy over the other man's continued silence. Since Sunday afternoon, he had had no word from Walter at all, nor had Marian; and this seemed to Professor Cammett ominous, seemed to suggest that Burris might have discovered something which he was unwilling they should know. The clamor in the newspapers had by its very loudness begun to nullify itself; it no longer distressed Professor Cammett as it had in the beginning. But the fact that matters were at a standstill, that nothing seemed to be happening, that Mrs. Pane was gone and that they were no nearer discovering where she had hidden herself, disturbed him more and more. He was approaching a frame of mind where any certainty, even the most appalling, would have been a relief; where the opportunity to take any action, no matter how drastic, would have been a comfort.

In this mood it was that after his nine-o'clock lecture he took a street car and alighted at the courthouse and sought out the office of the district attorney. He had to wait for a few minutes before Burris was able to see him; and in the outer chamber, the professor, a little dazed and frightened by the activity about him and by the demeanor of the men who came and went through this sinister room, huddled into himself, his brush of a beard not so pugnacious as usual. When Burris himself presently came to find him, Professor Cammett saw the young man with a vast relief, and rose and caught the other's hand.

Burris said cordially, "This is a pleasure, Professor Cammett. I don't often see any of my friends in business hours and I appreciate your coming."

"I've been wanting a word with you," Professor Cammett explained.

"Come in and have a cigar," Burris suggested. "I'm pretty well cleaned up for the morning. Nothing to do except sit and wait for trouble. Come and sit with me." He stood aside while the older man went before him, and a moment later they were settled with the desk between them, while Professor Cammett set a light to his cigar.

"I've been sorry not to get over to see you all this week," Burris explained.

"We've missed you," Professor Cammett agreed. "I think we would all have been glad for a word from you. We're an impractical lot, of course, babes in the wood——"

"I expect you and Marian have been taking care of Professor Pane," Burris hazarded.

"Yes! Yes! He's much perturbed, of course." He added questioningly, "You've been working on that business?"

"Yes," he agreed, "yes. I've had two men on it." He hesitated. "It's spreading out now, you'll have noticed. Becoming something of a political issue."

"I've given it a great deal of thought," Professor Cammett said diffidently. "Trying to see under the surface." He added with a suggestion of apology in his tones, "You'll remember my profession. Aside from my personal interest in this case it has seemed to me to present a challenge. It has seemed to me I should be able to read beneath the surface, discover by the outward indications what ran below the apparent happenings."

"That's very interesting," Burris said courteously. "Of course our methods are more direct. Perhaps not so successful. We study the surface, look for facts, make a sort of microscopic examination."

"I know detectives always rely upon the microscope," Professor Cammett agreed, with a suggestion of pride in his own sophistication.

"I hardly meant that literally," Burris explained without smiling. "I mean we've been trying to find out everything we could about what actually happened before, and up to the hour of Mrs. Pane's disappearance."

"You don't agree, then," Professor Cammett asked eagerly, "you don't agree with the newspapers that Professor Pane killed his wife?"

"The newspapers hardly go so far," Burris suggested. "They merely assert that enough has been discovered to warrant applying the usual legal machinery to the case. I don't agree with them, of course, or I should have done what they suggest before now."

"You saw this morning's editorials?"

Burris smiled. "Yes, yes, I saw them. But I'm sufficiently stubborn to prefer to trust my own judgment in these matters." He added whimsically, "I know Professor Pane, and it's hardly credible to me that he should kill his wife, dissect her body in the bathtub, and incinerate the fragments in the furnace. I think he would find the task too much for his resolution."

"He loved her," Professor Cammett said earnestly; and he added with a suggestion of the didactic in his tones, "To serve a person, to study their wishes and seek to satisfy them, to cater to their least desires—that is a sure fashion of learning to love."

Burris nodded in an interested way. "I go at it differently," he confessed. "I argue that these actions on his part prove he loved her."

"Not proof, but cause," Professor Cammett amended positively. "They made him love her."

"Then by her attitude toward him she must have learned to hate him?" Burris inquired. "Or does that follow?"

"Exactly!" Professor Cammett was very positive. "I believe Mrs. Pane hated Howard intensely. She might have killed him, but certainly he would never have killed her."

There was a suggestion of appeal in his tones, and Burris said quickly, "Quite right. Professor Pane did not kill his wife."

"And I know no reason to suppose anyone else killed her," Professor Cammett said quickly. "Walter, I do not believe Jessica Pane is dead."

Burris hesitated for a moment and his eyes were full of interest. "What do you think has happened to her?" he inquired.

"I think she has run away with another man," Professor Cammett retorted.

"Why with another man? Why not alone?"

"She was, or seemed to be, conventional," the other expounded. "She would not have given up the associations she so much enjoyed except under an overpowering persuasion, the sort of persuasion that must have come from her own passions." And he added quickly, "Furthermore, having decided to do Professor Pane this last great injury, I believe her hatred of him would become so intense that she might design to emphasize the sadness he must feel at her going, that she might wish and plan not only to desert him but to make him ridiculous or contemptible. To make an outcast of him."

"You mean," Burris inquired after a moment, "that she may have wished to make it appear that he had killed her? Is that your explanation of the circumstances upon which the newspapers lay so much emphasis?"

"I can explain one of them," Professor Cammett told him. "The bits of newspaper in the bathtub. Mrs. Pane had some flowers wrapped in newspapers to keep them moist and fresh; she had them in the bathtub Friday afternoon. Professor Pane remembers that."

(Continued on Page 42)

Breakfast on the "Century"

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"Now You'll Like Bran"

(Continued from Page 40)

"How about the towels, the knife, the kerosene, the hot fire, the bits of bone?"

"I think them accidents, coincidences," the other declared. "The bones were bits of table scraps which Jennie had burned. She says she did burn such things in the furnace."

"They were human bones," the district attorney said quietly. "We have established that."

He expected this disclosure to strike Professor Cammett crushingly, but to his surprise the other merely nodded. "I thought that possible," he agreed. "If that is the case, it helps us "

"How so?"

"Helps us discover something of the character, the personality of the man with whom she has decamped."

"In what way?" Burris persisted.

Professor Cammett had forgotten his distress in the business of analysis and deduction he so much enjoyed.

"The indications are," he explained in the tone of one who lectures to willing ears—"the indications are that Mrs. Pane hated her husband; that she loved another man: that she decided to elope with this other man. Upon this decision it occurred to her to take measures which either seriously or as a gruesome practical joke she designed to make Professor Pane appear a murderer. To put human bones in the furnace fire would, she must have guessed, result in an uproar in the newspapers, and require of Professor Pane explanations which might embarrass him. The question would arise, how might she secure the bones themselves? She had no access to such things. There was no one to whom she could confide her plans—unless it were the accomplice in her flight. If this be so, then he secured the bones; and if he secured them, he must have been a medical man, an interne, a surgeon or something of the kind."

He hesitated, checking the flood of his enthusiastic exposition; and when he began speaking again his tone had become apologetic. "You know, Walter, I'm accustomed to living in a world of theory, of intangible things. Such things are very real to me. I have begun to have a perfect mental picture of this hypothetical young man. A young man of physical charm; yet shrewd, cool and unscrupulous. And if he has run away with her, you see, he must have been in a position to leave the city without exciting remark. Therefore he was not in practice, more likely in training, perhaps has departed to take up some new work elsewhere. I wish you would humor me, Walter, make some inquiries, discover whether Mrs. Pane knew such a man."

His tone was curiously eager, he leaned forward as though to impress the other man. And for a moment after he was done Burris remained silent. Abruptly then he shifted his position and smiled a little. "This is mighty interesting, sir," he said judicially. "I told you awhile ago that we've been at work. And we've found out a good many things." He hesitated, then added thoughtfully, "The affair grows more and more distressing. You see — "

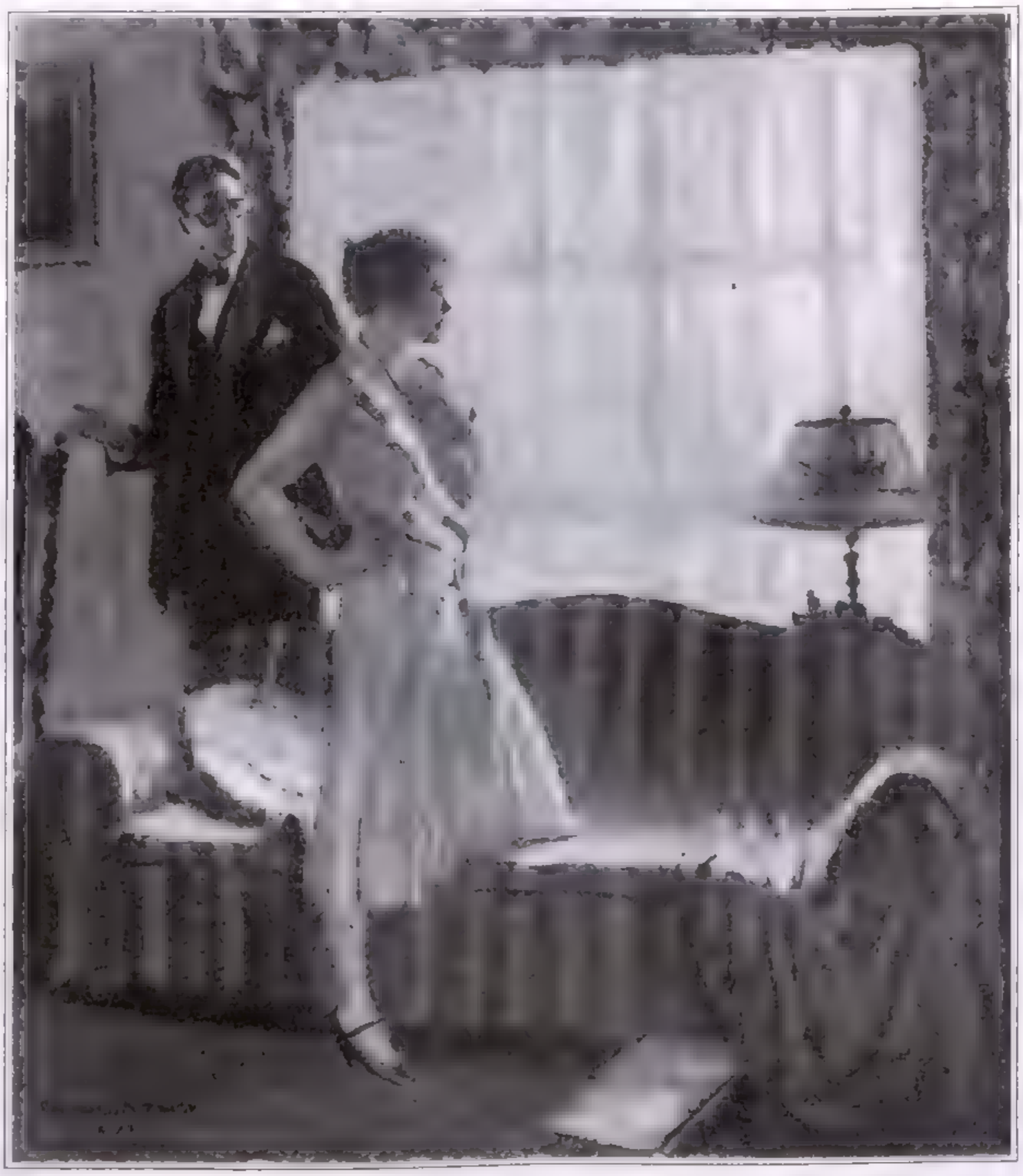
He was interrupted by the abrupt and shrilling note of the telephone at his elbow, and he took up the receiver and spoke, and listened, and after a moment said, "Yes?" in a questioning way. Again, "Yes?" And then: "You say Miss Cammett is with him?"

Professor Cammett had been affecting a polite abstraction, as though he did not hear what the other was saying. But at his daughter's name he quickened to open attention, watching the other man.

Burris was saying in a tone of quiet authority, "No, don't book him! Take him to Professor Cammett's home. Miss Cammett will go with you. I'll meet you there right away." And he added a moment later, "All right," and hung up the receiver

When he got to his feet his eyes were grave. He pressed a button; and Professor Cammett asked quickly, "What's the matter? What's happened? What is it, Walter?"

"That was headquarters," Burris said soberly. His stenographer answered his ring and he turned to her. "I'm going out," he explained; "you can get me at Professor Cammett's home. If a wire comes from San Francisco let me have it at once. If any reporters come here, I'll have a statement for them at one o'clock. Tell them nothing is to be printed until I give the word." She nodded her understanding and withdrew, scribbling in her notebook; and the district attorney turned again to the older man.



He Perceived With Quick Impatience That He Must Placate Her: and the Young Man Glanced at His Watch With a Swift Unconscious Gesture

"Professor Pane and Marian just came into headquarters He insisted upon surrendering, upon being booked on a charge of murdering Mrs. Pane." His tone was full of distress. "The captain says he acted like a crazy man."

Professor Cammett was tense and rigid.

"I've got to go to him, Walter. We've got to stop him. He's broken down. I've been afraid of that."

Burris took his hat. "Come," he agreed, "we'll meet them at your house right away "

And with the other man he hurried toward the door

VIII

THEY had to run a gantlet in the outer office, where half a dozen men waited to see the district attorney on errands of their own; but while Professor Cammett fretted with impatience, Burris put them one by one aside, and they escaped at last to the street and to the young man's car. Once on their way, the district attorney, anxious to relieve the other's distress, said quickly, "You know, sir, I can reassure you on one thing. Mrs. Pane is not dead, and Professor Pane had nothing to do with her disappearance."

The other protested. "But he's surrendered! He's confessed, Walter!"

Burris shook his head. "Hardly that. He asked to be arrested, to have a formal charge laid against him. That's a natural instinct. I've been afraid he would do that." He smiled a little. "Professor Pane's a fine fellow, you know. I expect what happened was that he read this morning's editorial, and thought I was being embarrassed, hurt politically, by the case. He probably meant to relieve me by surrendering without waiting for me to act."

"He wouldn't surrender unless he were guilty," Professor Cammett said sharply.

"I assure you he's not guilty," Burris insisted, and the other challenged him with a question.

"How do you know?"

"Partly by instinct," the district attorney confessed, "but also in other ways. I knew at once, of course, that Mrs. Pane's body had not been incinerated."

"How did you know that?"

"Because it's almost an impossibility to accomplish such destruction of the human body in any short space of time and with ordinary means. A resolute man might accomplish it if he knew something of practical matters. But it would be quite beyond the powers of Professor Pane."

"But the bones were there," Professor Cammett reminded him.

Burris smiled. "For another thing," he said decisively, "the business of dismembering a human body with a carving knife is a tremendous task. Take my word for it, sir. And in this case the time is narrowed down. The furnace fire was almost out when Rank found it in the morning at seven; that being so, it must have been at its height two to three hours before. Say at four-thirty. Professor Pane got home at eleven-fifteen and the policeman on the beat says the lights in the house were extinguished soon after two. It isn't possible. There wasn't time."

And he added, "You're quite right in supposing that Mrs. Pane is alive and well. Or at least, she left the city in that state of health. In one way," he continued, "we have the advantage over our friends, the newspapers. We have, officially, access to information denied them. Thus they do not know that Mrs. Pane had in the past ten days made several visits to her safe-deposit vaults, had turned securities into cash, and had drawn down her bank balance. I have had her boxes opened. They are empty of all valuables."

Professor Cammett banged his fist upon his knee. "I was sure of it!" he cried. "I told you as much not ten minutes ago, Burris."

Burris nodded. "You were surprisingly close to the truth," he agreed.

"Have you traced her?" Professor Cammett demanded "Do you know where she has gone?"

Burris hesitated, then said frankly, "Not certainly, sir."

"Was there a man? Was I right in that?" Professor Cammett demanded, and Burris nodded again.

Continued on Page 58

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GOODYEAR

SUMMER SOCIETY

Broadway, Newport, Rhode Island, 1898

The Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, 1895

By Maude Parker Child

A YOUNG lawyer in New York who had been brought up in a small Western town was invited not long ago to spend the week-end with one of his firm's richest clients at his country place on Long Island.

His first instinct was to decline, because in the years since he had come East he had gone out socially very little, and he was apprehensive of the dangers which a fashionable household might present.

Finally, however, he decided to risk it, partly because he liked his host and partly because he knew his firm would approve if he established personal relations with a man of such prominence.

Moreover, ever since he had begun to be aware of the close intertwining of social and business life in New York, he himself had felt somewhat at a disadvantage in comparison with other young men in his office who seemed, as the phrase goes, to know everybody.

During the week which intervened between his acceptance of the invitation and the day set for the visit he was tempted to try to find some excuse to back out. He had worked too hard to interest himself much in the lives of the rich, but he had gained an impression, from novels read in his youth, of a complicated and bewildering régime. He felt certain that no one whose worldly experience had been as limited as his could possibly fit into such a sophisticated background.

Big Men

NEVERTHELESS, on Friday afternoon he met his host at the appointed hour at the railroad station and rode out with him in the club car. Before the bridge games began he was introduced to one or two men whose names were synonymous downtown with great wealth. He was too experienced to expect them to begin talking about their own financial affairs, but he did assume they would discuss the market or the failure of Briand or a topic of some consequence in the business world.

But when the president of a big corporation spoke it was to say, looking out the window, "If it don't rain pretty soon the potato crop will be ruined."

And an important officer in a big bank answered, "Yep. . . . Wonder what's in those sandwiches?" While he was investigating one he turned to a distinguished corporation lawyer: "Well, Joe, I see you're still wearing those blue collars"

The young Westerner said little, but nothing escaped his shrewd observation.

Before the train had gone through the East River tunnel, to emerge into the level greenness of the island, the games of bridge had begun, and after that, conversation almost ceased, except when the colored porter brought iced tea or sandwiches from the side table.

The outsider began to realize that the modern American business men, particularly the successful ones, exercise their ingenuity in their recreation almost as much as in their work. The group which he watched, for instance, included bankers, lawyers and manufacturers, who paid out in income taxes alone as much money as the average rich man of twenty years ago aspired to have as a total yearly income. Yet within half an hour after leaving their offices downtown they were seated in a comfortable car, enjoying the train ride just about as much as they would have enjoyed an hour at a country club.

Retrieving That Human Feeling

"THE traffic over the bridge is so great that most of us have given up trying to drive all the way from New York," the young man's host explained, after they had got out at a small station and were motoring through green fields which stretched back from the Sound. "This way we can take the Subway uptown, get right out at the train, see our friends, have a game of bridge and begin to feel human even before we're at home."

During the several miles' ride to his house he pointed two or three times to gateways of stone or brick on the road. "There's the entrance to So-and-So's place," or "That drive leads up to old ——'s place." Rarely could one see more than the roof tops of the houses of these big estates.

"We've gone a long way from the day when everybody used to want their houses on the road, haven't we?" his guest asked.

"Yes, it is funny how the really old houses down here are all built on the thoroughfare and the new ones are hidden as far back as possible. The automobile has done that, just the way it's changed everything else in our country life."

At last they turned into an unpretentious gateway and drove

(Continued on Page 47)

A Scene on the Beach at Southampton, Famous Playground of American Society

You'll Never Know

–how well your Ford can run until you've used this oil

EVEN experienced Ford owners are often astonished at the improvement Veedol Forzol makes in the operation of their Fords.

Yet the explanation is simple. In a gearshift car, the motor and transmission are separate and are lubricated by two separate oils entirely different in character. But in your Ford, the motor and transmission are combined in one housing. Both must be lubricated by one oil.

That is why ordinary motor oil, which is designed to be solely a *motor* lubricant, fails to lubricate the Ford transmission properly. The transmission bands develop rough, dry spots which alternately grip too hard and then slip. This results in destructive chatter when you start, stop and reverse your Ford. Chatter sets up vibration throughout the car. This eventually means overhauling, repairs, and depreciation in the value of your car.

A different kind of oil for Fords

Veedol Forzol does *both* Ford lubrication jobs perfectly. It was created by Tide Water engineers only after four years of thorough scientific experiment, supported by hundreds of practical road tests.

Test Veedol Forzol in your own car. Then you'll learn how smoothly and economically your Ford can really operate. Go to any one of the thousands of dealers who display the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Let the dealer drain the old oil from your crankcase and refill with 4 quarts of Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

Why ordinary *motor* oil fails in the Ford

You can readily see why ordinary *motor* oil cannot lubricate your Ford properly. It is made to do one job alone—to lubricate the motor. But protecting the flying pistons and bearings from deadly heat and friction—and keeping the rough fabric transmission bands soft and smooth—are two entirely different lubrication jobs.

Ordinary *motor* oil fails as a lubricant for the Ford transmission. Then destructive chatter racks your Ford when you start, stop and reverse. And every time your Ford chatters, smoothness of operation is impossible and vibration speeds up the depreciation of the entire car.

Your Ford requires Veedol Forzol, a different *kind* of oil made specifically to solve the dual problem of Ford lubrication.

VEEDOL FORZOL

The economy oil for Fords

How *this* oil gives 8 definite Ford operating economies

Veedol Forzol is a different *kind* of oil—made in a different way. It is made for Fords exclusively. The separate qualities needed to lubricate the Ford engine and the Ford transmission have been skillfully combined in Veedol Forzol. It is a superior oil for the Ford engine—and it stops chatter in the Ford transmission bands.

So completely does Veedol Forzol solve the dual problem of Ford lubrication that it gives definite operating results. These are the "8 Economies of Veedol Forzol," which over a million Ford owners are now enjoying—10 to 25% gasoline saving; eliminates costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resists heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; gives increased ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

Dry Batteries that are dependable

CANNED electricity and a lot of it—that's what you get in Eveready Columbia Dry Batteries. They leap like a flash into action when you press the button or close the switch. Eager for work. Resting, they recuperate, restore their vigor. That makes them last longer, work harder, do better. You'll never know how good a dry battery can be, how reliably, how inexpensively it can serve you, until you use Eveready Columbias. There is an Eveready Columbia dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

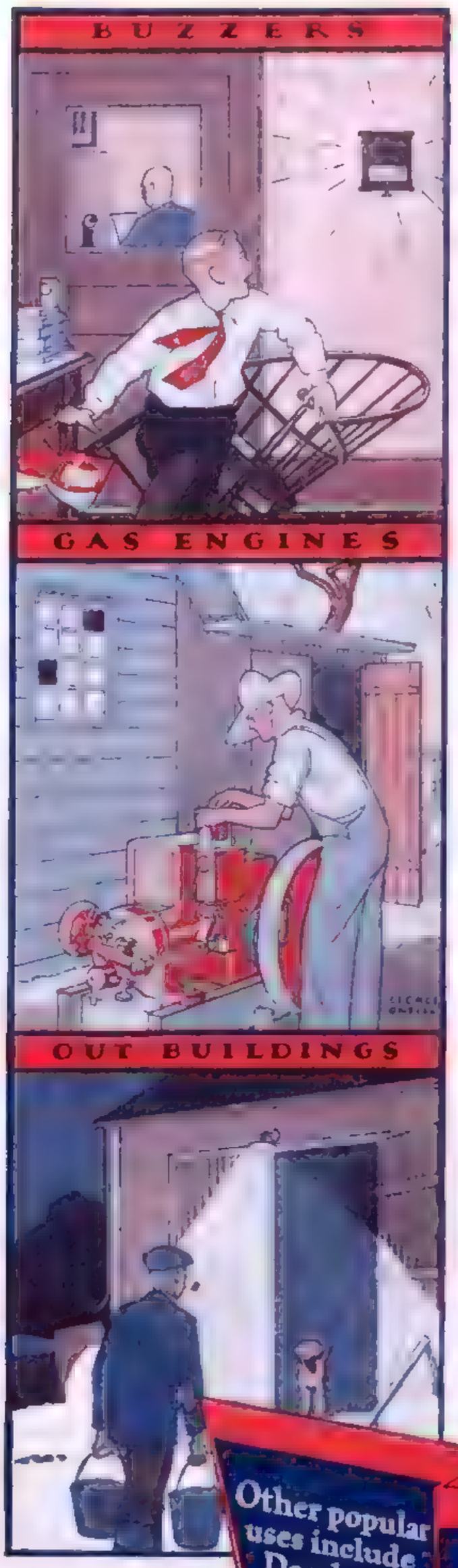
New York San Francisco

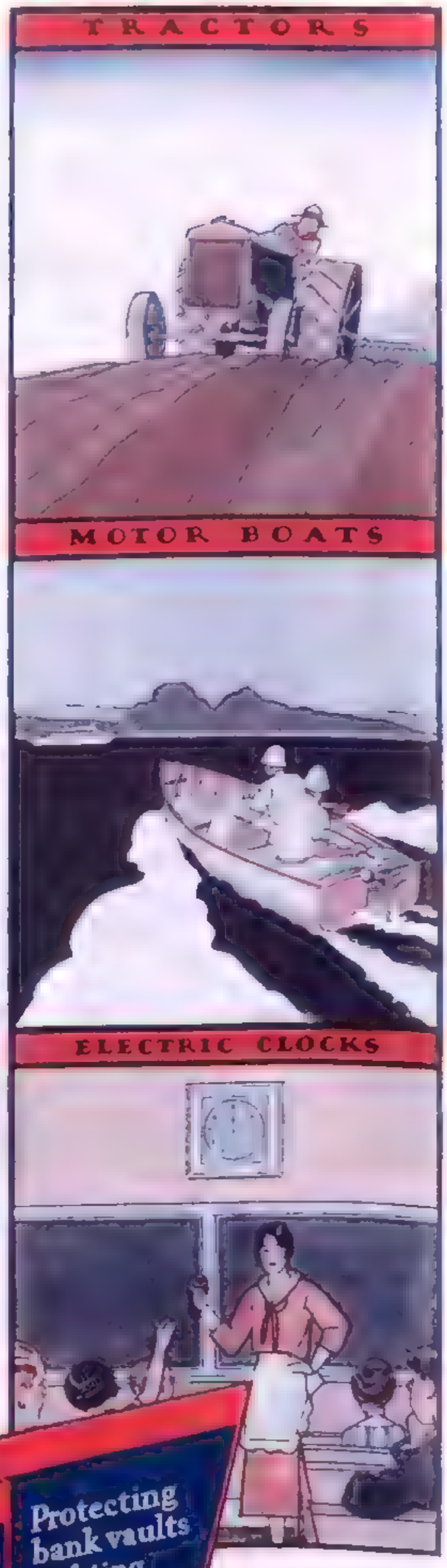
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Sold in England and Colonies under trade-name COLUMBIA

Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Batteries contain 4, 5 or 6 cells in a neat waterproof steel case. It is not a "Hot Shot" unless it is an Eveready Columbia.

Fahnestock spring clip binding posts on the Eveready Columbia Ignitor at no extra cost.





Other popular uses include
- Doorbells
- Heat regulators
- Starting Fords
- Ringing burglar alarms

EVEREADY COLUMBIA Dry Batteries
-they last longer

Protecting bank vaults
Lighting tents
Calling Pullman porters
Firing blasts
Running toys

(Continued from Page 44)

through a winding lane until they reached a handsome large house of red brick. The visitor now began to feel as if he were more nearly in the atmosphere of the English country houses of which he had so often read.

A manservant opened the door of the car and took his bags. They went through a hall and into a very large, cool room hung with bright chintz and furnished in dark oak, with the conventional two sofas, one on each side of the fireplace, behind which were long tables containing parchment-shaded lamps, books and new magazines. The hostess came down the steps at one end of this room to welcome him.

A Four-in-Hand at the Narragansett Horse Show in 1904

She was a very pretty woman in a white dress and a wide straw hat, and her manner was so cordial and simple that for a moment the young man quite forgot that she was a formidable leader of society of whom he ought to be afraid. They went out onto the red-tiled terrace overlooking the garden while she made suggestions for the rest of the day.

"Wouldn't you like to have a swim now?"

As he acquiesced the visitor wondered if they were going all the way back to the Sound, but after he had gone upstairs to his room the valet, who was hanging up his clothes, informed him that there was a swimming pool just beyond the tennis court. This proved to be a delightful place, lined with shining blue tiles and surrounded by tall irises.

Half a dozen youngsters were diving and splashing in the water; he was never sure who they all were. A handsome girl of seventeen and a boy of fourteen were the children of his host; others seemed to come and go in the most casual way. At any moment of the day an automobile might drive up and either deposit a child or take one or two away. In most cases the chauffeur seemed to know more than anyone about the programs of the families concerned.

"No, Miss Jean cannot stay to dinner, because Mrs. Smith is expecting her at home," he overheard one man declare.

Upholding His End

AFTER Jean had departed the young daughter of the house spoke to him for a moment about the flowers. "You mustn't forget to tell mother how wonderful they are," she said. "This is her famous blue garden—took the prize, you know."

Watching the Tennis Games at the Newport Casino, 1901

Dinner was rather a formal affair, with twelve people in the green-paneled dining room, and he was glad to have a topic ready. It had not occurred to him that his hostess would be interested in gardening, but she waxed enthusiastic about it. His knowledge of the subject was slight, but he had heard his mother talk of the difficulties of transplanting and of the charms of old-fashioned flowers as opposed to the modern varieties, so he had enough appreciative phrases to make an excellent listener.

When it was time to talk to the woman on his left he tried, in the lazy way of the comfortable diner, to transfer the same topic.

"Don't talk about gardens to me!" she said promptly. "It's all very well for these other women to rave about doing their own gardening, but I've seen the time when I actually had to do it. When we were first married we had nothing at all. I even did my own housekeeping for a few years. My idea of heaven was a time when we'd have enough money so that I'd never have to pull another dandelion out of the grass as long as I lived. In other words," she concluded with a laugh, "I haven't been rich long enough to make a cult of simplicity."

"Except in conversation," he suggested.

After that they got along so well that she insisted that he must go over to their house for luncheon the next day. When he suggested that he must consult his hostess before acceptance his partner laughed again.

"You haven't learned the technic of these visits at all. The more invitations you accept from other people the more pleased your hostess will be, unless she needs an extra man for dinner or bridge or something. I'll send a car for you tomorrow about noon. We're going to swim off our boat and lunch there."

At that time he did not even know her name; later he learned that she was the wife of a financier who had made a great fortune with sensational rapidity.

Several other people lunched with them on their luxurious boat in the Sound, later on they all went back to their house in the country.

Ambition's Cycle

ONE table of bridge was made up, but, to the delight of the young lawyer, his host asked him to walk around his place with him. They discussed cattle, crops, horses and dogs with great earnestness. If the stranger had not known that land in this community cost several thousand dollars an acre he would have thought of it all as a farm rather than an estate.

When they returned to the house a young woman who was sitting on a long wicker chair assailed her host: "It's too amusing," she said, "this interest of yours in the country. I always understood that your father was a farmer."

"You're quite right," said the millionaire. "Only he was not a successful one and I am."

When their host had gone up to change his clothes so that he might ride before dinner, the girl turned to the stranger. "Isn't it wonderful," she exclaimed, "the way these poor boys slave in order to get enough money to leave the old farm, and then, after years of hard work, when they've finally made their fortunes, all they can

(Continued on Page 214)

Cliff Walk at Newport, Rhode Island

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Modern, 3-speed gear-shift transmission, dry-plate disc-clutch and foot accelerator make Chevrolet cars exceptionally easy to handle under all conditions.

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Mesmerism's Effect and Cure

By HENRY A. SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

TUESDAY, May 25, 186—i forgot to wright down last sunday that we have went back to the Unitarial Chirch. i was so mad about Gimmy Bedell driving Nellie to the beach that i forgot, but now that Gimmy is limping round delivering salt fish and molasses and flour and things in a wheal barrow and i have got Nellie back and old Si has desided not to sew father i have had time to think of less important things like going to chirch and sunday school.

well we went back and it really seemed good to be sittin in the old phew, haff way up on the left hand ile jest behind Nipper Browns fathers phew and jest in front of old Tilton Blakes phew whitch has a bald head and sumtimes when he drops his himmbook or liens down for his rubbers bangs his old bald head on the bookrack when he brings his head up and we neerly die laffing, father and all of us, and it seemed good to see old Hen Dow waulking up to the front phew on the left ile and see how solem old Hen looks and to see Billy Folsom with his round face and his eys wide open and his father old Gim Folsom, and to see Beany peeping out behind the organ and maiking up faces and old Steeve Gail with a stovepipe hat two big for him and a high coller and stock and in the quire Missis Young and Misses Fleming and Keene and Cele and old Mark Homes with his hair looking as if it had been painted and varnished. and old Alvy Wood, Pile Woods father with his hair all rumpled up.

and when they stood up to sing the minister read in a loud voice mark the perfect man and behold the uprite and Keene looked ferst at old Mark Homes and then at old Alvy Wood, Pile Woods father and giggled rite out and Kate Wood whitch played the organ started the himn in 2 diferent keys and sum of the quire was singing in flats and sum in sharps. but they all got back into tune after a few yips.

there is always sumthing interesting in the Unitarial chirch. Sumtimes a lady will catch her long errings in her lace shawl and cant get her head up strate until sumone unties her. sumtimes a old man will fall asleap and snore or a big fli will walk over his head and once a big blew bottle fli crawled into old man Gadds mouth when he was asleap and he waked up and hollered shoo befoar he remembered where he was. and one time in summer a blew wasp walked all over old Tilton Blakes bald head flipping up its wings and wagging its tail up and down like wasps do and then flew away without stinging him whitch disapointed evrybody verry mutch becaus evrybody wanted to hear what old Tilton Blake wood have sed about it.

so as i sed it seamed good to be among frends onct moar and after chirch most all the peeple come up and shook hands with father and after sunday school me and Beany and Pewt and Billy Folsom and Pile Wood and a stewdcat naimed Winsor whitch was our sunday school teecher stoped in front of old Bill Elliotts house and saw a good rooster fite. so we all had a good time as we always do in the Unitarial chirch.

Wensday, May 26, 186— Skinny Bruce got licked today and had to apologise to old Bandbox Tomson. old Bandbox Tomson is a old man whitch wares a wigg and square specktakles with iron rims and a old blew swallow taled coat the kind that nobody wares now nor that kind of specktacles eether. he can play the fiddle two and always carries one. he teeches music and has rote a book about himself with his picture on the cover. the naim of the book is the life of Benjamin B. Tomson.

but evrybody calls him Bandbox but not befoar his face for he gets auful mad and has been gnew to gnock a feller down with his fiddle box. he usted to teech singing school evrywhere but he is so old he has gave it up only onct in a while when he is in Exeter he visits the schools and gives them a leson. we like to have him come becaus while he is here we dont have to study or recite our lesons. so we are cairful not to call him Bandbox for 2 reesons. 1 reeson is becaus he will eether lick us or get old Francis to do it whitch is wirse and the other reeson is becaus old Bandbox wont stay and give us a leson and play the fiddle. he doesent play very good now because he is so old. he plays more squeekier than he usted to.

well today he come limping into the yard with his cane and his fiddle box jest befoar school and bowed and sed how do you do to us all and we bowed back and sed how do you do Mister Tomson and jest as he was stepping slow up the steps of the school house Skinny Bruce coodent help it and yelled Bandbox jest onct. but you cood have herd it eezy in Stratham whitch is 4 miles away. well i wish you cood have saw the effec on old Bandbox. he gumped about a yard into the air and when he come down again he had tirned cleer round. how he done it i dont know. he shook his cane at Skinny and then he went into the school house in 2 gumps and in a second or two he came out with old Francis and he pointed to Skinny and yelled that red hedded scoundril called me Bandbox and old Francis went back and got the school bell and rung it and we all piled in.

when we was seeted old Francis sed William come to the platform. Skinnys naim is William, so he gnew that old Francis wanted him and he come out looking prety scart. then old Francis asted him what he called mister Tomson Bandbox for and Skinny he sed he dident think he cood hear him and old Francis sed hear you why i cood hear you with the door shet and the winders down: then he shook Skinny up and tirned him rong side up and batted him round good and Skinny howled most as loud as when he hollered at old Bandbox. After old Francis got throug whitch he always does quicker when a feller howls he maid a speach and sed he wood teech us to respec the aged.

well then old Bandbox got out his fiddle and we got our singing books and we sung sum new tunes and old tunes

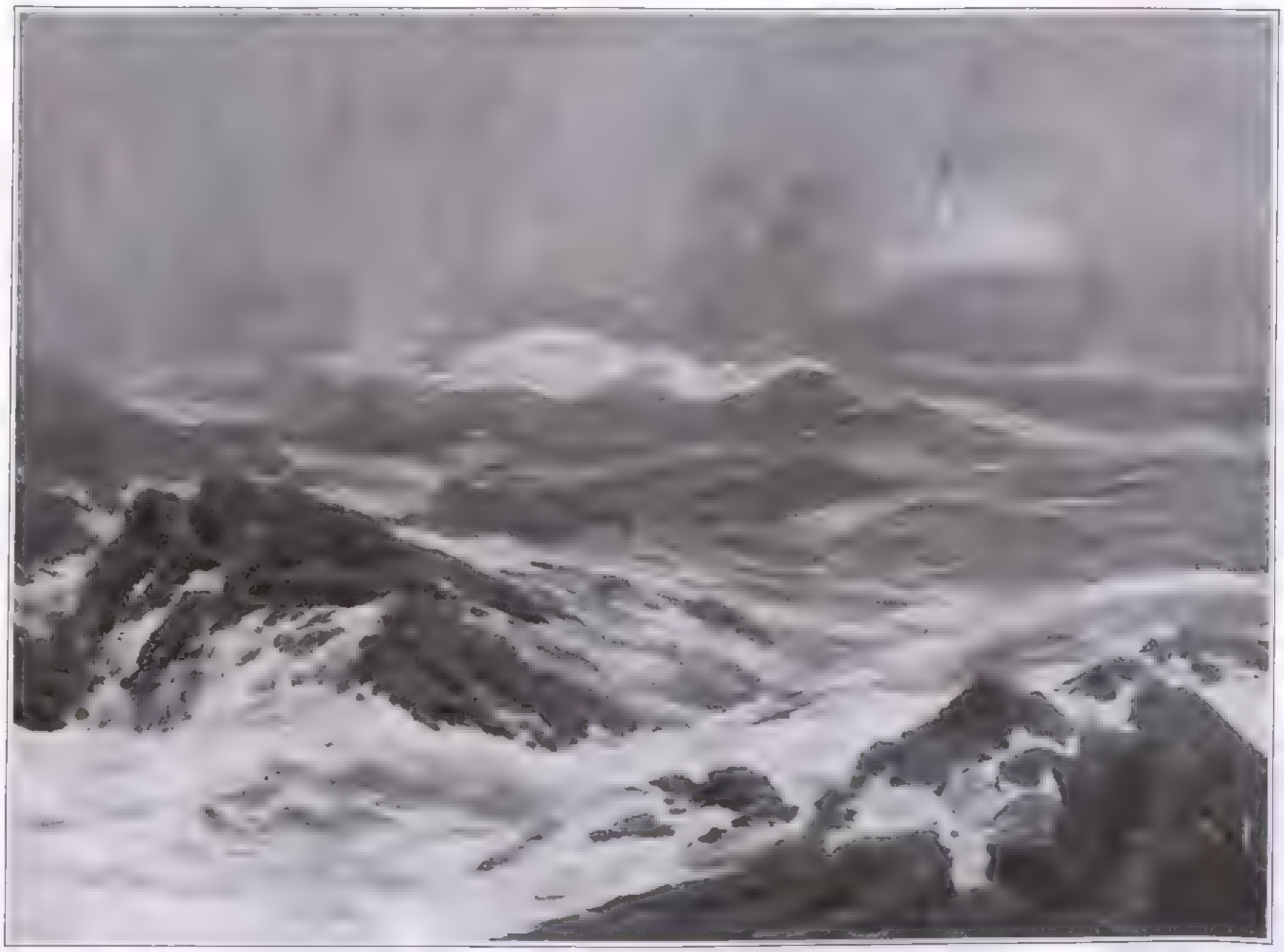
Continued on Page 125

You Talk a Jeet With Elbridge on the Woodbox a Moment and Perapt I Can Afford You Moar Relief

FOG

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



His Steamer Had Reeled Blindly Through the Fog and Onto the Iron Coast. There Was Still Fog

CAPTAIN SHAW was the first to awake. He stirred sleepily and then the cold stung him to awareness that pain was his, and therefore life. He rocked, groaning, to his feet and looked dully about him with smarting eyes. He gazed for a long time at a gash on his bare right wrist and noted that the salt had puckered the wound whitely so there was no blood. It burned him, and after a while he put his lips to it instinctively, but found that they, too, were puckered and salty.

He went cautiously down the shingle to the edge of the water, where it lapped in foam, and he saw planks and balks of raw timber bobbing about. He remembered then that he had passed many such planks and balks stranded on the shingle. It occurred to him that such stuff was likely enough from the deck cargo of the steamer, his steamer, that had reeled so blindly through the fog and onto the iron coast. There was still fog. He had seen nothing else ever since leaving Cape Breton two days previously.

It wrapped him round, slowly twisting and sinking in thick layers and ropes from above. It filled the world. It was a cold whiteness that oozed in from every quarter of the compass, muffling and blotting out all things. He shivered and drew his soaked surf-torn pea-jacket closer about him. Then he stared to seaward, into the fog wall that hid the water from view, and did not move for a long time. He appeared buried in deep meditation.

The whiteness blurred his outlines, but he was plainly a man of great thickness and breadth, though his stature was almost that of a dwarf. There were beads of fog moisture on his iron-gray mustache, and from his nostrils, at evenly spaced intervals, small jets of steam eddied, to blend in the general whiteness.

A strange man; a queerly solid, half-bald little man. He had a calm, slow way of speaking, and he seldom spoke. His eyes were cold and slightly protruding, like the eyes of a fish, and apparently he possessed little imagination. He dealt in facts almost solely. Perhaps a lifetime at sea had fostered such a habit. The sea was a fact; so were tides and currents and winds and typhoons and ships. His friends said he had nerves of iron. No man had ever seen him excited or irritated or in a hurry. Certainly, in this present predicament, he betrayed no anxiety, no fear; yet for all he knew he was alone, wrecked on a barren, unknown coast, without food, water or fire.

He turned after a bit, as if he had come to the end of a long process of reasoning, and made his slow way along the beach, keeping to the edge of the water. A few minutes and he came to a huddled dark heap lying perhaps four fathoms back from the foam. He approached it, bent and turned it over. Then he replaced his hands in the side pockets of his pea-jacket and stared unmoved at the white face of a corpse that had once been his mate. He knew it had been his mate because of the four gold teeth glowing dully from between the parted white lips. The captain shrugged, almost imperceptibly, and moved on.

He found other bodies, and some of them stirred and groaned when he moved them. Some did not move at all; nor would they ever move, cold and still and dripping on the shingle, wrapped about by the close and thick mysteriousness of the fog. Eventually, moving up and down by the water's edge, unhurried, seldom speaking, the captain gathered to him a group of some fifteen men. There was the captain himself, solid and still. Then there were the second and third mates among the deck officers. The second mate was a thin and melancholy man with a lantern jaw and big brooding blue eyes. He seemed a person of some deep and inextinguishable grief and no one knew the slightest thing about him or his past. The third mate was like a drowned kitten, a youthful, fresh-faced boy with laughing eyes and curly hair, though now he was blue and pinched with the cold.

There was an engineer, the second, a red-haired, red-mustached Scotchman. Of the four apprentices the ship had carried, two survived. Then there were four seamen, a ship's boy and four firemen. That meant there were sixteen men missing. The dead huddled on the shingle accounted for six. Somewhere out in the mist then, under the gray water, or somewhere else along the shingle, were the remainder of the steamer's crew. When the captain had made the count in a solemn, muffled voice, the survivors looked bleakly at one another, then at the corpses, then at one another again. The two apprentices muttered aloud in scared voices. The ship's boy cried in a choking, sobbing way that caused a fireman to curse and mutter, "Shut that sniv'ling!"

The captain roused himself and stared at the man who had spoken. The man stirred uneasily. There was a tenseness then, a sort of hard silence in which the mutter and roar of the surf far away was less than the clear ripple of the water washing up on the shingle and receding with a low sucking noise.

(Continued on Page 55)

The Home Owners' Service Institute, in building 360 Model Homes in various cities throughout the country, selected Valspar and Valspar in Colors for use on all interior trim, woodwork and floors wherever Varnish, Varnish-Stain and Enamel are required. The story of these model homes is told in the "Manual of Home-Building." We shall be glad to send you a free copy.

The famous Valspar boiling water test.

Bring sunshine into your home with Valspar-Enamel

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Whatever your color scheme may be, you can secure a harmonizing tone in Valspar-Enamel. It comes in all the favorite colors for interior decoration and these standard colors can easily be mixed to give countless other tints and shades.

Then, too, an odd chair, an old chest or a bookcase can be brought inexpensively into friendly relations with the color scheme of the room by means of Valspar-Enamel. If desired, the natural high lustre can be rubbed to a soft dull finish.

But beauty of color is not all that is demanded in the finish of woodwork. Durability must be considered. And Valspar-Enamels—which are made by grinding the finest pigments into Valspar Varnish—never fade, never turn white.

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The difference between dry gas and wet is largely responsible for the notably better engine performance. Texaco vaporizes completely at a much lower temperature, distributes evenly in the manifold and provides a balanced flow of fuel and power to every cylinder.

The *new* Texaco, produced by The Texas Company's Holmes-Manley Process, gives manifestly better pick-up and acceleration, less oil dilution, greater power, better work on the hills, increased mileage and exceptional freedom from engine knock. Its remarkable anti-knock qualities are attained without the addition of any poisons or chemicals.

Carburetor adjustment is not essential—you will get better results in any event, but still better with the lean mixture that the *new* and *better* Texaco makes possible.

Fill with the *new* Texaco, at any Texaco pump. Then notice the improved operation and condition of your engine.

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A **NEW** *and* **BETTER**

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To The Texas Company's Own Pumps at Filling Stations!

By The Texas Company's Own Tank Trucks—

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AGAIN, The Texas Company has come forward with a new and better motor product. The history of that product is a romance of achievement, of enormous resources and unexampled facilities for production, manufacture, distribution and marketing. The *new* Texaco represents years of painstaking research, the expenditure of millions in new equipment, the most modern of refinery processes and an organization controlling every step from source to sale. The responsibility of a great company is back of every Texaco product.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.

Texaco Petroleum Products

The Texas Company, always active in the development of high grade petroleum products, was also the first to provide a better motor oil, the clean, clear, golden Texaco Motor Oil, free from the dark impurities that produce carbon.

If you *drove* your car the way you *lubricate* it!

More repair bills come from lack of proper lubrication than smash-ups. Now an easy way to end the cause of 80% of all repairs on moving parts.

Each year, according to reliable authorities, the motoring public spends *more for repairs, depreciation and upkeep than for the entire output of new cars.* And the bulk of repairs doesn't come from accidents in driving—far from it.

An actual survey of itemized repair bills shows that fully 80% of all repairs on moving parts comes from nothing but blind neglect—lack of proper lubrication.

Fleet owners say that they have actually reduced operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile by certain methodical care in lubrication. You can easily do the same.

Most cars now come equipped with Alemite or Alemite-Zerk high pressure lubrication. (Now on over 8,000,000 cars.)

No more grease or oil cups

Grease and oil cups are permanently replaced by patented dust-proof Alemite or Alemite-Zerk fittings on every bearing. Your handy Alemite or Alemite-Zerk compressor shoots fresh lubricant entirely through the bearing. No oil can, no grease paddle. ZIP—ZIP—ZIP and the job is done. Old gritty grease is forced out at the same time. No more squeaks. Positive high pressure forces lubricant to every spot. There's no guesswork.

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And if you are too busy to do it yourself, you can have your car lubricated in any Alemite Service Station—while you wait. Many motorists use this service altogether.

Alemite—every 500 miles—is just as vital as oil for your engine, air in your tires and water for your radiator. If your car is not Alemite-equipped it will pay you to have the system installed. The cost is only $5 to $20. And you'll save that five times over in a year.

FREE Booklet

In the meantime write for a copy of "Vital Spots." It tells ways to cut the cost of running your car. A postcard will bring it.

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Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adaptable for industrial machinery

ALEMITE

High Pressure Lubrication

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(Continued from Page 50)

The captain observed thoughtfully, "We'll dig a trench."

There it was. This dealer in facts had mumbled over that fact first. The dead were exposed to the fog and the cold. They could not be left. They must be removed, taken from sight. "We'll dig a trench."

The second mate nodded and squared his shoulders. It had come to him, old man-leader that he was, that action must be indulged to prevent the men thinking and worrying. Such men were apt to do queer things at stressful times, with their dead at their feet, the unknown about them, and worse than all, the immense and palpable fog that chilled them to the bone. His voice rose harshly, almost startling him because it sounded so hollow in the blanket of whiteness that screened his face.

"Grab holda some of them planks. If you break 'em they'll make spades."

"I'm thirsty," whimpered the ship's boy, and a fireman muttered at him again, "Shut that sniv'ling!"

The men moved listlessly to gather planks. They broke them to shorter lengths by lifting them high and hitting the farther ends quickly on the beach. Some of them then carried the broken planks up away from the water, others carried the corpses, dripping and cold. They passed into the fog, out of sight and sound of the sucking backwash. They laid the dead down and began to dig, scooping out a shallow trench.

They were not long about it. One man discovered a plug of wet tobacco in his pocket and passed it around. When the trench was finished the bodies were lifted and were about to be cast within, when the captain arrested the action with a gesture.

He said flatly, "We had better strip them." His dull, fishy eyes were bent thoughtfully on the still figures. The men looked at one another, uneased. They looked at the captain. He added, after a while, "We may need the clothes." They nodded together. That was it, a fact; something they could grasp. "We may need the clothes." The second mate bent and began stripping off a torn dungaree jacket. It was soon over. The bare cold bodies were pitched into the trench and the shingle was scooped back over them.

The captain took silently each garment in turn, searched the pockets with methodical slowness and laid the contents at his feet and the garment itself on a heap to one side. When that was accomplished he shared the clothes out among the more scantily clad men and placed in his own pockets the scanty effects of the dead, to be examined at leisure and used for the mutual good.

A man ventured, "I'm awfully thirsty, sir." Some other man grunted agreement. The captain did not reply for a while, only stared away into the fog as if waiting for something to loom to view. He said abruptly, as if he had discovered what he was looking for, "We'd better look around."

The men nodded. They felt queer tinges of amazement that they had not thought of that themselves. It was so obvious. Another fact. They wanted water and food and warmth. They'd better look around.

The second mate said, "There oughta be cliffs or something back there," and he nodded inland, away from the dull muffled noise of the foam. Everyone save the captain turned and stared into the whiteness as if he expected to see such cliffs. It was queerly unreal, all of it. Everyone expected, somehow, suddenly to wake up and find himself back again on the ship, sleeping in a warm bunk, with the engine shaking him slightly.

The captain started off with his queer rolling gait, his hands in his pockets, his expressionless face set straight ahead. The men hesitated, looking covertly at one another. Then in a body, as if each were afraid of being left behind, they started after him.

He walked purposefully on, keeping the sea noise at his back, though that was a doubtful matter, because the fog muffled it and changed its direction and volume. At times it seemed as if they were walking right toward the water, at other times as though they were rapidly leaving it behind. But the captain was guiding himself not by that alone. He noted that the beach rose slowly and surely, and scuffling the shingle with his foot, he found it dry enough underneath, above the reach, therefore, of the water, and showing that the wetness on top was the moisture from the fog.

They all moved in a compact, uneasy body, blindly trusting to the thick short man with the mustache, bewildered, afraid. The fog seemed to be filled with muffled, chuckling voices. Once they heard something scuttling over the shingle and as one man they all stopped, all save the captain, who plodded steadily onward.

The second mate laughed after a bit and said, "Just a crab," and hastened after the captain before he was lost in the whiteness. They all followed again, crowding on one another's heels. They cast quick glances to right and left and sometimes broke into a half run. The ship's boy sniveled continually. The fog might have held the ghosts of the dead, the wet, cold dead, that could very easily burst up through the shingle covering them and go running about, from the way the men acted. The beach rose with steep abruptness and the captain slowed his pace and went more cautiously. Then there loomed ahead the tall black bulk of some monstrous thing that brought them all to a stop again. A few of them even fell back a pace or so, and one man lifted his arm as if to defend himself. The captain grunted.

"Just th' cliffs." He took a few more cautious paces and put out his hands. They saw his back fading into the fog, blending in with the black bulk, and they followed him, cautious too. His voice came back:

"All right. Just th' cliffs.'"

There was a distinct wave of relief, a sort of lightening of the spirits as if something tangible had been discovered

They Fell on Him as Though They Had Been Waiting for the Signal. It Was as if They Invested in Him All Their Miseries and Pains and Fears

at last, something that would solve a lot of the difficulties that lay in the awful and uncertain future.

The captain still in the lead, they followed the cliffs along, one hand touching the wet and earthy wall, the other hand stretched queerly into the fog as if for balance, feet awkwardly finding footing on a very steep slope. They went mostly in single file, though at the end of the file no one would be last, and there was a little hurrying, stumbling knot composed of the ship's boy, a fireman and the two apprentices. An onlooker might have thought some terrible thing was pursuing them all, that they actually feared the ghosts of the dead would come after them. They looked constantly over their shoulders.

The captain called at last, a muffled low noise that startled them all until they gathered its import. He had stumbled across a small rivulet trickling down the cliff face. They crowded round him, pushing and shoving to get at the water, until the second engineer discovered that the rivulet, naturally, went across the beach and there was a lot of room. Then they dropped to their knees and bent and drank thirstily, spitting out the water at first to rid their mouths of the salt and then swallowing it in huge gulps that slid coldly as bars of ice down into their stomachs.

They gathered round the captain. He stared at them without visible emotion. He was buried in profound meditation. He muttered a little in his throat. If the fog would lift! But it showed no signs of that. He called the mates and the engineer aside and conversed with them in a low, placid voice. The others gathered in a group and muttered together also, and both groups watched each other through the mistiness as though they were mutual enemies and each was waiting for the other to attack.

At the last the captain rolled toward them, his hands in his side pockets. His voice was without tone, almost as if the situation did not interest him. The fog made his voice muffled and flat and utterly dreary:

"No use standing around. Can't do a thing till th' fog lifts. Better carry some of the planks up to the fresh water here and build a shelter. No use standing around."

They muttered agreement, each aware that he was hungry and would like to eat first. But that was a fact. No use standing around. The captain turned to the second mate:

"Mr. Stevens, you get the men down to the beach and bring some planks. I'll take the 'prentices and the boy and level the ground a bit. Have one man lay his planks end to end from the water, to make a path which the men can follow without gettin' lost. If you can't find your way back hit for the cliffs and walk along. I'll let out a shout every so often."

The men looked at him with open mouths and clouded, uncertain eyes. They looked at him almost with awe. He was like God. He had produced another fact. He had found a way by which they could go to the beach and return to the water without getting lost. A pathway. They would never have thought of that. He had shown them a solution to that difficulty. He was not worried, not frightened, not bewildered. Like a sturdy rock in a chaotic sea. They'd better do as he said. He seemed to know what he was about.

"Aye, aye, sir," jerked the mate. He started off into the fog, back toward the sea, calling over his shoulder, "Come on, men."

They followed him slowly, realizing they ought to have a shelter right away and yet disinclined to toil on empty stomachs. The apprentices and the ship's boy remained with the captain. He marked out a small square with the edge of a broken plank and set the youngsters to work to remove the bigger bowlders and the bunches of clammy seaweed within it. Every other minute or so he cupped his great hands round his mouth and roared "Ahoy, Mr. Stevens!" like a lightship's horn guiding vessels to port. But the wall of the fog beat back his words, hollow and muffled, into his face, and no answer came for a long time.

But eventually there was a faint far-away call, a sort of dull, dim echo, and the captain roared again, "Ahoy, Mr. Stevens!" Then the three youths joined with him, "Ahoy, Mr. Stevens!" And at the last there came the sound of feet on the shingle and forms loomed in the whiteness. The second mate appeared, a long wet plank over his shoulder and his lantern-jawed face beaded with sweat from the stumbling, awkward climb up the beach. Behind him came two seamen and a fireman with other planks. They dropped their burdens, rested a minute and started slowly back.

The second mate said, "I set th' rest of th' men to work on th' plank path. Figured it'd save time an' make ye easier t' find." The captain nodded, and you could not tell whether he approved or not. The second mate disappeared after his men in the fog.

They finished the pathway at last, laying a long line of planks from the water to the rivulet. It was crooked at first. The eventual end reached the cliffs nearly one hundred yards to one side of the spring, but the second mate corrected the error by starting a path from the spring and stringing the men in line until it met the path from the beach. After that the planks came to the spring a lot faster, each carrier merely following the path and being saved the trouble of groping to his destination. They all felt relieved when that was done. They had several facts to help them now—the water's edge, the cliffs, the plank path. These things they knew were so. The rest was mystery in the fog.

When there were enough planks and large squares of wet timber assembled, the captain and the youths laid four long fourteen-inch planks inside the edge of the square of ground they had roughly leveled. Then on top of these four they laid others, fourteen-inch planks at first, and then twelve-inch as the larger size ran out, and then ten-inch. The fourteen-inch planks and the twelve-inch were two inches thick and they laid them flat. The smaller planks were only one inch thick and it took, in all, a tremendous number to raise four walls to the height of some five feet six inches. Then across the top of them, as a roof, they laid three layers of long planks. For a doorway they had left two of the walls out of square, slanting so that where they should have met, had they been long enough, there was an opening about two feet wide.

It was a hideous and damp-looking structure when they had finished it, which was in about three hours, but it was the best they could do without saw or nails. There were gaps of all shapes and sizes in the walls because of the varying plank lengths, but they filled them by ramming dried seaweed and clods of cliff earth in the openings. The floor of the hut they laid a foot deep with the dried seaweed, which eventually was trodden and pressed to a depth of about four inches. It was harsh, clammy-feeling stuff, but when it had a chance to get thoroughly used and dried out it would not be so bad.

The hut finished, the men squatted down and regarded it with some degree of sullen satisfaction. At least it was a shelter, another fact, a guard from the fog and the wet and cold. It somehow made them less afraid, less inclined to look over their shoulders or to shudder at some unpleasant inward thought. It would be crowded when they were all in it together, but that was to be wished for rather than objected to. That would make for warmth.

Thinking of warmth, they wished they had a fire. There was an immense amount of timber lying on the beach, nearly all of it dry inside. There was a lot of water-smoothed driftwood even up by the cliff. But they had no matches. The captain had saved his watch unharmed; it was even then going safely inside its metal case; but there was no sun by which he could kindle a fire with the aid of the glass. Several of the men had had matches in their pockets when the ship struck, but every such match was utterly ruined. There might have been a faint hope that one of the sodden little sticks would produce a flame had it been possible to dry it, but then again there was no sun for that even.

At least they were warm enough for a while, after the exertion, but gradually they felt the chill stealing into them again. And they were terribly hungry. They had labored three hours and more on empty stomachs. The captain had that in mind. It was the next fact to be faced. One thing at a time. He left the second engineer and the youths in charge of the hut, and, with the rest of the men, followed the plank path to the beach. There was no fear of getting lost so long as they kept to the water's edge. They had only to turn about and follow it back until the plank path was reached again.

The captain, after some deep meditation, turned to the left and walked slowly along by the water, the men trailing out through the fog behind him. A few hundred yards and the character of the shore line changed. There began to appear rocks among the shingle—rocks weed-grown and slippery with green growths. These rocks loomed in shapeless dots all around, in all processes of looming and fading, queerly suggestive of the recumbent forms of sea animals or even of men. The slow swirling fog gave them sometimes the appearance of movement, but a closer approach revealed them in their actual inertness.

Beneath the overhang of the green growths the men found shellfish, and these they knocked off with smaller rocks, breaking the shells frequently and forced thus to swallow gritty sea flesh that slid down their throats, coldly slimy and unappetizing. A little farther yet and a high dark shape loomed before them.

The captain observed, as one who states what he knows must be so, "We must be in a bay," and then he groped forward to explore, while the rest busied themselves with more shellfish.

It was rather obvious they were in a bay, or at least in some sort of cove that nestled in the elbow of a headland. Shoreward there were cliffs, and now, walking along by the water's edge, they had reached cliffs again. The most welcome discovery, though, was that at the foot of the new cliffs the captain found pools, some deep, some shallow, all teeming with sea life. There were curious shrimplike animals darting to and fro. There were crabs, monstrosities of armor and protruding eyes. There were fish hiding under the bowlders.

The men, hunger temporarily appeased, gathered round the captain, while he stood apparently indifferent over a shallow pool and speculated as to how the fish could be procured. One seaman went on his knees, muttering, and made wild jabs into the water, but the sea life evaded him easily.

Then the captain's apparent indifference changed and betrayed that he had been thinking on the problem. He knelt also, and using one of the men's sou'westers as a scoop, commenced to throw water from the pool onto the shingle and rocks surrounding it. The men eagerly followed his example and grew so interested that they forgot their plight and even ventured an occasional joke.

As the pool grew shallow, the fish and crabs were more and more agitated. And at the last there was so little water it was an easy matter for a seaman to stand in the pool and fling the fish out on the rocks, where the others dispatched them.

They found then that they had five or six fish something like cod, two huge flatfish, some smaller fish of the same species; several crabs and three capfuls of some sort of shrimps. There were other things also, but not knowing just whether they were edible or not, they were cast away.

The captain muttered, standing squarely and watching the men, "We'd better get back—following the cliffs. We'll know more about the place then."

One or two of the men grumbled at the prospect of returning a long way round. They set off, the captain in the lead, keeping the cliff loom to his right, and the rest strung out behind him. A sort of grim melancholy settled over the party. The fog was growing darker and a slight cold wind had sprung up, chilling them all to the bone despite the exertion required in negotiating the rocks and shingle. The captain ascertained by his watch, which he intended to keep carefully wound, that it was nearly eight o'clock, which explained why the fog was darkening.

The steamer had struck soon after ten o'clock. The month was August, and eight o'clock would about see the twilight commence to flush the summer sky. They had been ashore more than eight hours, and thinking it over, the captain was rather pleased that so much had been accomplished. They had solved the water and food problem and had erected a shelter. Soon the fog must lift and show them where they were. In a day or two they would probably be rescued. He confided his thoughts to the men in a calm, confident way, but they appeared sunk in gloom and huddled closer toward him, afraid of the gathering night. Thereafter he preserved his normal, unemotional silence.

They did not reach the cabin until it was dark, though toward the last the men were half running to make time. If it was not that the cabin had been erected right at the foot of the cliffs they might have missed it altogether, for the blackness that now permeated the fog was so intense it was literally impossible to see a hand held before the face. It set inward nerves tingling and yet numbed all the senses.

When they were home at last the men huddled about the captain, against the wall of the shelter, and stared fearfully into the blackness.

They could not see one another. They pressed so close that their hands and clothing touched and they drew certain comfort that way. After a while someone said, "Wish we 'ad a fire."

Each man was thinking the same thing, and there was no answer. The captain ventured flatly "Shall we try and eat something?" and the mate answered, "I don't feel hungry enough fer raw fish yet."

There were several murmurs of agreement. But some of the men were not so particular. They cut the fish apart with their knives, groping in the blackness, and bolted fragments of the flabby meat, though it gagged some of them and the ship's boy retched sickeningly.

Except for the captain, they all crowded into the shelter after a bit and huddled together for warmth. Then they stretched out to try to sleep and to ponder on the misery of life. They had nothing—no fire, no warmth of any sort save what their racked bodies provided. They could not smoke, and that hurt some of the men most of all. They were hungry and cold and miserable, and there was nothing to look forward to. The ship's boy whimpered without end. One man sang eternal crooning songs of the north. A French sailor mumbled ancient prayers. The apprentices lay in each other's arms for warmth's sake and wished they had never gone to sea.

Some of the men tried to yarn and a few chewed tobacco. But after a bit, as the night drew on and the cold rifts of fog curled blackly into the shelter, teeth began to chatter and speech was stilled. Only the ship's boy still whimpered, and occasionally a man swore dispiritedly and said, "Shut that sniv'ling!" After a bit they dozed, exhausted, worn out with battling with the surf and with dragging weary bodies over interminable lengths of shingle and sand and green rocks. They all felt a little more secure, a little less fearful for the future, knowing the captain was with them. His very indifference was a comfort. He seemed so certain, so sure.

The pitch darkness was disturbed only by phosphorescent gleams from the bodies of the remaining fish that someone had flung in a corner, and by teeth chattering out of unconsciousness, and by an occasional groan. The ship's boy whimpered

(Continued on Page 74)

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THE FINE POINT

(Continued from Page 42)

"Perhaps I shouldn't say this positively," he explained. "I don't mean to be unjust to anyone. This should in any case be confidential, but I will say this: There was a young man here studying certain operative technic in preparation for work among the natives in China. Never mind his name. He had been here two years. He expected to stay until July and then go out there. But about six weeks ago he announced to his friends a change of plan. He was, he said, to be married to a girl in San Francisco; and he showed to one or two intimates letters he received from her. They had decided to be married in March and on that account he would cut short his work and depart somewhat earlier than he had expected. There were no invitations to this wedding, at least no one here was invited. He said he would be married very quietly, before a justice; and that he and his wife would sail at once for China."

"I don't see," Professor Cammett said doubtfully.

"I've sent a man out to look him up," Burris explained, "to locate him and his wife. If they sail on the steamer which he named, we should hear from him today, from my man."

"But if he's marrying," the other urged, "doesn't that rule him out?"

"I don't know whether he will be married or not," Burris explained, "but I'm interested in discovering who sails with him on that steamer. The man I sent knows Mrs. Pane, has seen her many times."

Professor Cammett considered this for a long moment in silence; and when he spoke again his voice was harsh and rasping. "You'll bring them back?" he demanded. "Make them answer to the law!"

Burris hesitated. "I've not decided," he confessed. "I'm thinking of Professor Pane."

"She ought to be jailed," the professor cried; but the other shook his head.

"We needn't worry about her," he reminded the other. "She's years older than this chap. And—if she's done what we think she has done—life will look out for her."

They came thus to Professor Cammett's house; came to the house to find Von Utrecht on the threshold, confronting the police officer who stubbornly barred his way into the house. When the reporter saw them he approached Burris, said quietly, "They tell me Professor Pane has surrendered on a murder charge, Burris. District man phoned in."

"That's incorrect, Von Utrecht," Burris assured him. "I'll give you a statement at one o'clock. See me then."

"Can I help you now?" the reporter suggested, and Burris smiled.

"No, I'm afraid not," he said courteously, "but I'll want you by and by."

"Right!" the other agreed, and as the two passed him he spoke to Professor Cammett. "Good morning, sir."

But the irascible old man passed him with no sign of recognition. Only as the door closed behind them he said under his breath, "That young man is a damnable vulture!"

Burris shook his head.

"A good reporter," he corrected. "He just plays the game."

They had time for no more, for Marian had heard them enter and she came sweeping now into her father's arms, and she cried softly, "Oh, father, father, he's terrible!" She looked toward Burris, gave him her hand. "I'm glad you've come, Walter."

Burris nodded, touched her shoulder reassuringly. "It's coming straight," he said softly.

Professor Cammett asked, "Where is he, Marian?"

Her gesture guided them toward the library. So a moment later they came to where Professor Pane was waiting; and Professor Cammett, shocked at the aspect of his old friend, crossed to the other man's side and put a clumsy arm across his shoulders and cried protestingly, "Howard! Howard, old man!"

Professor Pane had been sitting supinely in a straight chair beside the open fire; a weak little figure of a man, trembling and shaken and blanched by the violence of his own emotions. Burris, studying him, saw the other's lips twitch and jerk and writhe; saw the pitiful effort the professor was making to hold himself together and to lift a steady head. At their entrance, Professor Pane got to his feet with an unsteady dignity, and he ignored his old friend to come to meet Burris.

"Mr. District Attorney," he said formally, "I wish to surrender myself." His voice broke hysterically. "They won't let me!" he cried. "They won't let me! Make them do what I want, Burris. I want to go to jail!"

Burris laid his hand on the other's arm while Marian and her father drew a little aside, clinging to each other, watching breathlessly. And Burris said in a gentle tone, "Very well, Professor Pane. Consider yourself under arrest."

"Bring in that policeman," Professor Pane cried shrilly, "bring him in and tell him so. I told him, but he wouldn't listen to me."

"I have authority to make arrests," Burris told him steadily. "No policeman is needed."

"I want to get out of this house," Professor Pane insisted. "I want to go to jail."

Burris nodded. "However," he reminded the other, "you'll appreciate the fact that you're no longer the master of your own actions. The law has you in hand now, sir. I represent the law."

Professor Cammett, listening in amazement, cried violently, "Walter, what are you doing? This is outrageous. You told me "

But Marian, prompted by a glance from Burris, caught his arm.

"We can't do anything, father," she reminded him. "Be still."

"I want to ask you a few questions, Professor Pane," Burris explained to the little man, so torn and frenzied. "You understand you need not answer?"

Professor Pane looked at him as though doubting his sincerity, but the district attorney's countenance was so stern that the man was reassured, yielded himself to this authority as though with relief. "I'll tell you anything," he said jerkily.

"Do I understand that you're confessing you murdered Mrs. Pane?" Burris asked.

"Yes, yes, anything you want," the professor cried.

"I want only the truth," Burris assured him.

"Isn't that enough for you?"

"Did you burn her body in the furnace?" Burris prompted.

"Yes, yes, yes!" The other's voice rose to a scream.

"Cut it up, first?"

"Haven't the newspapers told you that?" the harried man challenged. "Don't you read the newspapers?" His voice became strident and furious. "Doesn't everyone read the newspapers? They know everything—everything. You can read it in them—between the lines. I killed her! I cut her up! I burned her to ashes! Read the papers, you blind man! Read it there!"

Professor Cammett would have intervened. He thrust forward; but Marian, restraining him, cried softly, "He's been so all morning. I could do nothing with him. He got a telegram, Walter."

Burris turned to her in quick attention. "A telegram?" Back to the miserable man again. "Where is it, Professor Pane?"

"I burned it," Professor Pane cried; "burned it to ashes. You'll never see it."

"What was in it?"

"Nothing—business—a personal matter."

Burris stepped to the door. The police captain was waiting there and the district attorney had only to catch his eye. The other made a sign of understanding, and Burris came back into the room.

"There are one or two things, Professor Pane," he said mildly, "which weren't in the papers. Did you draw out all Mrs. Pane's money; rob her safe-deposit boxes of the securities in them?"

The question seemed to strike the other man with staggering force, so that his eyes closed, and Burris thought he would fall and caught at his arm. And he spoke quickly to Marian. "Get some whisky," he urged. She fled away upon this errand. Then Professor Pane shook off the other's grip upon his arm.

"Why do you ask me?" he cried. "You know. Everybody knows what there is to know. I did anything you want, anything you think I did. For God's sake, let me alone! Let me be quiet. Alone! Put me in jail."

Marian came with decanter and glass, and Burris poured a tablespoonful and put the glass into the professor's hand.

"Drink that, if you please," he said authoritatively; "you're in no condition to answer my questions, and you must do so."

"I will answer," Professor Pane protested, "only, be brief brief as you can." He gulped the contents of the glass.

The telephone rang just then, and Marian, answering, came to Burris. "It's for you, Walter," she told him. "The office." He took the instrument and listened, with a noncommittal word or two; then returned to face Professor Pane again. "And did you buy a ticket to San Francisco?" he asked insistently, "with the money you drew in Mrs. Pane's name?"

The question seemed to act upon Professor Pane with a steadying force. He visibly collected himself and assumed a more rational tone.

"I see you know everything," he added unsteadily. "I wished to make it appear that Mrs. Pane had run away from home. Laid all my plans with that in mind."

The police captain appeared in the doorway and Burris answered his summons. The officer made a report in a low tone the others could not hear; and Burris listened, and read the slip of paper the man handed him, and with this in his hand came back to face them all again. He hesitated for a moment, as though uncertain what to say; but when he did speak it was in a tone of confidence and reassurance.

"Professor Pane," he said quietly, "we are all your friends here. To do what we can for you. This business is bad enough, in all conscience. But we do no good by refusing to face it. We must face it, and consider what to do."

He looked toward Professor Cammett and toward Marian.

"You already know, Professor Cammett, what the tale is. Marian, you do not. Mrs. Pane is alive and well. She sailed today for China and she was on the passenger list as the wife of her traveling companion. One of my men saw her. I have had his wire."

Without looking toward Professor Pane he added, "We must accept the fact that she wished to play a cruel jest upon—her husband. To lend it point, however, she had to be sure that he knew what she had done. He had this morning a telegram from her." He read aloud from the slip in his hand: "'A union of two loving souls.' And it is signed, 'Someone else's Jessica.'"

Marian uttered a low cry of sorrow and pain, and she left her father to come to Professor Pane's side. He had, while Burris spoke, seemed to recapture his dignity, to regain his self-control. And when her hand touched his, he managed something like a smile.

"It was what we called our marriage," he said diffidently. "It was—a phrase I liked. She used to laugh at me for it, even at the first "

Marian kissed him. "You mustn't be sad," she begged. "Mustn't be sad—or mad."

"I have been a little mad," he confessed.

"But we must face this sanely," Burris reminded them; "must decide what shall be done."

IX

IT CAN hardly be said that the explanation of Mrs. Pane's disappearance came as a surprise. Walter Burris had been fairly certain of his facts for days; Professor Cammett had guessed the truth with surprising accuracy; and Professor Pane himself must have had some inkling of what had happened even before his wife's jeering telegram broke down his self-control. Not even Marian felt any particular astonishment at Walter's revelation. This not so much because she had guessed the truth as because her interest had been otherwise engaged; she had been so much absorbed in comforting and reassuring Professor Pane that she had forgotten to wonder what had become of his wife. And whatever of her attention was not thus absorbed had been devoted to the conflict within herself which had arisen as a result of Von Utrecht's conduct throughout the incident.

But though she was not surprised by the abrupt revelation of what had happened, nevertheless the district attorney's words caught and fixed her attention. "We must," he had said, "decide what shall be done." And Marian was the first fully to perceive the fact that he was right; that the mere solution of the puzzle had by no means solved all their perplexities. With a quick intelligence she understood the conflicting interests still to be reconciled; and she looked from one man to another, waiting breathlessly for what they should suggest.

For a moment, no one of them spoke; but at length Burris said gently, "Professor Pane, forgive me. But this had to be brought into the open." He smiled appealingly. "I think we all wish to help you—we're your friends. You may find our counsel of benefit "

Professor Pane nodded wistfully. "I—had some thought of—keeping the matter hid," he confessed. "Obviously, that was impossible, impossible to hide it from you all."

Professor Cammett came to his side, and the man's pugnacious beard was bristling. He gripped his old friend's arm and he said tensely, "All's right now, Howard. You shall be vindicated." He made a swift and ruthless gesture. "Let the whole world know!"

Burris asked quietly, "Is that your serious suggestion, Professor Cammett?"

The old man whirled upon him. "Serious?" he echoed in a voice suddenly shrill. "You may be sure it is serious. You have the facts, Walter—you have the facts and you have your duty. Do your duty by this woman. And move quickly, before she gets out of your reach."

"You suggest that I arrest her, fetch her back here?"

"Certainly."

Burris hesitated. "On what charge?"

Professor Cammett started to speak, checked himself with a glance at his friend, and amended his word. "Conspiracy," he cried—"conspiracy to fix a murder on Howard here."

Burris shook his head. "That could hardly be made to stand up. This telegram from her would nullify it. And in any case, conspiracy is about the hardest of all crimes to establish."

Professor Cammett made a furious gesture.

"I can imagine a thousand obstacles," he conceded angrily. "I can manufacture them as swiftly as yourself. But it is not your duty to make obstacles, Walter. It is your task to overcome them. That woman

(Continued on Page 63)

STEWART-WARNER
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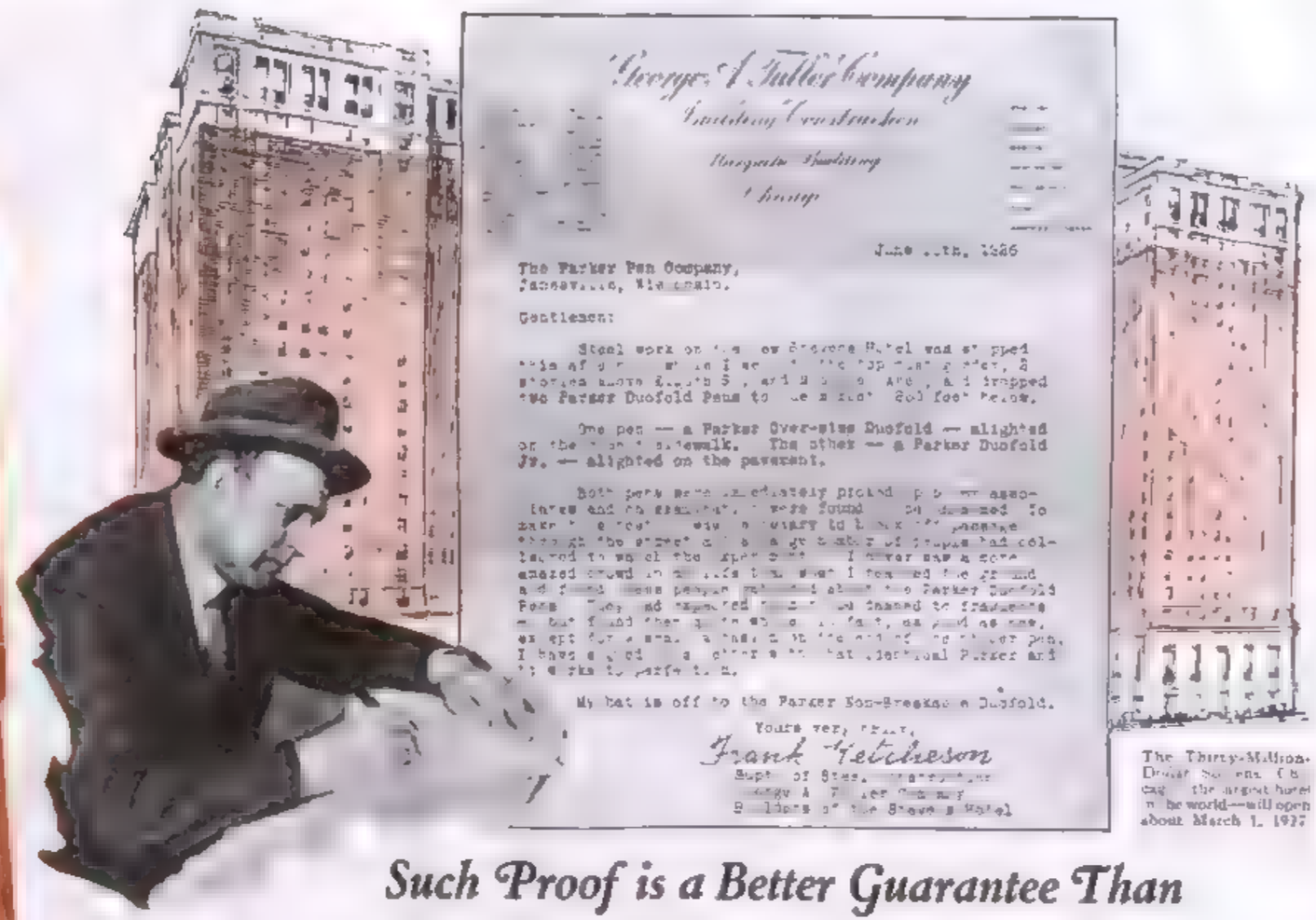
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Gentlemen:
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My hat is off to the Parker Non-Breakable Duofold.
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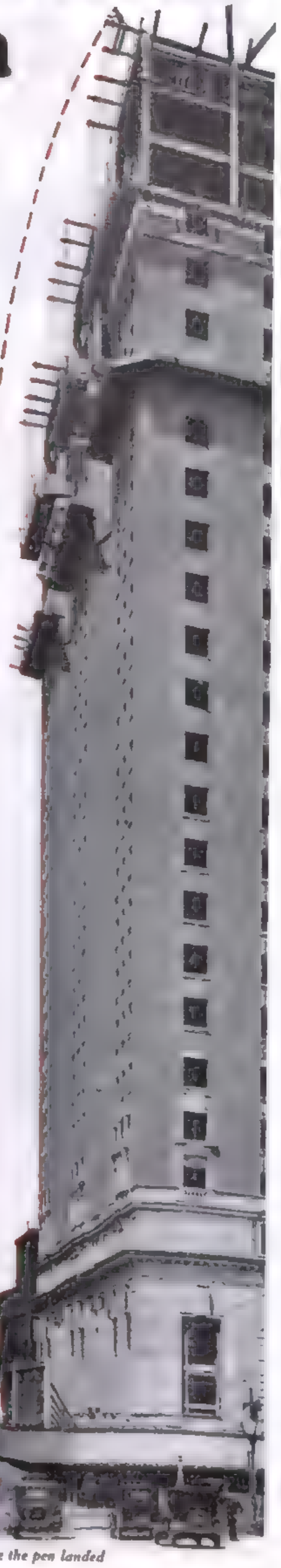

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YES, traffic stopped as big Frank Ketcheson, Supt. of Steel Construction for the George A. Fuller Co., dropped two Parker Duofold Pens—one Over-size, one Junior size—from his perilous foothold on a slender steel girder of the new Stevens Hotel, 260 feet above 8th Street and Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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OVER-SIZE $7

With Lucky Curve Feed and 25 Year Point

Duofold Jr. $5 Lady Duofold $5

Red and Black Barrel Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

Where the pen landed

(Continued from Page 48)

should be haled back here—made to stand in open court and hear the truth about herself—made to meet face to face the reprobation of her old associates."

Burris smiled faintly; and Professor Pane made an inarticulate sound suggestive of protest, so that the district attorney turned toward him, while still speaking to Professor Cammett.

"That is one way of looking at it, certainly," he agreed, "but as I told you awhile ago, sir, we don't have to concern ourselves with Mrs. Pane. Life will look out for her." He added, now addressing Professor Pane himself, "It is you I am chiefly considering."

Professor Pane was, save for an added sadness where the marks of tragedy sat upon his countenance, almost himself again; he had had time to recover from the torment of his own emotions.

He said now with a wistful dignity, "I appreciate that, Burris."

Burris nodded. "Here is the point," he suggested. "So far as attempting to bring Mrs. Pane back here is concerned, I don't think any of us would seriously and on sober second thought favor such a course. There could be no profit in it save the empty satisfaction of putting her in a pillory ——"

"I don't want that," Professor Pane exclaimed with mild vehemence. "Not that, sir."

"I was sure you would agree with me," Burris told him quickly. "That can be dismissed. The real problem before us is—yourself, sir. We all know what an outcry the newspapers have been making; we know they have succeeded in persuading a good many people that Mrs. Pane is dead."

"Let them go on thinking so, can't we?" Professor Pane asked diffidently. He made a little apologetic gesture with his hands. "I wish we could do that. I wish we could just let people think Jessica dead. It seems to me that would be so much the easier way. Let them think her end a tragic rather than a—a shameful one."

No one made any immediate comment, and he continued with a faint eagerness in his tones, as though anxious that they should understand, "You see, you're all very kind, you're all trying to look out for me." He smiled faintly. "But—I've become hardened to adversity. I don't think anything the newspapers might say could seriously disturb me now." His head lifted. "I was weak this morning. Weak and mad. Like a sick dog biting the hand that tends it. But I'm myself again now—sane again. You'll find me amenable."

Professor Cammett cried impatiently, "What are you trying to say, Howard? What are you getting at?"

"Well, you see," Professor Pane urged with the persistence of a gentle man, "you see, everyone now thinks Mrs. Pane dead, and I expect they think I—killed her. Perhaps I was to blame," he added humbly. "I must have been to blame or I wouldn't have driven her away. Jessica was a fine woman ——"

Professor Cammett made an explosive sound, and Professor Pane swung toward him with a steady eye.

"Sir?" he asked in stern interrogation.

And the irascible professor was daunted; he coughed, and cleared his throat. "Go on, Howard! Go on!" he urged.

"She was," Professor Pane insisted, "a fine woman. I did not understand how to please her. So I must accept the blame for what has happened."

"Howard," Professor Cammett cried, "you're a fool!"

Professor Pane shook his gentle head.

"I don't believe so," he protested. "I believe I'm making a very practical suggestion." He turned toward Burris. "Tell me," he suggested. "Could you, on the newspaper evidence, convict me of murdering Mrs. Pane?"

Burris shook his head. "No," he said.

"You see, then?" Professor Pane challenged, turning toward his old friend again. "I was right, you see."

"Right?" Professor Cammett echoed, bewildered.

"The simple thing," Professor Pane expounded, "the simple thing will be for me to surrender, as I did this morning; and let Walter here try me for murder, and I shall be acquitted. Then everyone will think Mrs. Pane dead; and yet they'll know I didn't—do it." Professor Cammett made a hopeless gesture. "I think," Professor Pane urged, "that's a very practical way to close the—affair." He appealed to the district attorney. "Don't you, sir?"

Marian crossed quickly to Professor Pane's side and put her arm about him. She was taller than the precise little man, so that she had to bend a little when she kissed him on the cheek, and tears were in his eyes. Burris met her glance and his eyes were warm, but he did not smile.

"Well, now, Professor Pane," he urged thoughtfully, "there are two or three things you haven't taken into account. For one thing, it costs about twenty thousand dollars, more or less, to stage a murder trial. I don't feel justified in spending that much of the county's money when I know you're innocent. You ought not to urge me to do that, sir."

"I had not considered that," Professor Pane confessed.

"And a trial is not at all necessary," Burris continued. "It is quite within my power to drop the whole matter. I shall do that—just let matters go. Close the thing up without even consulting the grand jury."

Professor Cammett said sharply, "You'll tell what actually happened?"

"I don't want that," Professor Pane insisted. "Not that. It would make Jessica most unhappy if there should be any ugly publicity."

Professor Cammett permitted himself another scornful ejaculation, but Burris spoke quickly. "We can protect her," he said in a reassuring tone. "I will simply give the papers a statement that the matter has been cleared up." He hesitated. "It will take some thought, that statement," he conceded. "We must make it sufficiently complete to end their investigations and yet avoid letting out the facts. But I can make it clear that Mrs. Pane was not murdered, that she was seen alive after leaving her home."

Professor Cammett exploded angrily.

"Balderdash, Walter!" he cried. "Rot! And you know it as well as I. If you try to hush up this matter it will ruin you. Don't forget, man, you're up for Congress. If this isn't handled openly and frankly it will destroy your prospects. Your career ends here and now."

Burris shook his head, smiling heartily. "No, no," he assured the other. "No, I've no concern on that score." But Marian, watching him acutely, perceived the truth of what her father had said.

"I tell you," Professor Cammett insisted. "If you're not going to bring Mrs. Pane back here, then the whole story should be made public. In that way Professor Pane will be exonerated, you will be saved political embarrassment, and only Mrs. Pane will suffer. That, she deserves."

Professor Pane said quickly, "No, no. I beg of you. She would be most distressed. I should much prefer to—to accept any burden." He added urgently, "I don't wish to embarrass you, Walter—politically. Protect yourself first of all. But protect her if you can. You need not consider me."

Marian had been thus far almost completely silent, listening with a glowing heart to the interchange between these three men each in his way so dear to her. And she had smiled inwardly, more than once, because the attitude of each one was so completely that which she might have expected. She knew her father well; knew his loyal, logical, irascible disposition; his hatred of every low quality and his affection for Professor Pane. Knew, too, Professor Pane. It was impossible that that gentle man should have taken any other attitude than one designed to protect Mrs. Pane. And she had the wit also to perceive how complete was the sacrifice of his own prospects which Walter proposed to make. The affair was already become a political issue; if it were now thus hushed and dismissed as Walter proposed, the effect would be ruinous to his ambitions, and he must know it as well as she. Each one of these men, she perceived, had thought first of all of others, thought not at all of himself; each had been willing to sacrifice himself so completely.

And Marian found herself thinking of Von Utrecht, wondering how he would have reacted to the same spiritual challenge. Then she fought back that wonder and tried to achieve confidence and certainty that he would have done as they had done. She was suddenly jealous of them because they had been given an opportunity denied Von Utrecht, an opportunity to achieve nobility.

He was, she told herself, as fine as they. And abruptly, her thoughts running swiftly, she cried out to them all.

"Wait, wait! You dear fine men, wait and listen to me. You're all so eager to do what you can, but you don't understand. You, father, and Uncle Howard; you know nothing about such things. And even you, Walter. This isn't a matter for the law. The thing is, what to tell the world. Don't you see that Von can help you now?" She was faintly dismayed because they met her word in silence. "That's his business," she urged. "To know how to handle such matters as this. How to take care of such things. He will know what to do." She knew there would be no support for her from her father, and she appealed to Burris. "Isn't that so, Walter?" she demanded.

Walter hesitated. "As a matter of fact, Marian," he said, "if he knew the truth it would be his duty to publish the story. He's a reporter; he owes that loyalty to his paper. Of course, if he agreed to secrecy in advance —— But I don't believe he'd bind himself in that way. It wouldn't be fair to his paper." He smiled a little. "You mustn't expect too much of him, Marian."

His very fairness to this other man was a challenge to her. "He'll do anything for me," she cried proudly.

Burris bowed a little. "I think you ask too much of him," he repeated.

Professor Cammett cried in an irritated tone, "Walter, you prate too much about this young man's professional honor. I find him a miserable, carrion-eating buzzard." He glared at his daughter. "And I stand on that opinion!"

She stood a moment, trembling, holding the hot words back; and she turned at last to Professor Pane.

"Uncle Howard," she urged, "you don't want to ruin Walter's career. Mayn't I ask Von to help us adjust everything? He'll know some way to protect Mrs. Pane, and Walter, and you too. Mayn't I send for him?"

Professor Pane said unhappily, "I've brought so much distress upon you all ——"

"Let me send for him."

Burris said quietly, "He'll probably be here at one, Marian. It's within a few minutes of that now. If we get out of the way, you can see him here." But he added, "Don't ask too much of him, Marian. He owes his paper all his services, you know. We're just his friends."

It could hardly be said that the matter was decided; each was too firmly fixed in his own opinion for any yielding. But when a few minutes later word came that Von Utrecht was at the door, the three men found themselves withdrawing to Professor Cammett's study on the second floor, while Marian in the library waited—with more apprehension than she would have confessed to anyone—to put to the test this young man she wished to find so fine.

x

VON UTRECHT, coming to the door, had been met by the police officer still on duty there; had asked to see Burris, and had been required to wait while Marian sent the others upstairs. When he was presently admitted, the policeman at the same time having been dismissed by the district attorney and permitted to depart, Von Utrecht came into the library expecting to find Burris, or perhaps the four, waiting for him there. Discovering only Marian, he looked about the room in faint surprise; and he said alertly, "Where's Burris? He agreed to see me at one, Marian."

"He's upstairs, Von," she told him.

The young man, professionally on guard against subterfuge or evasion, asked instinctively, "Hasn't slipped out the back way, has he?" At her reproachful exclamation, he caught himself and apologized. "Sorry," he said good-humoredly, "but this is my busy day. The Pane story has come to a head and I've got to get it in time for an afternoon edition."

"I want to talk to you," she told him.

"I always want to talk to you, Marian," he agreed, "but I've got to see Burris now. Tell him I'm here, will you?"

"He knows you're here, Von," she explained. "I arranged with him that I should talk to you instead."

The young man looked at her alertly. "What's happened, Marian?" he demanded.

"I want to talk over the situation with you, Von," she confessed. "We want your advice. I'm going to tell you how things stand." She hesitated; and she watched him apprehensively as she added in a tone awkwardly diffident, "Confidentially, Von."

He looked at her shrewdly. "You're going to tell me what has happened?" And at the assent in her eyes he spoke quickly. "Wait a minute, Marian." He hesitated, choosing his words. "You see," he explained, "I'm a reporter. First and last. It's my business to get the news, and to print it. Whatever has happened, I'm bound to find it out sooner or later, whether you tell me or not. So—I can't promise you anything, Marian. I can't promise not to print what you tell me."

"This is—personal, Von," she suggested.

"I've been square with you all through this thing," he reminded her. "I've printed nothing without telling you in advance—without your permission. I'll agree not to print anything you say without your permission, Marian." But he added, smiling frankly, "You ought to know, though, that I'll be able to show you that you ought to give me that permission. All the facts in this have to come out, have to be printed. You'll see that."

She hesitated, uncertain what to do. But by this time there was only one consideration paramount in her mind; she was moved only by an eagerness to give Von Utrecht a chance to display those qualities which had been so evident in the reactions of the other three men a short time before. What happened to Mrs. Pane, or to Professor Pane, or even to Walter Burris was no longer so important to her as this—that Von Utrecht should justify her faith in him. So at last, requiring from him no promise at all, she said steadily:

"I'm going to tell you, Von. I'm counting on your being able to advise us. Counting on you to show us the best thing to do."

"I'll tell you what I honestly think," he said definitely.

"This is what has happened," she told him briefly. "Mrs. Pane isn't dead."

He nodded. "I've known that," he agreed.

"How?" she asked, bewildered.

"We found she'd drawn out all her money and securities. That meant she planned to skip. Run away."

"But you've been crying out that she was murdered," she protested.

"We've been printing the facts that were public property," he corrected her. "Letting people draw their own conclusions. We couldn't print this. Got hold of it in confidence. You can't abuse a confidence in my business, Marian."

"Do you know where she is?" she asked. He shook his head. "She's—run away with a man," she said slowly.

"Who?" he asked.

Marian shook her head. "I don't know. Walter knows. They sailed for China yesterday or today. Together."

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

"There was a chap she saw socially," Von Utrecht said with quick understanding. "A surgeon. He'd been here studying, attending clinics, and so on. He's just gone to China. We had some hints that they were secretly together a good deal." His eyes clouded with thought, he was for a moment silent, then cried swiftly, "That's where the bones came from!"

She felt faintly astonished by the swiftness of his understanding, by the way in which his thoughts outran hers. She could only say faintly, "Oh!"

"I see it now!" he cried half to himself. "Mrs. Pane hated the professor. She, or this surgeon chap, planted the bones in the furnace just to make things look bad for him. Probably she hoped he'd be jailed for murder"

"No, no!" She clung to a single fact. "Walter says she couldn't have meant that, because she telegraphed Professor Pane this morning and the telegram would have cleared him."

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Some horrible jest!" Marian said uncertainly, and he interrupted her.

"Never mind. I can get a copy of the telegram. What a story! Her disappearing was big enough. Running away with another man was bigger. But playing this rotten joke on the professor! There's a big yarn. That'll go all over the country, girl"

His eyes were burning with professional enthusiasm and he moved toward the door, eager to be away. But Marian caught quickly at his arm. "Wait, Von," she insisted.

"I've got to get this into the office," he reminded her, "or the morning papers will take all the meat out of it." He chuckled with delight. "You know, this story has given me a great boost, Marian," he confessed. "I got a ten-dollar raise this week, and when I spring the final wind-up this afternoon I can have anything I want in this man's town."

She said in a low voice, watching him doubtfully, "But, Von, I don't want you to—spring it."

He shook his head impatiently. "You don't understand these things, Marian. This is a big story."

"I didn't tell you that you could print it," she protested.

"I told you I'd get it anyway," he reminded her. "You've made it easier for me and I'm mighty grateful." His tone became affectionate. "You know that, Marian. You know I appreciate it."

"But, Von," she insisted. "Von—I don't want you to print it."

He perceived with quick impatience that he must placate her; and the young man glanced at his watch with a swift unconscious gesture before he reached out and caught both her hands.

"All right, girl," he said quickly. "What's the trouble? You've got a kink in your mind on this. Tell me about it and I'll straighten you out."

At his gentler tone, her eager hope sprang to life again. She made no move to disengage her hands; said swiftly:

"Why, you see, Von, this is the way of it. Professor Pane doesn't want the truth printed because it will—will disgrace Mrs. Pane. He doesn't want that." She smiled faintly. "He says it would make her unhappy," she confessed. "Oh, I know he's absurd; but he's so fond of her, Von. So we've got to protect her for his sake."

He laughed, shaking his head. "Can't do that, Marian," he urged. "She deserves all she'll get. Treating him as she has."

"Walter offered to just hush up the whole thing," she continued, "but if he does that it will make him lose the nomination for Congress ——"

"You bet it will," Von Utrecht agreed. "End his chances just like snapping your fingers."

"So what I thought you could do," she explained, "was plan some way to protect Mrs. Pane and at the same time help out Walter. You can, can't you, Von?" She added quickly, "Professor Pane doesn't care what you say about him."

"The poor old coot!" he said humorously.

"He's had such a hard time," she reminded him.

He nodded abstractedly. "These things always come back on someone," he agreed.

"The papers have treated him terribly," she continued, "but he's willing you should say anything you want about him to protect her and Walter."

He asked shrewdly, "You're pretty anxious I should look out for Burris? My paper's against him, you know. They'll twist anything they can to hurt his chances."

"I thought you could," she confessed.

He shook his head, and said quickly, "You might as well face it, Marian. The simplest way is to tell the truth—the whole business." He added persuasively: "See what will happen. Mrs. Pane will get what's coming to her, but she doesn't deserve any sympathy. But Professor Pane will come out all right, and Burris won't have to worry." He chuckled. "You can't expect him to indict a man for murder if the dead woman comes to life. We've been riding him pretty hard on that too. Tough on him in a way, but that's politics."

She was beginning to think more clearly; and though she was full of an increasing sadness, the sadness that often comes with unclouded vision, yet her voice was gentle as she answered.

"But, Von," she reminded him, "aren't you particularly anxious to print this because it will be such a feather in your cap?"

He said argumentatively, "It's news, and someone's going to print it, Marian." But he added honestly, "Of course I want to beat the town on the story. It's money in my pocket, and a reputation. Outsiders won't know anything about it, but the fellows on the inside will know I beat the world." His eyes glowed. "It'll set me for life, Marian, if I want to stay in the newspaper game."

She shook her head. "I don't know how to put just what I mean, Von. But—I counted on you to help us, to think of us first and of—the paper last."

He smiled. "The paper is my—my first obligation, Marian. Remember that line about loving honor more."

"I can't argue with you," she confessed.

"Of course you can't," he agreed. "You feel this strongly, and you talk the way you feel. But I'm looking at it coolly, Marian." He hesitated. "Look here," he added. "Did Burris say I could do this for you?"

She shook her head. "He said I was asking too much," she confessed. "He said you couldn't agree not to print the facts. That you'd feel your first duty was to the paper."

"It's really to the public, Marian," he urged. "Not just the paper. The public has a right to know."

"Why?" she insisted. "What does it matter to them? It's just—dirt for them to play in."

He laughed impatiently. "Don't throw rocks at me, girl," he protested. "It's my profession. And I'm not ashamed of it."

"I don't want you to be ashamed of it," she conceded. "I—I don't know exactly what I want. But it seems to me there's a point where your duty is—to yourself."

"The best thing I can do for myself is to beat the town on this yarn," he said flatly. "You can't deny that."

"Walter was willing to—give up his ambition in order to protect Professor Pane," she protested uncertainly, groping for solid ground.

"Willing to throw down the public, the people that elected him," he reminded her. "Willing to use his official power and influence for private ends. Willing to prostitute ——"

She interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"I know," she agreed. "I know how you hate that. But—I've always felt there's a personal honor. Loyalty to your friends, perhaps. Something that comes first."

He looked at his watch again and an exclamation burst from him. "Lord, it's getting late. Marian, where's Burris? I want a word from him."

"You're going to print the story?" she asked faintly.

"Somebody's going to print it," he reminded her in a tone full of irritation. "Be reasonable, Marian. It might as well be me. And if someone's going to get the credit I ought to have it. Sure I'm going to print the story." He saw her steady eyes, and he protested quickly, "Now don't look like that. Unless you've got something to say"

"There's nothing I can say, I suppose," she said wearily. "Nothing I can put into words."

"It's just a quibble, Marian," he cried, his cheeks abruptly flushing in spite of himself. "You'll see it my way tomorrow."

"No, not just a quibble," she answered steadily, "but—a fine point if you will."

And before he could reply she turned away and went toward the stairs. He watched her go, looking at his watch again. From the lower step she called to him, "I'll send Walter down."

"That's the girl!" he approved. "Make it fast as you can."

In the short passage up the stairs she found her thoughts clarifying; found herself able to perceive the fine point that had been clouded heretofore. The fine point that distinguished these two men. The one ready to sacrifice himself and all he hoped to be for the sake of serving ancient friends; the other making those friends the instruments, at any cost, of his own success.

And when she came to the door of her father's study and called Burris into the hall, it seemed to her that she saw him with new eyes.

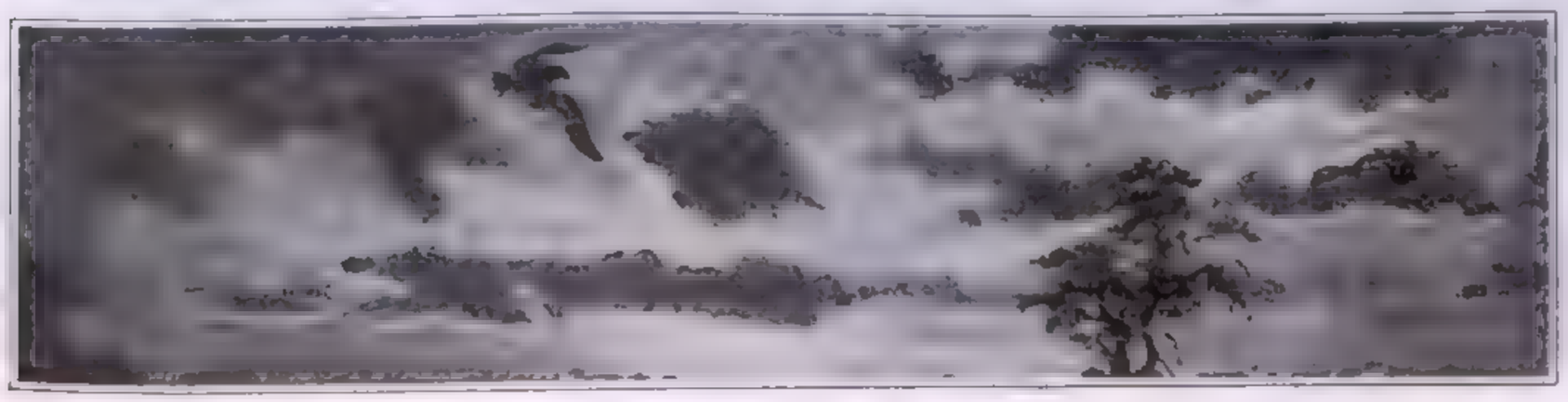
"Von wants to see you for a moment," she said softly.

He perceived the sadness in her; and he urged, "Don't be hard on him, Marian."

She smiled a little, shaking her head. "But when he's gone, Walter," she added, "I want to see you too."

They said no more then, but her eyes followed him proudly as he went down the stairs.

(THE END)



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STUDEBAKER

OUR FIRST BEST-SELLER

By WILL PAYNE

THE man who was to make a greater stir with a pen than any other American writer before or since, landed in Philadelphia the last day of November, 1774. He was then thirty-eight years old. He had very little money and no reputation, never having written a line for publication in his life. Moreover, he had no particular intention of writing a line for publication. His ambition was to procure a modest job that would provide food and lodging.

His hope of accomplishing this worthy ambition was mainly founded upon the following letter from Benjamin Franklin, in London, to his son-in-law, Richard Bache, in Philadelphia:

> The bearer, Mr. Thomas Paine, is very well recommended to me as an ingenious, worthy young man. He goes to Pennsylvania with a view of settling there. I request you to give him your best advice and countenance, as he is a stranger there. If you can put him in the way of obtaining employment as a clerk, or assistant tutor in a school, or assistant surveyor, of all of which I think him very capable, so that he may procure a subsistence at least until he obtains a knowledge of the country, you will do well and much oblige your affectionate father.

The bearer of this letter was born at Thetford, England, of the conventional poor but honest parents. The only noteworthy difference between them and several million other poor but honest folk was that they were Quakers. Thetford then contained 2000 inhabitants and sent two members to the House of Commons, both of whom were named and owned by the Duke of Grafton.

There is no particular record of Tom Paine's boyhood. He first emerges from the obscurity of his early years at the age of about eighteen. For imaginative English youths at that time, privateering no doubt had the double glamour of hunting Indians and prospecting for gold. Young Paine decided to try it. The ship he chose was the Terrible and its commander was the famous privateer with the appropriate name, Captain Death. It appears that the volunteer got aboard the vessel, but before it sailed his father intervened. What persuasions he used we do not know; but certainly privateering—especially on the Terrible under Captain Death—could not well be reconciled with Quaker principles. The elder Paine took his son home. Next year, however, Thomas did actually sail on the privateer King of Prussia. The voyage appears to have been uneventful and unprofitable, for in the same year we find him apprenticed to a stay maker in London.

The Ex-Exciseman

CORSETS, it should be remembered, were then worn by gentlemen of fashion as well as by ladies, so stay making hardly had the effeminate flavor which would now attach to it. Yet the contrast to Captain Death's gory deck must have been considerable. For two years young Paine continued a stay maker's apprentice. It is certain that then, as before and ever after, he read much and studied scientific subjects with avidity, joining an amateur society in London and attending lectures.

At twenty-two we find him employed by a stay maker in Dover, and at twenty-three setting up on his own account as a master stay maker in Sandwich, Kent. Also in that year he married Mary Lambert, an orphan waiting woman to the wife of a woolen draper. The stay-making venture did not thrive. He moved to Margate and there, a year after the marriage, his wife died.

His father-in-law had been an exciseman and young Paine now turned to that calling. Posting himself on the simple technic of the profession, he returned to Thetford and after about a year procured appointment as a supernumerary excise officer. Another year elapsed before he was given a job with a salary, being then appointed to gauge brewers' casks at Grantham. Presumably he gave a good account of himself, for two years later he was appointed to watch for smugglers at Alford.

A picture of an exciseman of that period shows the subject carrying a long stick, or staff, with an ink bottle dangling from his buttonhole. In some such guise Alford beheld a wiry, rather undersized young man, who doubtless even then had the mercurial temperament which runs to extremes of optimism and depression.

The tax on spirits was one pound a gallon, and in English seacoast districts an excise officer was about as popular as a prohibition-enforcement agent at a wet road house. The simple population mostly sympathized with the smugglers, and an exciseman who was offensively vigilant stood a fair chance of being discovered some morning under a hedge in a mussy, uninteresting condition.

The salary was fifty pounds a year, but a statement drawn up by Paine at a somewhat later date shows various deductions, so he reckoned the net income at only thirty-two pounds. He was far more interested in science and in books generally than in excising. Moreover, he was of a sociable disposition and by no means indifferent to popularity, which was not to be won in that locality by pernicious activity in collecting the king's taxes on liquor. In fine, at the age of twenty-seven, he was discharged for neglect of duties.

He again supported himself as a journeyman stay maker, and how unsatisfactory were the rewards of that vocation may be judged from the fact that he worked diligently to get reinstated in the excise service. Within a year he was reinstated; but only as a supernumerary with no salary. Meanwhile to what good purpose he had striven to educate himself is shown by his appointment as a teacher of English in a rural academy. In this period he also preached at times, although, of course, without orders.

At the age of thirty he was appointed excise officer at Lewes, Sussex, which was scandalously addicted to smuggling. After three years of that he married Elizabeth Ollive, described as the daughter of a very respectable citizen with whom the exciseman lodged, and ten years younger than the bridegroom. A year later we have proof that he was regarded with much respect by his fellow excisemen, for they selected him to draw up and present to Parliament a petition for better salaries. He thus passed the winter of 1772–3 in London, where he made several highly desirable acquaintances, among them Oliver Goldsmith and Benjamin Franklin. His interest in science would, of course, have recommended him to the great Philadelphian.

Philadelphia the Frivolous

THE excisemen got no raise in salary; but a year later their advocate got the sack. His new father-in-law was interested in a small tobacco business and it was said that Paine connived at the smuggling of tobacco. Most likely that was a slander, as the order dismissing him mentions no such cause. This order, dated April 8, 1774, reads:

> Thomas Paine, officer of Lewes Collection, having quitted his business without obtaining the Board's leave, and being gone off on account of the debts which he hath contracted, and the said Paine having been once before discharged, ordered that he be again discharged.

That a married man on a net salary of thirty-two pounds a year should have contracted debts is not very surprising. His meager goods were sold at auction and he was in danger of arrest as a debtor. This second dismissal from the excise service was a grievous blow to the young man, and three months later his wife left him. Nothing is known of her reasons for taking this step. Perhaps the fact that her husband had no goods or income was one of them.

In that dolorous situation Paine went to London. In view of his bleak prospects at home, trying his fortunes in the New World, backed by a letter of introduction from good-natured Franklin, must have looked attractive. Certainly he had no eye to a literary career; and among all the adventurers to America that year it would have been difficult to pick out one who, at the age of thirty-eight, had given less promise of future greatness. We have his own word for it that up to this time he had taken little or no interest in politics.

The Philadelphia in which Tom Paine landed was not only the largest town in America, with about 30,000 inhabitants, but by all odds the smartest, the best built and the best paved. Franklin had declared that a New Yorker could be told from a Philadelphian by the peculiar walk which he acquired in hobbling over the cobblestone hummocks that served for pavement in his benighted town; and only a few streets in New York could boast of that much improvement. Philadelphia was the seat of wealth and fashion; so much so that we find one outraged traveler complaining of the extortionate prices, while another declares that the place is given over to frivolity and debauchery.

The state of morals must have left much to be desired, for there was a movement to suppress theaters on the ground that they

Benjamin Franklin's Grave in Philadelphia, the Jesqui-Centennial City

visibly corrupted the public. Presumably the ex-exciseman contemplated the promenade of beauty and fashion on Chestnut Street, a daily show that took place as soon as the banks and counting houses closed. He must have admired the gentlemen in their heavily laced, three-cornered cocked hats, their hair in thickly powdered queues, their long bright-colored coats adorned with silver buttons, their tall canes and still taller manners. It is recorded that to salute a lady, with a proper sweep of the hat and flourish of the cane, required a clear space of several square yards on the sidewalk. Still more, we hope, he admired the ladies, in brilliant brocades and taffetas spread over hoops that projected two feet on either side, and towering hats with many feathers.

But a nearly penniless and quite unknown immigrant could have taken only a very detached interest in the exhibition. As it happened, Robert Aitken, printer and bookseller, was then preparing to launch a magazine. The first number appeared in January, 1775. Through Franklin's letter of introduction Paine was engaged as associate editor; and he was presently able to report, in a letter to a friend in England, that whereas the circulation was only 600 copies when he took a hand in the enterprise, it had risen to 1500 copies.

The first words written by Paine for publication appeared in the March, 1775, number of this Pennsylvania Magazine, in the form of an antislavery essay. Several other contributions by the associate editor are traceable, all signed Vox Populi, and the like, after the modest manner of eighteenth-century journalism. The magazine paid rather more attention to science than to politics.

Yet politics was becoming an engrossing subject. Almost a year before Paine landed in Philadelphia, Sam Adams and his Boston patriots threw the British tea into the ocean. How much American opinion was divided at the time appears from the fact that one eminent inhabitant of Massachusetts, John Adams by name, commented upon the famous tea party in his diary with an exultant "This is the most magnificent movement of all!" while another equally eminent inhabitant, Harrison Gray, wrote down his firm conviction that the perpetrators of the outrage would be punished by God "in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone."

England retorted by ordering the port of Boston closed until the contumacious town reimbursed the East India Company for the lost tea, valued at £15,000. When the carriage of goods of all sorts was mostly by water, closing the port was a very decided hardship. Boston appealed to the other Colonies, and in September, 1774, the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia. The month after Paine's antislavery essay appeared in type Paul Revere rode out of Boston to warn the countryside, and next day, at Lexington, a volley from the redcoats killed eight Americans. The second Continental Congress met the following month, and in June, 1775, the action at Bunker Hill was fought.

Americans were recruiting and drilling troops, gathering munitions and fighting the king's soldiers; but American opinion was still very much at sea. Three months after the Battle of Bunker Hill, North Carolina formally instructed its delegates in Congress to vote against separation from England. In December, 1775, and January, 1776, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Maryland also gave instructions against separation. After actual fighting began, men of such diverse tempers as Washington and Jefferson clung to the hope of a reconciliation with England.

Responsible for Our Independence

IN THIS confused state of affairs, Thomas Paine—a novice at authorship, who had never shown any special interest in politics and who had been on American soil hardly more than a year—sat down to write a pamphlet urging the colonists to separate from England and establish an independent republican government. His own employer, Aitken, did not care to take the responsibility for so bold a challenge, but Doctor Rush helped the author to find another printer, a Scotchman; and a Philadelphia newspaper of January 10, 1776, carried the following advertisement:

> This day was published and is now selling by Robert Bell in Third Street, price two shillings, Common Sense, addressed to the inhabitants of North America.

Certainly no other political essay in America, and perhaps none in any other country, ever had so great and immediate a success. Writing to a friend three months later, the author said, "The book was turned upon the world like an orphan to shift for itself. No plan was formed to support it." Yet at that time 120,000 copies had been sold at two shillings. Moncure Conway, who wrote a life of Paine, opined that the final sale may have reached 500,000 copies. Remembering that two shillings was quite a chunk of money in those times, that the white population of the Thirteen Colonies seven years later was only 2,389,300, and that means of communication were very poor, even half the number of copies mentioned by Conway was an enormous sale—10 per cent of the total population, or equal to a sale of 11,000,000 now.

The little pamphlet not only sold but carried conviction. Soon after its publication Lee wrote to Washington, "Have you seen the pamphlet Common Sense? I never saw such a masterly, irresistible performance. . . . In short, I own myself convinced by its arguments of the necessity of separation." That might have been echoed by thousands. Paine's pamphlet was the right word at the right moment. It cast the die for many who had been undecided.

The British had burned Norfolk and Falmouth that winter. January thirty-first, Washington wrote to Joseph Reed:

> A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable arguments contained in the pamphlet Common Sense will not leave numbers at loss to decide on the propriety of separation.

Later on Edmund Randolph ascribed American independence first to George III, but next to Thomas Paine. The pamphlet, of course, appeared anonymously. That it was quite generally attributed to Franklin gives one measure of the effect it produced.

Fame Without Fortune

LOOKING over the booklet nowadays, when separation from England and a republican form of government are taken for granted, we naturally see nothing to get excited about; but its attractive style may be judged by some of the prefatory sentences:

> Society is produced by our wants and government by our wickedness. The former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections, the latter negatively by restraining our vices. Society in every state is a blessing, but government in the best state is but a necessary evil. . . . Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of Paradise. . . .
>
> There is something exceedingly ridiculous in the composition of a monarchy; it first excludes a man from the means of information, yet empowers him to act in cases where the highest judgment is required. The state of a king shuts him from the world, yet the business of a king requires him to know it thoroughly. . . .
>
> The fate of Charles I hath only made kings more subtle, not more just. . . .
>
> The heathen paid divine honors to their deceased kings and the Christian world hath improved upon the plan by doing the same to their living ones.

Paine anticipates the Declaration of Independence—but repeats what had often been said before—by declaring that "mankind was originally equal in the order of creation. . . . Male and female are the distinctions of Nature, good and bad the distinctions of Heaven," and only corrupt human institutions caused the distinction of king and subject. He calls the British Government, with its blend of monarchial and democratic elements, "A house divided against itself." Again, "But Great Britain is the parent country, some say. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families."

A labored Scriptural explanation of how the Jews fell under the domination of kings for their sins probably carried more weight in that age than it would now, and Paine's suggestions as to the constitution of the new government bore no fruit. But above all, the little book was written with the burning conviction of a thoroughgoing radical. As the author viewed it, not only the happiness of the Colonies but the whole cause of human freedom was bound up in separation from England and a republican form of government. The exhortation closes:

> Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth. Every spot of the world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O, receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind!

No name being attached to the pamphlet, Paine did not exactly, like Byron, wake up one morning and find himself famous. But as the authorship became known public applause and the consideration of leading men came to him. The fame, however, was not linked with fortune. In a fine disinterested fervor, he had assigned his copyright to the cause of freedom, royalties accruing from the sale of the pamphlet to be paid over to support the war for independence. The sum thus realized was, finally, disappointing and Paine's friends accused the printer of holding out on him. But no author was ever fully satisfied about his royalties. It is quite in keeping that the first best-seller, like the last, should entertain dark suspicions of his publisher.

Paine was famous, but still assistant editor of the Pennsylvania Magazine at fifty pounds a year when the Declaration of Independence was signed. As written by Jefferson, it contained a clause attacking the slave trade—afterward stricken out on the objection of slave states. Authorship of this clause has been claimed for Paine, who was then on a very friendly footing with Jefferson. However that may be, once the Declaration was signed, the assistant editor threw up his job, shouldered a musket and enlisted for the war, serving under Nathanael Greene at Fort Lee and elsewhere.

But he had a better weapon than his musket. It seemed doubtful that the ill-armed, ill-clothed, ill-fed army under Washington could maintain itself in the field. While still soldiering by day—often writing by the camp fire at night—Paine began a series of essays under the general title, The Crises. The first of them starts with the phrase, long since worn threadbare and relegated to the rag bag, "These are the times that try men's souls." In short, he became the chief propagandist of the patriot cause, and rendered services whose great value Washington and others heartily acknowledged. His strictly military experiences were not noteworthy.

By December, 1776, Franklin had reached Paris with the hope of enlisting French aid. The following April Congress appointed a committee of foreign affairs and made Paine its secretary, so that he may fairly be regarded as our first Secretary of State. The archives were contained mainly in a certain wooden chest, which the secretary lugged around with him, for he spent part of his time with the Army. And not overburdened with official foreign correspondence, he continued to issue his stirring Crises papers.

When the British left Philadelphia in 1778 Paine returned there, where the social atmosphere would appear to have been none too stimulating, for Gérard, the French minister, was writing to his government, "Scarcely one-fourth of the inhabitants of this city now here favor the cause of independence. . . . The same feeling exists in Boston and New York, which is not the case in the rural districts." Presumably the French minister formed his impressions mainly from the rich or well-to-do class.

Paine was still bare of cash, but a celebrity, holding an important public office and enjoying the friendship of men he cared most about—a great transformation of fortunes in the span of two years. But he encountered a grievous setback, which involves one of the oddest of all the minor stories of the Revolution.

About the time Thomas Paine was receiving his second discharge from the excise service an enterprising blackmailer, domiciled in London, prepared a memoir of Madame Du Barry, who then reigned over the French court and country by grace of the old and decayed Louis XV. Madame's mother, the only one of her parents about whom anything certain was known, had been very poor, but not much troubled by honesty. Madame's youth had been not only excessively scandalous but very vulgar. Her illustrious—and envious—companions at Versailles were used enough to scandal, but vulgarity they could not endure. The blackmailer's pamphlet if circulated in France would have been very annoying to madame, so the king undertook to suppress it. For that purpose he employed Beaumarchais, forever famous as the author of the Barber of Seville and the Marriage of Figaro, who was at the moment out of luck and out of favor.

A Convert to the Colonies' Cause

WITH few men did luck ever play so bewildering a game. Son of a watchmaker named Caron, born over his father's shop in the Rue St. Denis, he was rich, famous and in the center of the intensely aristocratic French court at a time of life when most men are only getting fairly settled in a career. His wit, engaging manners and matchless nerve well suited him for the king's delicate errand. He succeeded at it, and returned to Paris to claim the rich reward that had been promised. But the king died in a week, leaving Beaumarchais empty handed again. Moreover, Du Barry was promptly banished from Paris, and the new queen, who was the man of the royal house, disliked the witty, audacious playwright almost as much as she did the scandalous favorite.

But by another stroke of Beaumarchais luck—which almost looks as though it had been stage managed by the master hand—another blackmail was launched from London against Marie Antoinette. The queen had no such reasons as Du Barry for concealing her past, but she was very unpopular at court. Finally Beaumarchais was again employed to go to London and deal with the blackmailer. His adventures on that errand—if one may trust his own account, which is rather doubtful—read more like extravaganza than anything in his own plays. But on these two visits to London, during which he shone in the best society, Beaumarchais became much interested in the quarrel with the American colonists and conceived a genuine enthusiasm for the latter's cause.

(Continued on Page 70)

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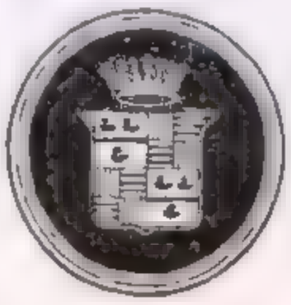

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(Continued from Page 68)

Returning to Paris, he importuned Louis XVI to aid the Americans. As usual, his adroit persistence won. England and France were then at peace, so any aid extended by the French king to the rebellious Americans would have to be secret. In short, Louis loaned Beaumarchais 1,000,000 livres. The Spanish court, where the playwright had friends, advanced a smaller sum. Beaumarchais contributed his own capital and credit, and organized the firm of Roderigue Hortales & Company, ostensibly as a commercial venture to trade with the Indies.

No doubt Beaumarchais knew his French court. Besides, he had long been a daring speculator on his own account and accustomed to keeping an eye on the main chance. So this aid to the Americans was not to be pure philanthropy. On the contrary, powder was to be bought in France at one price and invoiced to the colonists at four times as much, they to pay for the supplies with tobacco, rice and indigo.

All the same, the guns, powder and other munitions which Beaumarchais shipped to America in the critical days of 1776 and 1777 were a very valuable aid in the war for independence. The playwright employed forty ships in this enterprise, one of them, to act as convoy, mounting sixty-six large and thirty-three small guns.

Of course, the English minister at Paris got wind of the affair and protested, more than once, to the French Government; and, of course, the French Government solemnly lied about it in the most approved diplomatic fashion, denying that it had anything to do with the shipments.

The business was arranged in Paris between Beaumarchais and Silas Deane, one of the American envoys. Unfortunately, Deane and Arthur Lee, another American envoy, failed to appreciate each other. Unfortunately, also, Deane's accounts were in a muddled state. He seems to have been a muddled person. The French Government played a crooked game on both sides, giving the impression in Philadelphia that the munitions were a gift from Louis XVI. A statement to that effect was in the hands of Paine, as secretary to the committee on foreign affairs.

Out of Office Again

Deane, who knew the facts, returned to America and supported Beaumarchais' claim for payment. Paine regarded this as an impudent attempt to rob the Colonies; and in the heat and fury of a newspaper controversy with Deane, he spilled the beans by declaring that the munitions were a gift from France. As France's solemn declaration to the contrary was in England's possession, this statement by the secretary to the committee of foreign affairs caused a very unpleasant commotion, for even kings hate to be caught red-handed in a lie when a little discretion might have avoided it.

Gérard, the French minister at Philadelphia, protested. Congress, banking heavily on the French connection, was greatly disturbed. In the general exasperation there was a desire all around to give the indiscreet secretary the boot. His statement had been signed Common Sense, but everyone knew who that was. He was called before Congress and required to say whether or not he wrote the statement. He admitted that he had written it, and at once resigned his office.

This loss of the secretaryship left Paine not only under a heavy cloud of disfavor but in sore financial straits. He had written some eighteen Crises papers. They had been widely circulated, and their importance in heartening the beset patriots is testified to by unimpeachable witnesses. But with another fine gesture the author had assigned his copyright in the pamphlets to the cause of liberty. Thus while he was far and away the most popular writer of the time, his pen had not, directly, brought him a penny.

He was constrained to accept an ordinary and meagerly paid clerkship in the law office of Owen Biddle. A convivial party of distinguished citizens, meeting him by chance in the street one night, recognized him and jovially threw him into the gutter. His brief sun of good fortune seemed to have set. But the struggle with England was going on. Men could not long forget what he had contributed to it, and the most popular pen in America was not an asset to be despised. In November, 1779, the Pennsylvania Assembly elected him its clerk. He wrote other Crises papers. His favor with the public returned. The University of Pennsylvania celebrated Independence Day, 1780, by conferring the degree of M.A. on the author of Common Sense and the Crises.

A Lion With Empty Paunch

In February, 1782, Robert Morris, Robert Livingston and George Washington signed a most interesting private memorial to Congress. This document mentions the grave posture of public affairs and the necessity of informing the public thereon and arousing it to action. It mentions also the abilities of Mr. Thomas Paine as a writer and the services which he has already rendered to the cause of liberty. It recommends that Congress employ Mr. Paine at a salary of $800 a year, to be paid out of moneys allowed for secret service, "the subscribers being of opinion that a salary publicly and avowedly given for the above purpose would injure the effect of Mr. Paine's publications and subject him to injurious personal reflections."

Other times, other manners. We do it differently now, and the above is chiefly interesting because some years later Paine taunted Edmund Burke with being a secret pensioner of his government. But the war had been won and the country expanded in jubilation. Paine rode on the tide, receiving a due share of applause and public attention. Of course, in those simple times, nothing like the hysterical adulation which is now accorded a popular moving-picture star could be expected; but in soberer Colonial style, he was a literary lion.

Literary lionship, however, butters no parsnips. A number of much-deserving men, including Washington, heartily wished to see something of a more material nature done for one who seemed rather pathetically incapable of doing anything of that nature for himself. We may be sure that if the famous author of Common Sense had been blessed with a little of Franklin's strain of that quality, he would simply have kept the author's royalties to which he was perfectly entitled from every point of view. By now, with the huge circulation of his writings, those royalties would have put him far beyond want. He had, however, given away his copyrights—and been obliged to borrow money for a pair of boots.

In September, 1783, Washington was entertaining members of Congress and other notables. He invited Paine to join the company, writing, "Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them, command me freely." The general subscribes himself, "one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your work."

Congress, true to form even so early in its career, was slow to act. But next year the New York legislature presented Paine with 227 acres at New Rochelle, the same being the confiscated estate of one Devoe, a Tory. Washington and others urged Virginia to follow this admirable example, and two bills for that purpose were introduced; but finally both were lost. Pennsylvania, however, voted Paine £500; and at long length—in May, 1785—Congress granted him $3000 in recognition of his services to the Revolution.

These public grants—and the failure to obtain one in Virginia—were, of course, attended with much petitioning, buttonholing, cajoling, debating and voting. Altogether they must have furnished considerable humiliation. Paine, however, now had a competence, and much fame. Meanwhile he had bought a small place at Bordentown, New Jersey, where he resided much of the time.

Eleven years had passed since he landed in Philadelphia, as poor and obscure as the next immigrant. He was near fifty years old, and might most reasonably have expected to finish his life in material comfort and highly respected leisure. That his native bent was not literary is indicated by the use to which he put his new economic freedom and release from public affairs. Instead of sitting down to compose a history of the Revolution, as Franklin had recommended, he busied himself inventing an iron bridge that could be thrown across a stream on an arch and thus leave the current free for navigation.

He completed the model in 1786 and sailed in April next year for France, with no other purpose than to sell his invention, enjoy the sights of the capital and return to the tranquillity of Bordentown within a twelvemonth. In fact, the sojourn covered fifteen years whose dramatic vicissitudes much excelled his American record. As the ex-exciseman landed in Philadelphia with the idea of getting a modest job and found himself in the lap of a revolution, so the bridge inventor, landing in France on a simple business mission, fell into another and more momentous social convulsion.

The French Revolution had not quite begun, but the ideas which Paine had expressed in America were all the fashion, and he was received with the honors due a distinguished guest. Jefferson, already his friend, was American minister at Paris Lafayette was there. Paine was at once introduced to their friends. And he was showing the model of his invention to the Academy of Science; then going to London, where an American merchant formed a partnership with him to build an actual iron bridge at Paddington Green; where, also, he was entertained by and on more or less familiar terms with the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Burke, Fox, Benjamin West, the painter, and other top liners.

But building an iron bridge 110 feet long was an arduous undertaking in those days, and consumed much time. We find Paine making journeys to Paris and returning to look after the progress of the structure. Meanwhile the States General met, May, 1789. The following July an enthusiastic Paris mob stormed and demolished the Bastille. Lafayette gave the key of the prison to Thomas Paine as the most fitting person to convey it to George Washington. More to the point, for our purpose, Edmund Burke published his famous Reflections on the Revolution in France.

Crossing Pens With Burke

Burke had ardently supported the rebellious American colonists and Paine had a great admiration for him. To anybody of Paine's thoroughgoing radical temperament it was, of course, intolerable that a man should approve one revolution and disapprove another, for to a genuine radical all revolutions are equally admirable.

Burke's attack on France stung Paine back into polemical literature. He sat down to compose the first part of the Rights of Man, which reaffirmed his republican sentiments. George III had been beaten in the American war, but he was still as ticklish about kingly dignity, in his own person and in the persons of his august ancestors, as unregenerate monarchs ever have been. Paine pointed out, among many other things, that nothing could have been more absurd than for Englishmen to send over to Hanover and import kings who understood neither the language, laws nor needs of England and "whose natural capacities would scarcely have fitted them for the office of parish constable."

Quite naturally then he found himself described in a formidable legal document as a "wicked, seditious and ill-disposed person, greatly disaffected to our Sovereign

(Continued on Page 72)

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Watch This Column

JULES VERNE'S "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

Years ago the powerful stage-play *"MICHAEL STROGOFF"* from Jules Verne's thrilling novel, created a sensation throughout the country and was pronounced one of the greatest melodramas ever written. The only thing that prevented it from becoming really great in all respects was the limitation of the stage and its inability to accommodate effective scenery.

UNIVERSAL now announces the screen production of this great story and it becomes doubly strong because of the vast open-air spaces representing the country in and around Siberia where much of the action is laid. In other words, Nature supplies in picture all that the stage-play lacked. I think the production will meet with world-wide popularity.

A formidable rebellion threatens to wrest the Siberian provinces from the Russian Crown. A Colonel Ogareff, degraded in rank and exiled by the Grand Duke, plots with Tartar chiefs to destroy the Grand Duke. The Czar sends a special and trusted messenger, Captain Michael Strogoff, to deliver a letter of warning to his brother, the Grand Duke, and it is around the Courier's adventures in the Siberian wilds that the play is written. It is most picturesque, dramatic and thrilling throughout.

This is a UNIVERSAL FILM DE FRANCE TRIUMPH and is cast with exceptional players. The story was written by Jules Verne, author of that celebrated classic "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" and this fact in itself is enough to warrant an evening of most unusual entertainment. Thousands of members of the Latvian Army actually took part in the battle scenes which were laid in the actual territory in Siberia.

Permit me again to recommend heartily UNIVERSAL'S great play reproducing Custer's last battle with the Sioux and entitled *"The Flaming Frontier,"* featuring HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM and ANNE CORNWALL. Also *"The Midnight Sun,"* featuring LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE. And keep an eye open for some important announcement regarding REGINALD DENNY'S first Special Picture, *"Take It From Me,"* a William A. Seiter production.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 70)

Lord the King," and who "with force and arms" had committed a seditious libel. Paine duly presented himself in court for trial, but the case was put over till December. Meanwhile the Rights of Man was promptly translated into French and enjoying a great vogue across the Channel. So in August, 1792, the National Assembly made Thomas Paine and several other distinguished foreigners citizens of France.

Mirabeau had died more than a year before, and thereby the Revolution had lost its best head. On one of Paine's trips to Paris, Lafayette had "come bursting into his bedroom" breathless with news that the king and queen had fled. Paine had very sensibly replied that it was good riddance and he hoped there would be no attempt to bring them back. But they had been brought back as prisoners. The Revolution was swiftly drifting to the Left. Three departments of France elected Thomas Paine as their representative in the National Assembly. He chose to sit for Calais. That ancient town put on gala dress to receive him when he landed from England. Salutes were fired, fêtes were held, and the new member departed for Paris in a blaze of glory.

There he was promptly made a member of the committee to draft a new constitution. But the Revolution was getting redder. Moderate Lafayette was chased out of the country. Paine's glory in this connection is not in the fireworks at Calais, but in the fact that he fought valiantly to the last to save the king's life when that was an unpopular cause. Louis was brought to trial December eleventh. The temperature of the Assembly steadily rose, and the tumult inside and out. In a body where oratory played so large a part, the American member was heavily handicapped by ignorance of the French language. We have a last riotous scene, in which Paine strove to make himself heard on the side of mercy through an interpreter, until Marat passionately interrupted, declaring that the speaker was not giving the true words of Thomas Paine. The death sentence was carried.

While Paine was absorbed in this crimson drama, his friends in England were busy preparing his defense to the charge of treason. It was not only his personal friends. Twenty-odd years before, the case of John Wilkes had developed a memorable fight for the right of free speech, so called. Many men of liberal minds were ready to support Paine in the same general cause. Able counsel was retained for him, and Erskine, probably the greatest lawyer of the time, undertook the management of the case.

Adding Insult to Injury

Paine was too busy in Paris to appear personally at the trial, which was set for December eighteenth—just a week after Louis XVI was arraigned. But it was hardly in his disposition to let the matter alone. Without consulting anyone, he sent off a letter to the attorney general of England. Its tenor may be judged from a paragraph in which Paine referred to the male members of the royal house of England as "Mr. Guelph and his profligate sons." Of course the attorney general sprang this letter at the trial. Erskine affected to believe it a forgery; but nobody else did, and it blew the carefully prepared defense through the roof. Paine was pronounced guilty and outlawed.

But the French tide was running almost as strongly against Paine as the English. His true affiliations had been with the moderate revolutionists, who were losing ground daily. An admirer writes that "Paine, broken-hearted, sought oblivion in brandy." There is no doubt that in this dolorous period of his life, at least, he made a much too familiar acquaintance with that potent French beverage. But it hardly helped matters. Before the year was out Paine was clapped into the Luxembourg Prison.

This imprisonment again brought Paine into the orbit of another famous American revolutionist, but a man who in all other respects was about as different from the former stay maker's apprentice as could be imagined. Gouverneur Morris had heartily supported the American cause; but by birth and instincts he was an aristocrat, belonging to one of the dozen or so great landowning families of New York State which measurably reproduced on American soil the English lords of the manor. The Morrises had a huge estate at Morrisania, and their social inclinations would have run rather to the British nobility than to Sam Adams' insurgent coopers and tanners. Gouverneur's elder brother married the Duchess of Gordon and became a major general in the British Army.

Gouverneur was now American minister at Paris, enjoying that vogue in polite society and that sympathetic appreciation by fine ladies which was always accorded him everywhere. His candid diary sparkles with peeresses and even twinkles with intimate details of their boudoirs, bedrooms and baths. We catch a faint echo of American innocence in his comment that in these exalted circles "the operations of the toilet are carried on with an entire and astounding disregard to modesty."

Designs on England

Morris' general opinion of the rather unkempt, impractical and socially graceless little radical author might have been inferred from the characters of the two men. But we have other evidence. When Paine disclosed Louis XVI's part in the Beaumarchais affair, Morris was a member of the Continental Congress, and disgustedly demanded that the secretary be dismissed. Some years later he tells Jefferson that Paine's advice on a practical affair "can do him no good, for although he has an excellent pen to write, he has but an indifferent head to think." After coming to Paris he reports that some of Paine's friends "think him a little mad, which is not improbable." Later he notes that Paine seems to become "every hour more drunk with his own conceit."

No love lost there, surely. Being in prison and in danger of death, Paine claimed American citizenship; but the American minister declined to back up the claim.

Monroe succeeded Morris as minister to France, and quite promptly claimed Paine as an American citizen, whereupon the author was released, but in a dismal state physically from the fever, which still clung to him. He lived for about a year with the Monroes, slowly regaining his health. But America's failure to claim him while he lay for ten months in prison, ill and in danger, rankled in his heart. He wrote a bitter letter to Washington, and getting no reply, published a virulent attack on him. Madison noted that the neglect to aid him when in prison "has filled him with an indelible rancor against the President"

With health regained, Paine again received flattering attentions in Paris. In reaction from the Terror, his moderation as a revolutionist and his gallant effort to save the king's life told in his favor. He was now sixty years old, in possession of a secure, moderate income from his American property. But one more political adventure awaited.

In true radical fashion Paine never doubted that his republicanism was the right key to the riddle of the universe. As he now viewed mundane affairs, the corrupt and reactionary government of England was the chief obstacle to a general triumph of liberty, equality and fraternity as exemplified by the republican government of France. With characteristic ardor he threw himself into a project for striking down this bar to human happiness by a French invasion of the British Isles, which would sweep away the obnoxious monarchy and allow the fructifying tide of freedom to sweep over Europe generally.

We find him writing much to Barras on this subject, drawing up plans for the descent and in general taking the liveliest interest in it. The particular instrument for this liberating movement was to be a brilliant young general, not averse to politics, named Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon called on the author in his modest Paris lodgings and invited him to dinner; even especially invited him to accompany the French expedition against England. Paine accepted both invitations.

In the absence of any record, we can only guess at what high talk of equality, fraternity and democracy passed between these two flaming disciples of liberty at their meetings. But when Napoleon coolly dished the English expedition and set out for Egypt it was a great disappointment to his literary colleague. These last years in Paris, Paine lived with an ingenious young French journalist named Bonneville, who was as enthusiastic for liberty and equality as himself. Bonneville presently called Napoleon a tyrant and Napoleon promptly proved it by sticking him in jail. Obviously, France was no longer an asylum for the rights of man. An imperial crown was dazzling its eyes when Thomas Paine, after fifteen tempestuous years there and in England, sailed for America.

He had just finished the first part of his last noteworthy literary composition when the officers came to take him to the Luxembourg Prison. He worked on the second part, I believe, while in prison. This work is the Age of Reason, which has played a larger part in shaping Paine's reputation than it is entitled to. Long before his day in Paris, Voltaire and the Encyclopedists had attacked the church as much as they dared. The former had lived to hear that when his name was mentioned in a fashionable circle a great lady had exclaimed, "Voltaire is no better than a bigot; he believes in God!" Such was the mode even before the Revolution solemnly enthroned a fair and frail opera dancer as the new Goddess of Reason.

Of course, these fine revolutionary theological views would attract Thomas Paine. He expressed them in the Age of Reason. Except that he had become famous in another field, it is not likely that any particular attention would have been paid to this book. Some curious critic might have noted that the author resaid what various other men had been saying, only in coarser terms.

Man Without a Country

But republican brotherly love was not so flourishing when the exile returned to America. Fierce political factions had risen. Brother Federalists and brother Republicans were eagerly striving to cut one another's political throats. Paine's bitter attack on Washington fell into this fight, and to a great many his Age of Reason cast upon his figure a sinister glow which has persisted to this day.

Madame Bonneville and her three young children, none knowing a word of English, followed him to America, living as his guests, or wards, and thoughtlessly causing him a good deal of trouble. When her character was aspersed on account of this association with Paine, madame sued for libel and recovered damages, nor is there any reason to doubt that the verdict was just.

In 1806 Thomas Paine's vote was refused at New Rochelle on the ground that he was not an American citizen; and there was a furious little newspaper controversy in which his opponent charged him with drunkenness, debauchery and other disagreeable traits. But in view of the remarkable freedom which newspaper controversialists permitted themselves in those days, these charges probably deserve small consideration.

At eight o'clock in the morning of June 8, 1809, Paine died, leaving a name which will always be associated with the American Revolution—immortalized also as the "inspired needleman" in Carlyle's French Revolution. He was a great radical agitator, with the gift of stirring men's minds and emotions, but a sad blunderer in practical affairs.

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FOG

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now only at intervals, when discomfort dragged him from the depths of sleep and made him aware of life that was hungry and cold and weary and made altogether of pain.

Outside the shelter, the captain stood upright and rested his back against the flat plank wall. He had his hands thrust into the side pockets of his pea-jacket and he appeared oblivious of the cold. His slightly protruding eyes peered, steady and intent, into the blackness that beat against his emotionless face. He was withdrawn from his body, beyond it and above it. He was simply trying to think of nothing, trying to let time slip by him until he felt sleepy, which, strangely enough, at present he did not. He had a perfectly comfortable sensation that everything would turn out all right. Everything always did, it was his experience, unless death came, and that was all right too. It was no use worrying. That was a fact. Worry was of no earthly use. They could all only wait until the fog lifted. An hour or so later he stirred out of sheer immobility, grunted and went into the shelter.

They awoke fitfully, first starting to consciousness and then sinking to unconsciousness, to start again and eventually rise, groaning, up on one arm and view the desolate scene. It was dawn, or very soon after. The fog was growing to a dirty grayness that became paler and paler with the passing minutes. It was possible to see it curl and drift and ooze through the gap in the corner of the shelter. Moisture beaded everything. Water dripped coldly from the edges of the planking and each man's breath fanned out visibly.

The ship's boy whimpered still, hoarsely and with dry racking sobs. A man swore and drew painfully to his feet to stand in the opening and watch the fog growing lighter. Other men began to rise, their faces drawn and lined, their eyes feverish and bloodshot, hunger caving in their stomachs.

"I wish we 'ad a fire," someone complained, and someone else cursed him and told him to keep quiet.

A different mood was apparent from the day before. Everyone's nerves were on edge. There was a savage abruptness about every movement, even about the groans that were wrung from salt-cracked lips. The captain made no comment, merely rising and going outside to lean against the wall of the shelter, seeming impervious to all discomfort.

They all crowded outside and shivered in the cold. Some began to dance up and down, grotesquely flapping arms in an effort to warm up. There was nothing to do, nothing that could be done.

"I wish we 'ad a fire," came the complaint again, and there was a savage chorus of oaths. Someone brought out the fish and this time everyone managed to swallow a few morsels of the clammy meat.

The captain grunted, in an attempt to cheer them all, "Fog can't last. We'll find out where we are when it lifts."

But they all stared at him bleakly and made no comment. He went on calmly, after a silence, "Mr. Stevens, you take some of the men and get a lot of those shellfish. I'll do some more exploring. The boys can stay here and watch."

"We might find some stuff washed up," the second mate suggested, and instantly there was a brightening among the men. They fidgeted uneasily, licked their lips. The captain was unmoved.

"That's so."

The second mate picked his men and tramped off, keeping to one side of the plank pathway. The remaining men followed the captain, all except the youngsters, who remained by the shelter opening.

"We'll all croak afore we gets out of 'ere," muttered a seaman, and the French sailor muttered that the shadow of death was upon them all. The captain merely grunted. It occurred to him that that fact was extremely remote just now. The fog must lift. Thereafter they walked on in silence.

They were back again before noon, their caps and pockets filled with a sort of dark red berry they had found under some moss-like low shrubs on the top of the cliffs. There was little nutriment in them, for they appeared to be nothing but a skin containing water and seeds; but the men munched them continuously and declared they were sweetish tasting and killed the salt and fish taste in their mouths. The second mate's party was already at the shelter, gathered round a pile of miscellaneous stuff they had salvaged from the beach.

There were several loaves of sodden bread, some of them almost shreds, which had evidently escaped from the steward's pantry or the galley. There was a keg of paraffin oil, an unopened tin of fancy biscuits, seven oars, a small slab of bacon, several punctured and battered cans of corned beef, a few cans of tongue and mutton, a dozen or more oranges and apples, a cabbage, several cooking utensils scarred with the rocks, and various other odds and ends. There was also a large pile of newly gathered shellfish. The second mate had had some difficulty in stopping the men from falling on the edibles, and as it was, he suspected a great deal of such stuff they had found they had eaten without bringing it to the general pile.

The captain gathered the food together and then apportioned each a small share. It would not last long—perhaps two days—among fifteen men. But at least it would help out the raw fish. They all ate, some bolting the food hungrily, the greater number eating slowly, making each fragment last. The captain did not eat at all. It was as if such a human sensation as hunger was foreign to him. He stood motionless, solid and square, staring into the fog. He was like an old-time warrior of the Samurai, above and beyond the whirl of common matters and things.

The French sailor chattered a long prayer. The men all stared through the mistiness at him and said no word. He returned the stare with dull eyes.

The men sat in a semicircle round the captain and watched him as if expecting to read their future in that unmoved face. They leaned heavily on his calmness. But for that, they felt they might go mad. Occasionally one would get up, dance about, flap grotesque arms and then resume his place. The captain sat with the second mate on one side and the third mate on the other. The second engineer was a little to one side and behind him.

One of the men muttered, "What'll we do next, sir?"

And the captain answered flatly, almost without interest, "Wait till the fog lifts."

They sat for nearly an hour then, with an occasional rising to dance and flap grotesque arms. The water dripped, sometimes audibly, from the edges of the shelter. The muffled thunder of the surf jarred their ears. Moisture beaded their clothes and beards, rimmed their eyelashes and hair. They muttered:

"If we 'ad a pack o' cards."

"If we 'ad a fire."

"Someone ought to know where we are."

"We ought to do something instead of sittin' 'ere."

And the captain answered, tranquil, aloof, "Wait till the fog lifts."

They stared around, peering into the whiteness and listening to the vague muttering and muffled thunder of the sea somewhere behind them and under which their steamer lay.

"Wonder if she went t' pieces."

"She couldn't live in that surf."

"We oughta make a raft and try an' get out to 'er maybe. P'raps she ain't right under, an' when th' tide goes down ——"

"Maybe there's someone lives round 'ere. If we searched around a bit ——"

"We'd get lost then."

"Dere will be dead mens un' cold mens afore we is picked up."

And the captain muttered, even and slow, "Wait till the fog lifts."

They sat around for another hour, and then some of the men rose and ate more shellfish and looked hungrily at the small pile of food gathered in one corner of the shelter. The ship's boy recommenced whimpering again at intervals, and always there was someone to say savagely, "Shut that sniv'ling, will yer?" Once a man hit him and he burst into a loud sobbing.

The captain stirred and said, "Don't do that," in a voice of neither command nor request.

And the offender answered sullenly, "Make 'im stop then."

The captain noticed that the customary "sir" was omitted. The mates noticed it. The second engineer noticed it. The men noticed it. But the captain said nothing. The mates said nothing. There was silence again.

Presently the men got up and gathered in little groups, talking in low tones and ceasing every now and then to dance and flap grotesque arms.

The second mate muttered aside, "We ought to keep them busy. This will drive them mad."

And the captain answered, "Wait till the fog lifts."

"I'll take the men and look along the beach again," suggested the second mate. "Perhaps something else has been washed ashore."

"Yes," said the captain, sitting unmoved. The cold still did not seem to bother him greatly. The second mate rose, and the third mate, and the second engineer. The second mate called, "Come along, let's search the beach again."

The men stood motionless and silent in their groups and stared sullenly.

One said in a surly voice, "What's the use?"

"Well, there might be some more grub washed up."

That stirred several and they moved slowly toward the plank path stretching narrowly away into the fog. But others did not move. The second mate hesitated, and then shrugging his shoulders started toward the water. If the captain didn't care to enforce discipline, he wasn't going to bother. Five or six men followed him; the rest remained and presently gathered in little groups again and talked.

Another hour and the men who had gone with the second mate began to drift back, one by one. They had found nothing further, the first of them reported. The fourth man came with a limp bundle of sodden clothes over his arm and all talking immediately ceased.

There was a strained silence. The noise of the second mate's shoes on the shingle made them all start perceptibly. They flickered glances at his lean bulk advancing through the fog, and then they stared again at the man with the sodden clothes. He stood motionless and let them drip. The second mate stopped before the captain, who looked at him intently. The third mate loomed through the whiteness and stood silent.

The second mate said flatly, "We found the lamptrimmer." He looked slowly across at the dripping garments.

The captain answered "I see" in a calm voice. He appeared without emotion again. That very indifference held the men, checked their hot fear, calmed them somewhat. But they shivered. The French sailor muttered about death. A man struck him across the mouth, almost without volition, and he was still, resentful but spiritless. They all sat down stiffly and looked at one another with dull eyes.

(Continued on Page 75)

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The DeLuxe Coach, priced $1050 at Lansing, is illustrated from a life photo on the General Motors Proving Ground.

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WARNER PENETREEN LIQUID MAGIC

(Continued from Page 74)

The captain portioned out some more food after a bit and they ate. They had hardly finished when a dull, rumbling noise, muffled by the fog, brought them quivering to their feet.

"What was that?"

No one answered. There was silence. The rumbling noise ceased with a vague pattering that slowly died away. The ship's boy choked and started to whimper, until a man kicked him and sent him sprawling to the sand, where he lay and sobbed without noise.

The second mate muttered, standing erect, "Perhaps it was a ship's siren"

A seaman with a blond beard stubble spat audibly and jerked out, "Somethin' fell over th' cliffs."

The captain nodded, blinking his fishy, protruding eyes.

"We'll see when the fog lifts. . . . And don't touch that boy again." There was a distinct relaxing of tension. The French sailor muttered fearfully to himself, his blue eyes popping. He subsided when low cursing reached his ears.

That night was a repetition of the first—a dimming of the eternal fog, then murkiness and then pitch blackness. They crowded inside the shelter, sullen and rumbling oaths. Hunger and discomfort drove sleep away for a long time, and the despairing spirit of each man checked conversation. They slept fitfully, from exhaustion, and were up and dancing and flapping grotesque arms with the first grayness that hinted of dawn.

The hours dragged. Hunger drove them to searching for shellfish. They found some more apples and oranges in the wash, and that was all from the ship except more timber. The whole beach was dotted with it, planks and huge wet squares piled on top of one another, strewn over acres of the shingle. The small stock of food that was in the shelter was exhausted by that evening. They were back to eating straight fish, and it was only the extremes of hunger that could force the men to go through the slow and painful process of bailing dry one of the pools left at the foot of the cliffs.

Still another night came and passed and the fog did not lift. It remained opaque and softly white, cold and impersonal as granite. It filled the world. It was the world. The center of consciousness was the plank shelter by the rivulet down the cliffs, bounded by other cliffs on three sides and by the muttering, roaring sea in front. Beyond that there was nothing, only void and formlessness. And what little there was, was in a white darkness, smothered under a blanket of colorless, formless something that was maddeningly beyond force or thought to disperse.

On the morning of the fourth day the French sailor knifed another man in the arm over a trifling quarrel. The captain uttered sharp words and the mates separated the combatants. After that there was a sort of lowering, vicious truce, every man glaring at every other man, curses always on their lips, a threat lurking in every movement.

Men came to the captain. They demanded that he do something. They were going mad. The eternal whiteness, the raw fish, the fog! It was all driving them mad. Do something! He was captain. He was in charge. He was supposed to lead them out of this awful white darkness. They couldn't see. They could get no warmth. They were hungry and sick.

And the captain answered, unmoved, "Wait till the fog lifts."

Alone of them all he appeared unchanged. His face was still expressionless and fleshy. His eyes still were cold and slightly protruding. He had drawn, though, even more into himself, appeared to live in some world outside of the fog and the miseries of the present. He was tranquil, calm, remote, like some idol perched on an altar and regarding with detached curiosity the legions kneeling by his feet. Actually, he was by this time hanging grimly on to his control. He felt in a degree all that the others felt. But he dared not show it even a little. He was still their leader. The fog must lift. That was a fact, and he must hold his men sane and safe until that time.

They came to him sometimes for advice, or to curse him, or to demand knowledge, and he answered them alike, "Wait till the fog lifts," trying to force on their minds the fact it would lift, that they must be patient. He knew that nothing could be done until then, not one thing. And the fog would lift, sooner or later, before life grew actually beyond life's endurance.

The men swore at his words. There was growing in their minds in spite of him a queer sort of conviction that the fog would never lift. They were cast away on some land where the fog was always present. The captain had no right to tell them otherwise. Never would they emerge from the whiteness and see the sun again.

The captain made no arguments, exerted no plea. He had never done either. He uttered the statement that the fog would lift, sooner or later, and settled himself personally to await that time. He could hardly conceive that anyone should doubt it. He exuded confidence, though the men were too desperate to feel it. He was certain and sure. The fog would lift. It was his experience that if you waited long enough a fog had to lift. It was beyond the reach of his experience and knowledge that a fog remained forever. He clung to the fact that there had never been known such a fog. The things he had personally to fight down were sense of discomfort, impatience, irritation. But the men did not understand or reason along such lines. Time dragged on.

The minutes gathered into hours. The hours dragged. On the morning of the fifth day the fog thinned a trifle and there was a sort of yellowish blur somewhere above. The men came running to the captain and pointed with shaking forefingers. They danced madly and grotesquely in the mist.

"See, there's the sun, there's the sun!"

He moved apart from them and waited, calm, tranquil, beyond emotion. His experience was about to be vindicated. The yellow blur grew, spreading, deepening The fog appeared to roll away, to wall up each side of the yellowness. Someone snatched the captain's watch from his pocket and unscrewed the glass.

"A fire! We can get a fire!" They danced grotesquely again, tremulously and profanely excited. A fire meant palatable food, warmth and more warmth. Men rushed about to gather dry driftwood chips, and some tore kindling from the driest parts of their clothing. Four or five knelt with the watch glass and the captain watched them unmoved. He looked up again at the weak light of the sun.

Then slowly the fog clouded back across the yellowness and slowly the yellowness itself faded into whiteness. There was a moment's hard silence, and then a cry, like a giant screaming in muffled torment, broke from the men. They stood rigid and looked up where the yellowness had been, and cursed. They flung off rigidity and danced about, shaking fists. They flung filthy words at the unseen sky. They collided with one another, struck one another, and then were snarling and fighting together like a pack of wolves, mad with thwarted hope. Some of them rushed to the captain, who stood still staring upward, unmoved and seeming indifferent, and yet deeply and inwardly shocked. They cursed him blindly, stricken with grief.

"There was the sun! We could 'ave 'ad a fire! We could 'ave 'ad a fire! Where are we? You're captain, ain't you? You ought to know where we are!"

A hand struck him across the mouth, a fist hit him on the cheek. He forced himself to tranquilness and faced them, silent, unmoved still. That angered them further—his utter indifference. They fell on him as though they had been waiting for the signal. It was as if they invested in him all their miseries and pains and fears. They kicked and struck him, and the mates, hanging back at first, ran to aid him, the ingrained ethics of the sea sweeping over

(Continued on Page 78)

Champion—for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box 75 cents each.

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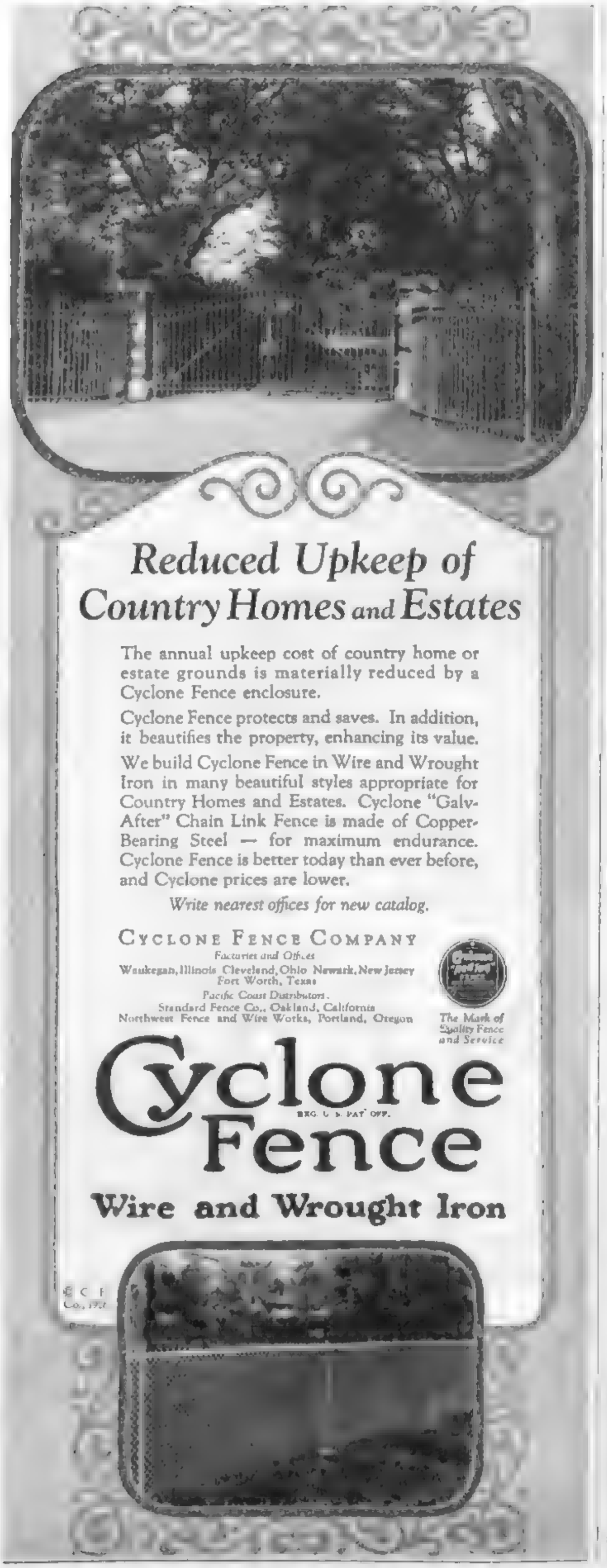

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Wire and Wrought Iron

(Continued from Page 76)

their fear and their sympathy with the men. A master of the craft must not be struck under any circumstances whatever.

The men were thinking, almost as a unit, what right had the captain to be captain, to be in charge of them? What right had he to expect it to be inferred that he knew more than they did? What had his extra knowledge done for them? Nothing at all! He was their leader and he had not given them comfort or warmth or food. When they drew away at last, satisfied, looking covertly around to see what the others had done, the captain was insensible and bloody underfoot. The men dispersed, muttering, a little afraid now, and yet defiant in their souls. They disappeared in groups into the mist, and the mates, breathless and bruised themselves, lifted the captain and carried him into the shelter.

"They shouldn't have done that," muttered the second mate awkwardly. The third mate avoided meeting his eyes and echoed, "No, they shouldn't have done that."

The second mate went on, after a while, voicing a secret resentment of his own: "We didn't ought to have struck the coast anyway. He should have seen we didn't. He was captain."

"Yes, he should have watched the navigation," whispered the third mate, but still they would not meet each other's eyes. They went outside then to sit and stare sullenly at the fog and to curse the frightened whimpering of the ship's boy.

It was probably the French sailor who started it, with his eternal muttering about the dead and of strange ghosts in which he believed. The men grew afraid to go out after food or to explore. They huddled around the shelter and stared wide-eyed into the whiteness. At night they were afraid to speak, and yet the very stillness increased their fear.

One claimed to have seen the ghost of the mate dancing away from him, a white face with four gold teeth that glowed warmly from between white lips. Another had seen the lamptrimmer laughing at him as he got up from drinking. They peopled the fog with ghosts—the ghosts of the laughing dead, who were now no longer cold or hungry or afraid. The night of the fifth day no man slept, because they said the ghosts were flitting thickly about the shelter itself.

The men clawed then at the sick and still hurt captain, clawed at his hands, like children at his coat lapels, and called to him to do something. He was captain. He knew all about such things. Couldn't he make the ghosts go away? Couldn't he save them somehow? He was their leader. They were sorry they had struck him. Go out and send the ghosts away, find warmth somewhere. They were very cold and very much afraid. Did he believe in ghosts? He comforted them quite a bit by his indifferent air, by his inferred confidence.

Then their mood would change and they would curse him and strike at him through the blackness, and fight among themselves until they desisted from exhaustion, or because someone shouted that the ghosts were back. Then silence would fall, to be broken by heavy stertorous breathing and by the eternal whimpering of the ship's boy and by the monotonous whispering tones of the French sailor pattering off queer prayers he had learned as a boy. And through it all the captain sat with clenched teeth, unmoved, a shell of iron, seeming beyond sensation and fear. No man ever guessed how tortured his own nerves were. They were living on him, living on his control. And he was living on facts—first, that he must, as captain, hold the men; second, that the fog must lift.

Their mood changing yet again, the men would grope near the French sailor, asking him how they should pray to escape from the ghosts. And so he taught them the prayers until every man knew them by heart.

The sixth night they all slept the dead, senseless sleep of men near to the end of endurance. The captain was the first to awake. He opened his eyes and shut them again quickly, because somehow they hurt. A vivid flame seemed to be beating against them, throwing a red curtain across his brain. He groaned and sat up, disturbing the man next him, who cursed and breathed heavily. The captain forced his lids apart once more, blinked, and then stared over the hut.

He could see the men lying over and on top of one another. He could see the bearded faces, the haggard, drawn features, and he grunted a little, because the sight was unpleasant. He could see little jets of steam coming from each man's mouth or nostrils, and also the clear-cut edges of the planks of the shelter. Then slowly he lifted his eyes and saw the shingle and sand beyond the shelter, and the broad sea beyond that, and a dazzling line of white between the two that was surely surf.

And suddenly, as if stabbed by a sharp pain, the captain shuddered. The fact impinged itself ruthlessly on his senses that he could see—actually see things without the blinding wall of the fog. He rose to his feet, thrust his hands in the pockets of his pea-jacket and rolled out of the shelter, to stand immobile in the warm sunlight.

He appeared outwardly entirely unmoved still. He might have been gazing from the bridge of his own ship, as if nothing had ever happened. Habit would not allow his face to alter. But he had, down within him, warm quiverings that were beyond his suppression. The fog had lifted. A fog always lifted. He had been vindicated. And yet no visible elation was his, no joy, no relief that the ordeal was over. He was apparently unhuman, a man of iron, a thick, wide chunk of a man who had done only what had been his duty.

He heard men stirring in the shelter behind him, heard men utter sharp gruff exclamations. Then a surge of bodies thrust him aside and men burst onto the beach, leaping up and down, exultant, shouting, calling, delirious with relief. They had already forgotten the prayers. They could see again—see! The fog was gone. The sun shone, and there, out beyond the surf, riding easily on the deep blue water, was a gray-sided smoke-belching ship. They ran down to the water's edge, waving and calling. The ship was headed inshore toward them already. The captain, staring fixedly at it, knew from the blue ensign it flew that it was a coast-guard cutter, probably sent to search for his steamer when the last wireless reports had gone out just before the wreck. Well, that was that.

He walked slowly down to join the men at the water's edge, feeling suddenly weak. They were almost hoarse by that time, hugging one another and dancing grotesque shuffles on the shingle. They fell silent as the captain approached. His presence seemed to cast a chill over their enthusiasm. He was so cold, so unhuman, remote, aloof. It was a censure on their joy. They remembered that he had not suffered as they had. They scowled at him, hating him for his very lack of emotion. He had no right to act like that. They muttered against him, forgetting the boat for a moment. Why shouldn't he feel the same as they did, the same irritations, the same pains and fears?

The cutter had stopped and a boat was being lowered. The men turned back to the water to watch, visibly relieved and happy again. The ship's boy was whimpering and sobbing from sheer joy, making an irritating high-pitched noise. The captain stirred. Something snapped inside him. Emotion welled.

He jerked, in a thin voice, "Stop that sniv'ling, boy!"

No one heard him. All the men were intent on the nearing boat. And no one noticed that a slow red flush crept under the captain's skin and that his hands worked strangely inside his pockets. There was not much time to notice these things in any case. By the time the boat had grounded, Captain Shaw was himself again: without emotion, tranquil, remote, aloof, truly an iron man.

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in the matter of speedster design the public naturally looks first to Marmon—and in this new, luxurious open car it seems that Marmon has even out-done previous accomplishments with the eager lines of a roadster, but with ample capacity for seven passengers, it is unlike anything previously offered by an American builder its ability to crowd four hundred, even five hundred miles into one easy day with custom-built luxury and ease enhances even Marmon's finest traditions of comfort, of safety and of rare road quality among all fine cars it is without rival or counterpart

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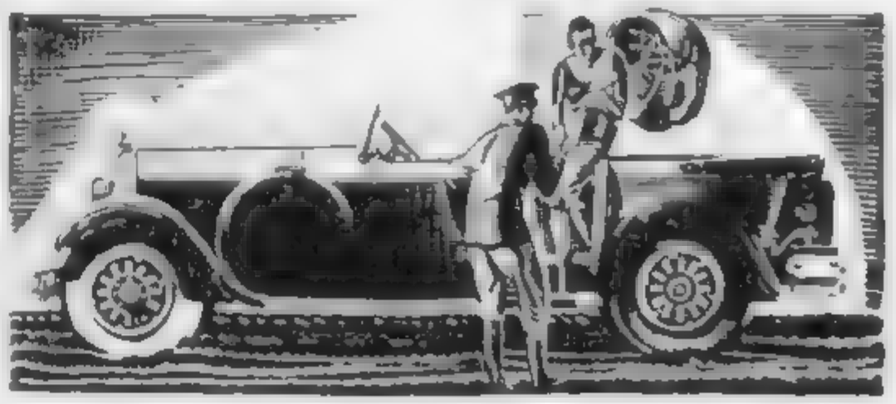

The model above—No. 02-6 is the most popular of Buxton Keytainers —$1.00; made of rich brown cowhide, 6 swivel hooks; each hook holds two keys.

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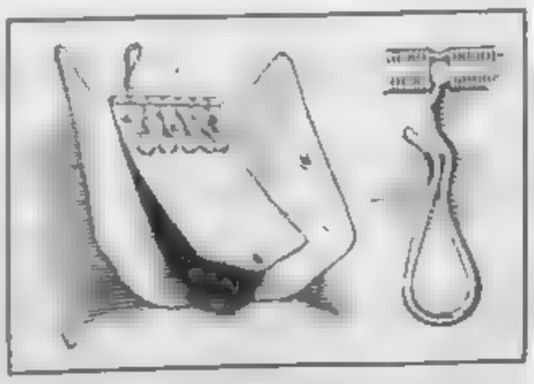


Pocket flap keeps Keytainer always in shape. Strong one piece bump lock revolving hooks. Do not break, bend or get out of order, cannot cross or tangle.

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from Page 31)

aisle of pine trees, like a white shining pulpy serpent crawling through a low jungle of greenish-yellow palm-leaf fans. We descended into its two parallel ditches with a surrendering scrunch.

"This really isn't a bad road at all when we have rain," said Jean.

But they hadn't had rain. Twice, in our triumphal half-mile journey in its depths, Jerusalem and I got out and assisted. Jerusalem wielded a shovel and I spread down gunny sacks. "Traveling's a pleasure if I have plenty of passengers," Jean appreciated us.

"But, Jean, does anything grow in this sand?" I asked sincerely. Jerusalem, scratching, mentioned sand fleas.

"It's not the most productive soil in the world, Margo; but with plenty of fertilizer and work and water and insecticides and prayer, we manage to get results. But I've some good land in Tenacres. There's my gate." She manipulated a masterly right-angled turn into a less traveled roadway that squirmed its unassisted way through the trees, giving glimpses of a galvanized gate.

Florida. I had dreamed it all blossoms and bird songs and oranges. Instead, it was a universe of these crowded, impenetrable palm-leaf fans which Jean said were palmetto, through which stalked great tall bare-boughed pine trees, like unto like, everywhere.

Jean said, "I know just how this looks to you. I like it to look this way, like facts. But you'll hate it at first. Now this is my little Tenacres, and it won't look like anything but a baby disaster to you after the peach and apple orchards you're used to seeing. But it's next to Barbara in my heart. Every tree's a real little person to me and when one dies I nearly do too."

Jerusalem opened the galvanized gate. The small scraggly orange trees were shiny and green; here and there one had died and had been replaced with a still scrawnier struggling smaller successor. A fence of irregular charred pine posts and heavy wire shut out the encroaching wilderness. Tenacres was like an enormous square room walled all about with the great grim pine trees that, contrasted with the shiny little orange trees, looked like pirates guarding an imprisoned race of pygmies. In the center of the grove was a small square brown house with an enormous brown tin tank attached to one corner of it like a tumor.

"For rain water," Jean said. "We'd perish without it; the artesian-well water's so hard you'd soon grow a shell if you washed in it."

Behind the house was a yawning shed, full of machinery. It seemed a strange residence for the daughter of one of the richest men in America.

"That's the best house Mrs. Jean Mack can afford," said Jean. "It really has some very extravagant features for a poor woman's house. It has a kitchen sink and a bathtub. I'm very proud of that house. You must remember, Margo, that I'm not the daughter of Bruce and Alice MacIntyre any more. I'm Mrs. Jean Mack. I'm never anybody else on this side of this bamboo hedge. On the other side—well, it's a bit different, but I'm as unrelated to my parents as I am on this side."

She turned the car abruptly to the left through an opening in the hedge of gigantic tossing bamboos and we were in another world entirely. I was fully as astonished as she had, of course, expected me to be.

"Yes, isn't a surprise a pleasant thing?" She enjoyed my amazement. "That's the Aircastle, where I'm nothing but Barbara's mother. But perhaps, now that you've come out of the picture, I may be the girl who might have been your daughter too."

My throat choked. She overwhelmed me with her personality; her intense seriousness was so frighteningly mixed up with her whimsical directness. She stopped the car and we sat silently looking about for a moment. We were in a lawned clearing of half an acre that sloped pleasingly down to a wide quiet stream. On its far bank flowering shrubs leaned over to look at themselves in the water. Palms and great green lush-leafed bananas walled both ends of the garden. Blossoming vines, some blue, some yellow, some like flames, wound the trunks of the pine trees. Small bushes, many flowered, danced as undesignedly under the taller trees as if the winds had planted them.

The Aircastle looked like a sketch in a fairy-story book. It was a large shingled shack hanging in the pine trees, a dozen feet off the ground. It had been built to fit the space between six great trees; one of them pushed through the roof like a big green parasol. A crooked brick chimney, standing on two enormous palm trunks, hugged one corner of the strange place, and a crooked rustic stairway climbed up to another corner. A screened balcony jutted out over the stream. We heard a mellow lusty voice singing:

"It's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need o' prayer.
Not my brother,
Not my sister,
It's me, O Lord ——"

Jean honked the auto horn. Then—Barbara, the small frail despot of the destiny of her mother, and of Bruce MacIntyre and of the man named Winthrop Evans and of myself. I felt afraid to see her. Bethlehem, fat and smiling and brown, and deeply indented at the waistline by her tight apron string, brought her cautiously down the stairway, held high against her shoulder. Without doubt she was the prettiest child I had ever seen. Beauty had, indeed, blessed her—bewildering, bewitching beauty; she had soft, short, loose dark curls, close to her head, and deep, dark, solemn eyes. Her transparent skin made her lovelier than ever, but left her without the look of health that should go with childhood. She had on a dainty hand-made little frock, square-cut over a sweet baby throat that my lips wanted to kiss. But there was no favor in the grave-eyed gaze she gave me. I could feel Jean's anxiety. She took her from Bethlehem and kissed her. She seemed as tall as the usual four-year-old child, but extremely frail; and her body seemed limp in her mother's arms. She answered my greeting with an unsmiling, perfectly spoken, "How do you do?" There was no touch of baby talk.

"Barbara," Jean said brightly, "this is Mrs. Douglas, and we may call her Margo. Isn't that a nice name?"

"I don't think so. It isn't in any of my storybooks, mother."

"That's why it's so very nice, dear. Will you ——"

"Do you think it's a nicer name than Annie?"

"Yes, I believe I do."

"I don't," said Barbara with disconcerting finality. "Margo doesn't sound like a name at all."

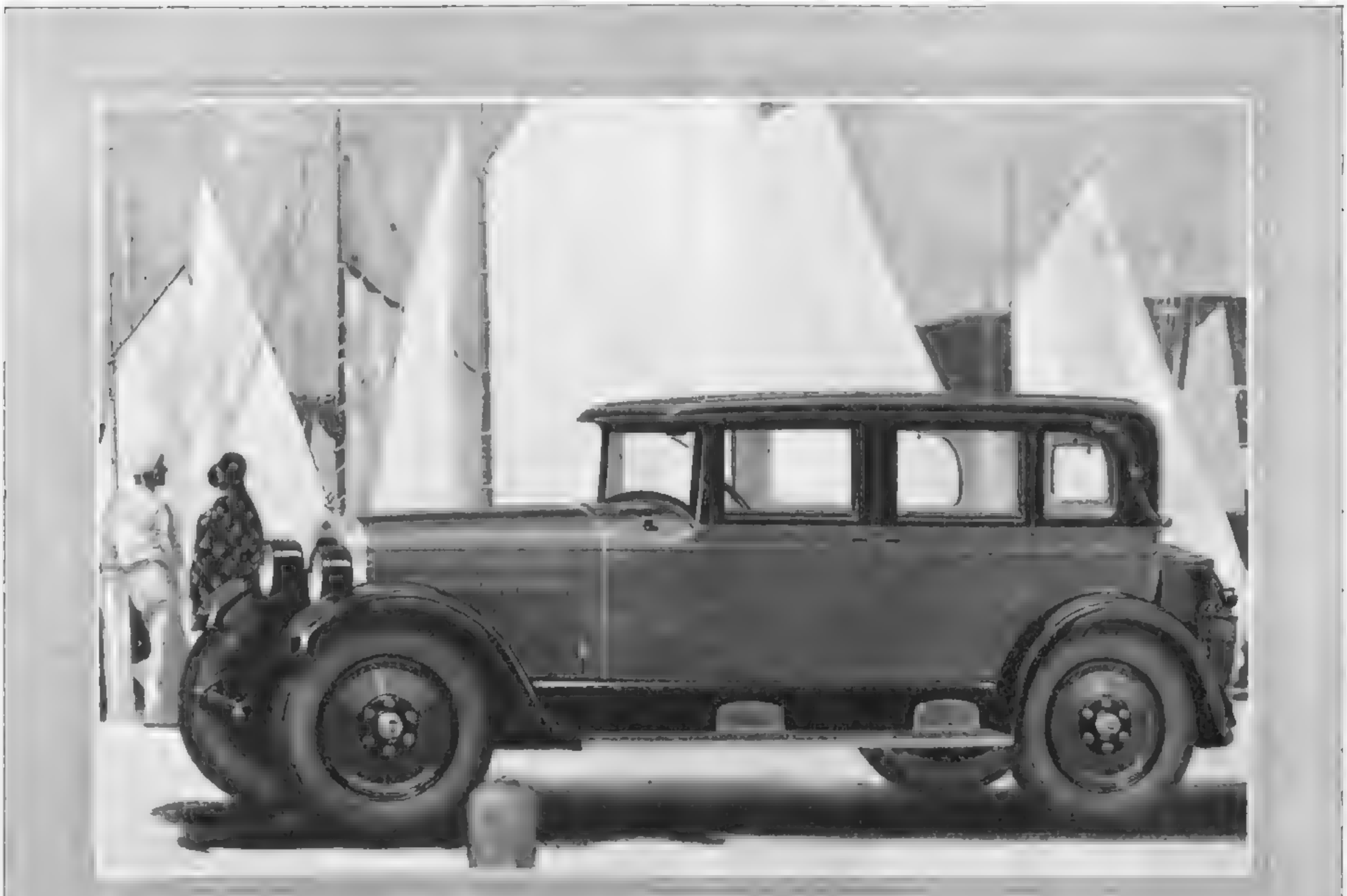
I told her that my real name was Margaret.

"And it was your own grandfather who nicknamed her Margo," said Jean hastily. "Your grandfather knew Margo when she was a little girl." This, happily, proved diverting. The great solemn eyes surveyed me with a friendlier interest.

"My grandfather never comes to see us," she said. "He's too poor. Are you poor too?"

"Not quite so poor, now, as your grandfather is," I said. Jean colored. She handed Barbara back to Bethlehem and we went slowly up the stairs behind Bethlehem's cautious steps, Barbara's lovely little face watching us over the blue-gingham shoulder. I thought of Bruce

(Continued on Page 82)



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(Continued from Page 80

MacIntyre's pleasure when I should write him of the child's remarks.

"I wish you could have given him enough money to come to see us. . . . Why did he call you Margo?"

"Because he liked it better than Margaret."

"Oh! Was he a nice little boy?"

"Sometimes. But sometimes he let his dog chase cats."

"Oh! Is he nicer now?"

I thought he was, in that regard at least.

"I wish he could come to see us. Mother thinks he can't ever get money enough to, but Annie said he'd manage to come to see us some day or she'd miss her guess."

"Annie didn't know what she was talking about," Jean brusquely interrupted. "Now don't you think this a nice shack, Margo?"

It was one big room, perhaps twenty-five by thirty-five feet, opening entirely across one end by French doors to the screened balcony that overhung the stream. It was all color and sunlight and charm. The hangings were soft yellow silk, and so were the lamp shades that hatted the several wrought-iron lamp stands. Nothing was elaborate, but everything was obviously of the best quality and chosen with an artist's skill

There was natural-colored wicker, brightened with unpatterned silk cushions; there were several fine old chairs that incongruously represented the very different surroundings whence they had come; there was a piece or two of old pottery; some quaint copper and old brass to add brightness in the raftered corners; a half dozen softly blending Persian rugs on the floor; cozy stools, chintz cushions and bowls of wild flowers. There were so many windows, all open, that the place was like the outdoors. The fireplace opening was full of pungent pine boughs, fragrant new cones on every tip. There was a small piano, and books everywhere.

Before Jean took off her big straw farmer hat she proudly showed me the room's hidden resources, while Barbara solemnly looked on from a high many-pillowed chair where Bethlehem had tucked her. Two beds rolled out from under the long window seats and another unfolded from a cupboard in the wall like a Pullman berth.

At the far end of the room there were a bathroom, a big clothes closet and one tiny room full of cupboards and drawers. The balcony had sliding windows, solidly shelved underneath, its nooks filled with Barbara's playthings and books.

"We eat and work and have our being over at the farmhouse on Tenacres, but we sleep and dream over here," Jean said. "I built it mostly, though, on Barbara's account, to keep her off the ground; it's always damp here."

Later I asked her how she accounted for such an evident extravagance to the people who thought her poor Mrs. Jean Mack.

"My extravagances are gifts from Cousin Kate," she said. "Cousin Kate's very eccentric, lives abroad and travels—you know the sort; never very much in one place. Occasionally she sends me a generous present. If I'd been alone, or even if Barbara'd been well, I'm sure I could have paddled my own canoe, Margo. I've proved it to my own satisfaction. But having to fight so hard to keep Barbara alive has made Cousin Kate necessary now and then."

But I found that Jean worked as hard and as conscientiously as if no Cousin Kate were to be so surely depended upon. She worked outdoors all day long with the untiring Jerusalem, taking a careful hour for luncheon like any laborer. Bethlehem joined them when she found any time from her housework at the Tenacres bungalow. Bethlehem was a wonderful cook, the kind that "nevah learnt—jus' allus knowed." Bethlehem was an unfailing barometer of Jean's moods.

The afternoon that I arrived she found occasion to encourage me by saying, "You'se gwine be pow'ful good for Mis' Mack, I ken sho see dat much; her ain't done bin so lively in all dese three yeahs as her's done bin dis one day. Does you-all know about her shootin' dat white man?" This last in a whisper.

I said, "Yes; it served him right; he should have stayed where he belonged. Mrs. Mack's just like her father; she's got a terrible temper, that's all."

"We-un's been 'feared her was sho goin' outen her haid," Bethlehem confided, still in a fearsome whisper. "Her don' get mad no times 'bout nothin' else."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said. "It's the quiet kind of people who always have the worst tempers, once they do get angry."

"Mis' Annie, her was jes's skeered as we-uns," Bethlehem persisted. "Her's done gone 'croat the ocean fer ain't no other reason. Did dat doctah what was down here tell you-all how as we-uns cain't even let on lak we-uns think Barb'ra ever had a nachural father nohow?"

"Poor Jean," I said. "Of course, that's the trouble, Bethlehem; Mrs. Mack has never got over the terrible shock of losing her husband. But isn't she able, even yet, to talk to little Barbara about him?"

"Why, Mis' Douglas"—Bethlehem came closer to emphasize her whisper—"dat chile done pursisted axin' 'bout her father one day, atter Mis' Annie'd done bin readin' her a story 'bout a li'l' girl's father, an' Mis' Mack done stayed 'way from dat chile two hull days. Her done telled her dat she'd stay 'way, 'cause it made her feel so sorry to talk 'bout her father, but Barb'ra talked anyhows. It nigh 'bout killed de bof of 'em, an' dat chile ain' nebber done mentioned her papa again. 'Tain't nachural, Mis' Douglas, 'tain't nachural."

"My goodness, Bethlehem," I said divertingly, but with honest enough apprehension, "if Barbara nearly died in two days' not seeing her mother, what in the world's going to happen all next week while Mrs. Mack is in Tampa? I'm afraid she isn't going to make friends with me as quickly as I had hoped. I probably seem very strange and different from her old nurse."

"Oh, 'tain't so much her worryin' fo' Mis' Annie," Bethlehem told me with all the astuteness of a primitive intuition, "as 'tis dat her's gwine be jealous o' you-all, Mis' Douglas. Mis' Mack sho 'nuff lak Mis' Annie all right, but her lak Mis' Annie mo' lak her laks me; but her's gwine lak you-all lak her laks li'l' Barb'ra, an' dat chile done knows it, fust off. Dat chile's somethin' to conjure with, Mis' Douglas; dat's de troof."

I could well believe it was the truth. My task loomed dishearteningly before me. I was to keep the Aircastle in order and to care for Barbara, and to entertain her. For this I was to receive one thousand dollars a month. I said it over and over to myself, incredulously, as the weeks went by. A thousand dollars—every month! Of course I protested. But Jean heard no arguments.

"It isn't pay at all, Margo," she said. "I can't possibly ever pay the kind of debt I owe you. It's just one of my symptoms, and I'm sure Uncle Doctor must have made it plain to you that you shouldn't aggravate my symptoms."

We talked nearly the entire night through, that first night of my arrival, sitting together on the shadowed balcony while the moon slowly crossed the sky above the quiet stream. I was very tired and the strange day had been a strain, but my nerves were keeping me wide awake and tense with my effort at normal composure. I had undressed and bathed while Jean read Barbara to sleep.

"I don't see why I should kiss strangers, mother," I heard Barbara say. "I can't want to kiss her till she's an old friend."

I was glad that she went to sleep before I came out. While Jean was bathing I went out to the balcony instead of to bed, feeling I could not sleep then, or ever, unless some of the things in our minds were said between us.

That one day had sufficiently experienced me in Doctor Holmquist's repressed

(Continued on Page 84)

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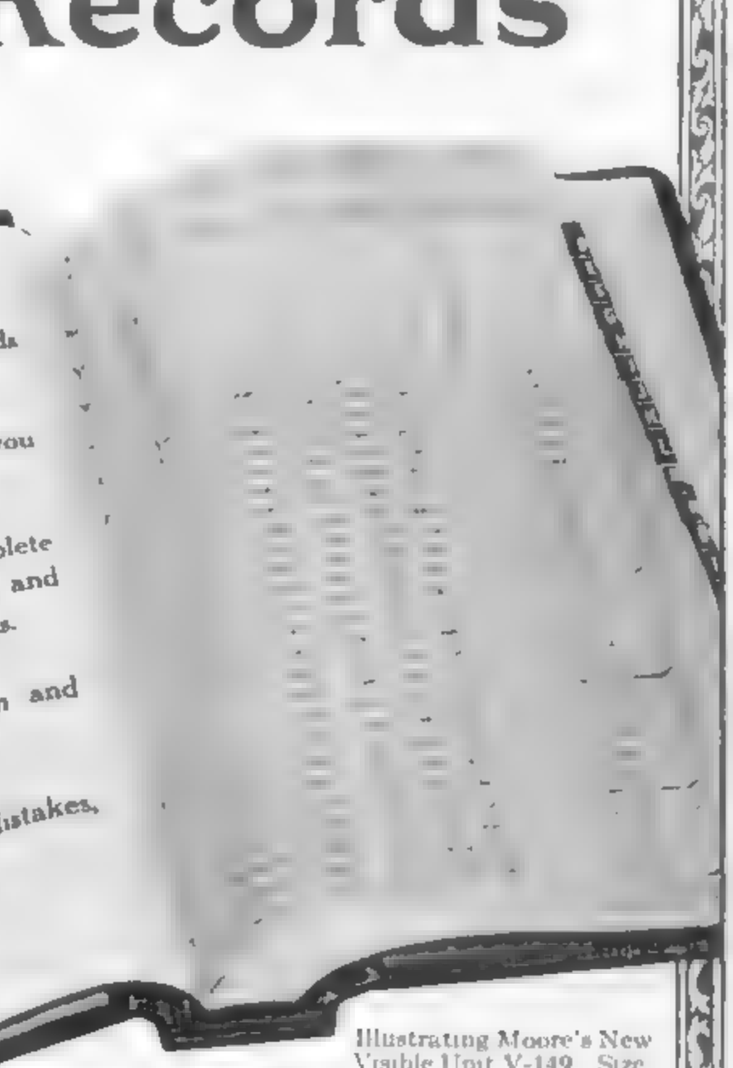

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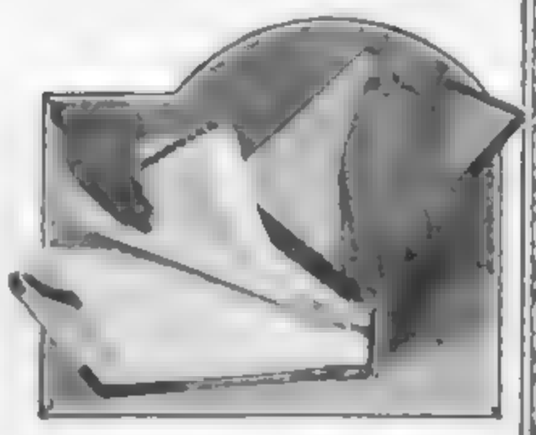

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(Continued from Page 82)

emotions to make me less skeptical of their power. It had been no wonder that the faithful Annie lost hold on herself, as she had told Doctor Merea. But on the other hand, each hour of association with Jean left me with less confidence in what Bruce MacIntyre had termed the preposterous plan which was built around the young man, Winthrop Evans.

Winthrop Evans, Winthrop Evans, Winthrop Evans—his name kept going through my brain until I could scarcely keep from saying it out loud. I wondered miserably how on earth I was ever going to be able to carry out my part of the deceit.

Jean finally came out in a soft gray-blue dressing gown that fell in at her feet and made her very tall. It was conspicuously untrimmed, as were all her clothes, as if she made a deliberate effort against adornment. She had braided her fine dull-brown hair in a thin long pigtail, so that the outline of her head looked Chinese in the dusk.

"Aren't you tired enough to go to bed?" she asked surprisedly. I was sure she knew why I had come, but I told her the balcony seemed so inviting in the moonlight that I couldn't resist it. And I heard the nervousness in my voice.

"It is a sweet place, isn't it?" she said indifferently, stretching herself out in a long cushioned swing that hung from the rafters by heavy chains. "You want to talk—about me, don't you, Margo?"

"Yes, Jean," I said; "I'll simply have to if I'm to stay here with you."

"Then talk you must," she said, "for you're never going back into the picture again if I can help it. God knows I've wanted someone I could talk to."

"Oh, why haven't you, Jean? It would have saved you so much. Why didn't you talk frankly to Doctor Merea when he was down here?"

"I couldn't," she said. "I can't explain it. I don't know." There was an odd aloofness in her voice that touched me with fear. I asked quickly about Barbara—normal things about her heart trouble and Jean's hopes for her recovery, and the child's disposition, and her thwarted curiosity. Jean answered my questions definitely, more as a nurse might than a mother. Barbara's congenital heart trouble was, of course, her, Jean's, fault; she had given the baby every handicap; Barbara had been born unwanted, undernourished, nearer dead than alive. There had been good doctors; it was in Baltimore. She had expected and prayed the child would be dead. Her voice suddenly changed as she was telling me this.

"As soon as she was born, though, I wanted her," she said.

"Of course," I said.

"I think her disposition," she went on, "would normally have been a sweet one; but it didn't take her long to find out that she could get her own way about anything simply by threatening me with a tantrum, because if she excites herself the least bit, or gets to coughing, I know that she may die. So she's always had the whip hand. So far as curiosity is concerned, I've never considered it a factor in the situation at all. I have told her that her father was lost in the war and that I am not able to talk about him. She defied me once, and I stayed away two days, sleeping at the bungalow. It was very severe discipline for both of us, but it ended the matter."

"But it can't end it definitely, as she grows older," I said.

"It will have to; curiosity can be no worse for her than hatred for her father and shame for me."

"But, Jean, there's no reason for either hatred or humiliation. You've ——"

"You know nothing about it, Margo. Nothing!"

"Yes, Jean, I do. That's why I said I feel I must talk to you. I don't know what has happened to you since you left New York, just after you knew Barbara was to be born; but up until that time I do know—everything."

"You can't know everything," she said, very low. "Of course, my father may have told you what he might surmise, but no one knew everything to tell you."

Here was the danger, so soon, of which both doctors had warned me—that learning her secret was shared by others might make her more bitter than ever and increase her abnormal sensitiveness. My voice trembled in spite of my effort to hold it quiet and natural:

"Yes, your father has known all that happened, Jean. Your husband wrote him a long letter after he had seen the girl in France to whom you gave the money." In the long silence a whippoorwill sang three times; I remember mechanically counting.

"I cannot believe it," she finally said, her soft beautiful voice as undisturbed as if this were any casual matter. It chilled me; she was too quiet, unreachable. "Anyhow, whatever he wrote would not have been—the truth. He was incapable of truth."

"I feel sure that it was," I said. "I read the letter. May I tell you what it said?"

"Ye-es," she said.

And I told her all that long last letter which Hugh Bannister probably ever wrote. I'm sure that I hadn't forgotten one word of it. It had ended: "If the homely girl was as beautiful to you as Jean is to me, perhaps you will be able to tell Jean that you believe I love her."

Jean had put one hand up over her eyes. She lay motionless. I heard my voice going on and on, guided by my memory. My active brain was thinking, "What will she do? What will she do?"

She did nothing. She was as still as death in the slightly swaying swing. Again I counted the calls of the whippoorwill . . . five . . . six . . . seven.

At last she said, as quietly as before, "This perfects his record—not even to let me keep my shame to myself. You know, Margo, if he were alive today he'd be outmiracling Moses; he'd be getting money out of father just as sure as anything. He was merely instituting a new system, that's all." Then, sharply—"Margo, is it possible that you ever loved my father, deeply with all your belief and being?"

I told her then what Robert Douglas had said to me, dying, after all our years together with our shared joys and sorrows and the great grief of losing our one son.

"But he knew I could never will that other love out of my life," I said.

"And you didn't hate my father, even at first?" she asked curiously, like a child.

"It has been a long time. I can remember now only the hurt," I said.

"I hate him for you," she said, in a sudden swift strong voice, loud with pride. I flinched before it, for I heard in it the thing they feared for her. "I was saved any hurt, for I hated Hugh Bannister from the instant I knew the truth about him. And I hate all men like him. If I hadn't my good friend Hate to keep me going, I'd have killed myself and Barbara long ago. I really should have, Margo."

"I think it's been the work that has helped you, Jean," I said. "Hate can't be a friend to anyone but the devil. It hasn't comforted you any; your face shows that. If I had hated all men because of your father I should have denied myself a full and happy life." My words sounded forced and inadequate. I stopped, floundering, mired in my optimism.

She laughed understandingly. "I suppose good old Uncle Doctor has instructed you in a regular course of shining examples, hasn't he?"

"On the contrary, Doctor Merea thought it much better for you to think I knew nothing whatever about you," I reminded her. "He doesn't know anything about the picture you found, and your father had no idea, I suppose, that you would ever remember it."

She took her hand down from her eyes; it fell limply from one edge of the seat, swaying a little. "Why, that picture of you was one of the real thrills of my poor warped girlhood! I was always devoured with curiosity about father and mother, because I felt they didn't love each other.

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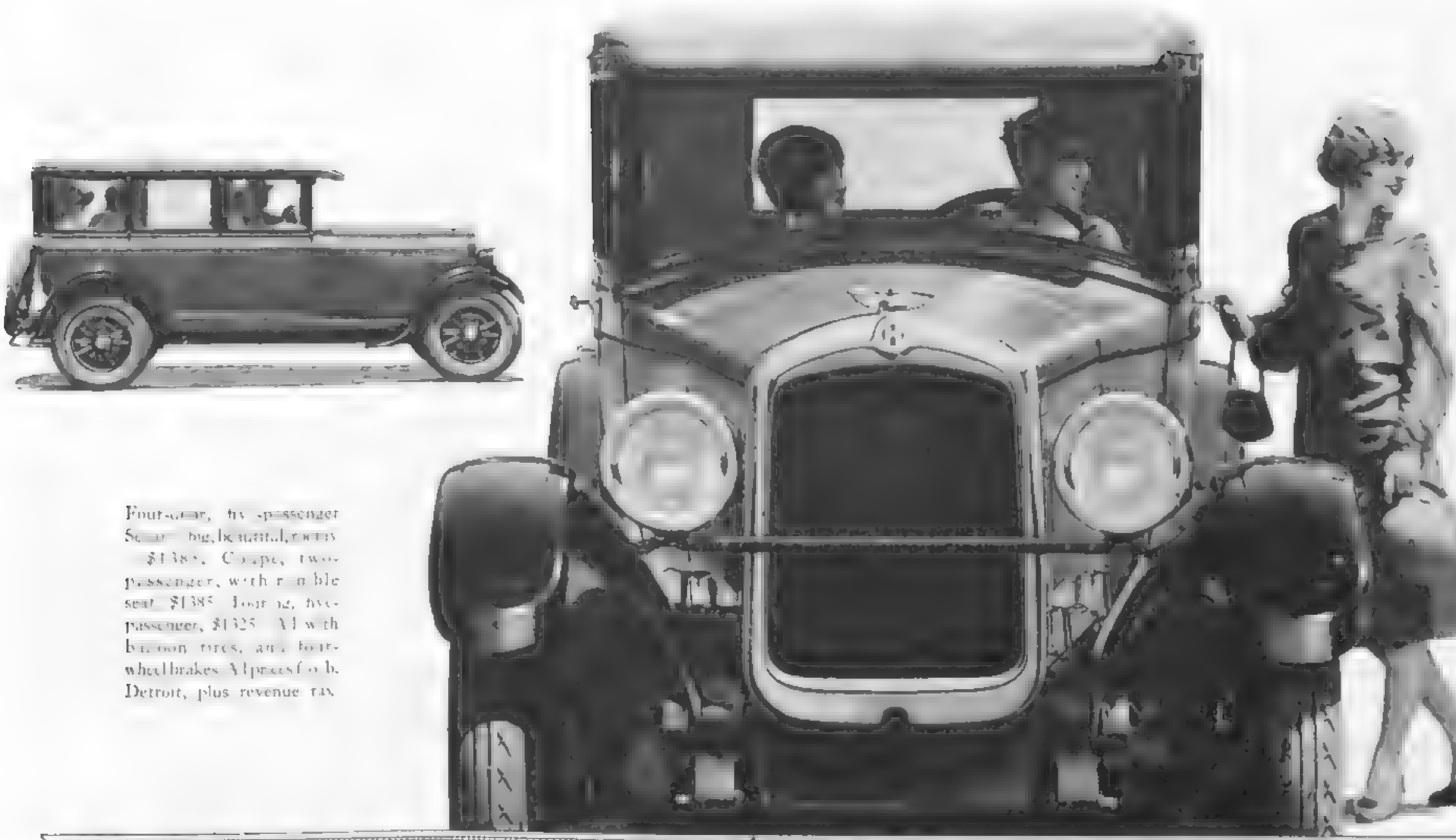

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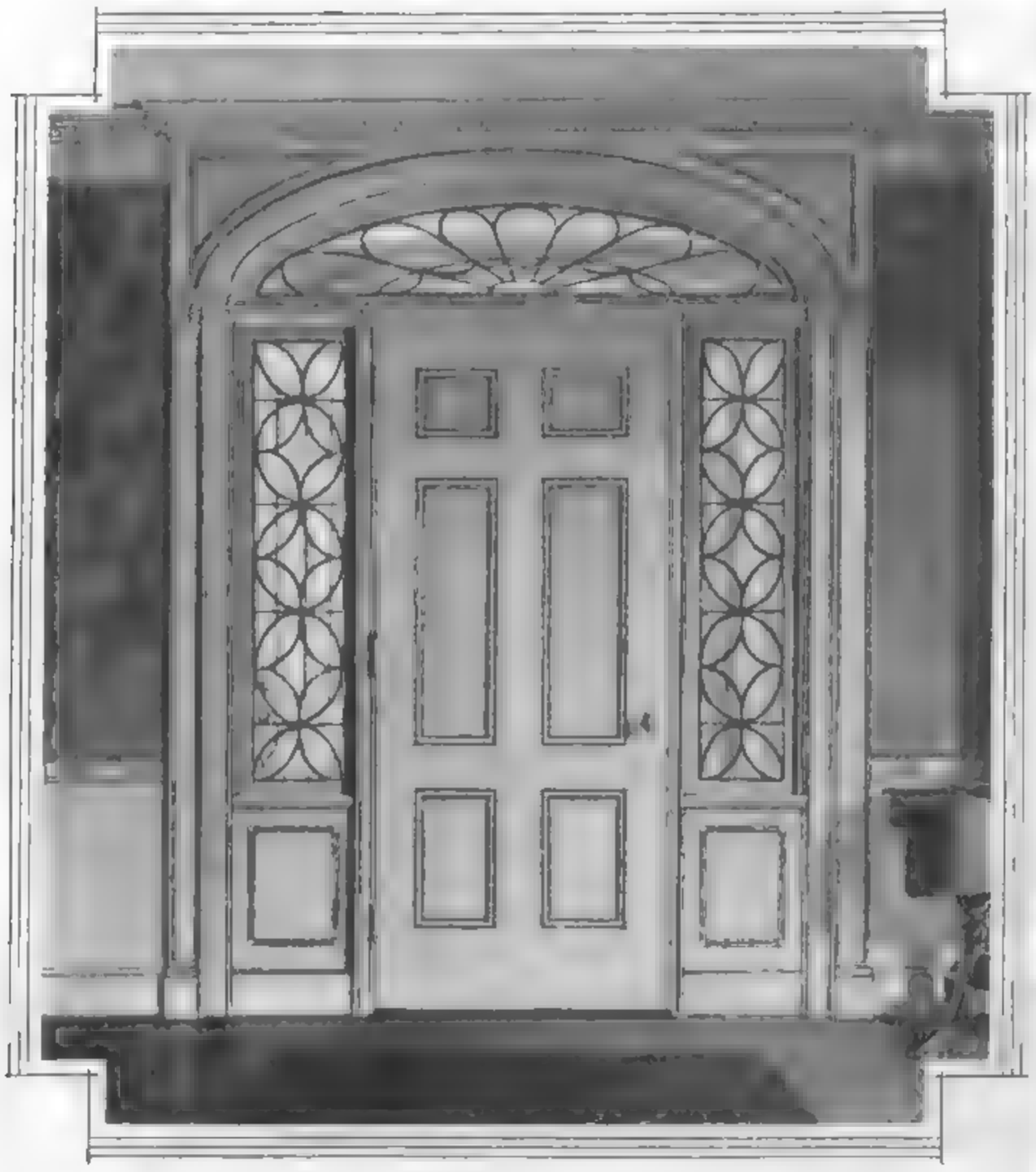

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LOCKS AND HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 84)

I was quite certain my mother was just as lovely as all the queens and goddesses in my storybooks; but I knew something was wrong with the love part of it. What did father tell you about the picture?"

"Merely that you found it, and what he said to you."

"Yes. . . . 'That, Jean,' he said, 'is a picture of the most beautiful girl in the world.' And I said, 'Why, I don't think so, father.' And he said, 'I know.' It was so unlike him to say anything like that, and he told me in a very displeased voice to put it back and forget it. I never really loved him until that day—yes, truly. It seemed somehow to make a bond between us. And you've always been a personality to me, Margo, ever since. I've thought of you and wondered about you, and sometimes I've even dreamed about you. I saw that you weren't any prettier than I was myself, and yet my important unapproachable father thought you were beautiful. You can't know what it did to me. And since I've learned the—the lesson of loving men, I've thought of you more than ever. It made me able to surmise all that had happened. But at the time I couldn't imagine. I had only one thought in the world—my ugliness. Oh, I'd a terrible childhood, Margo—terrible! Always ashamed and conscious of myself. Were you?"

"Why, no, Jean. I do remember that I often wished I were prettier, but never morbidly at all. You are more intense than I, more sensitive."

"Not naturally. I'd be as phlegmatic as my father, but every time my mother looked at me it broke my heart. Barbara has mother's features, and sometimes when she looks at me so adoringly I feel as if it were mother—playing a joke on me." Her voice was miserable and bitter.

"Did you love your mother, Jean?"

"I wanted to. But in all the years I knew her she never meant half to me that you have meant just today."

Then I told her that, years ago, when her father and I were sweethearts and very serious about romance, as all Scotch are, he and I had walked to church together the last Sunday evening before he left Valley Springs. The apple trees were coming into bud and crocuses peeked through all the white picket fences. And we had talked very solemnly and seriously about what we should name our children. The first boy should be Bruce, we agreed on that; but he insisted the first girl should be named Margaret, and I had wanted her to be named Jean, because Jean was my mother's name, and it was perhaps the one word in the language that my stern rough father always spoke gently. This had given it beauty.

"So whenever I have thought of the little daughter I should like to have had, I have thought of her as Jean," I said.

"And I am named for your mother because of love," she said ironically when I had told her this.

"Perhaps," I said. "I had forgotten our old argument until I got his letter saying his daughter's name was Jean. And it's very odd, Jean, but my mother's voice was as beautiful as music, and yours is too."

"Beautiful!" She spoke the word in a strange tone, half voice, half whisper. "Until I saw you at the station this morning, Margo, I hadn't spoken or written that word in four years—except once. Whenever I hear it I feel just as much branded as if the whole word were burnt across my face in scarlet letters. I shan't want to talk of Hugh Bannister again. But I'm glad you told me about the letter. It helps my pride a little if he made my father believe his lie about loving me."

"Oh, but Jean!" I cried, unable to hold back the belief that had been with me ever since I had read those desperate penciled confessions of a boy who, like my own son, had not come back. "Jean, can't you believe that he loved you, and that he suffered for the wrong he did? I know that he loved you! I know it from the way I felt when I read his letter. You must——"

"Must, Margo? No, I must not believe it; that's just the point. It simply isn't true. He admits that he loved this girl when he married me. Well, do you suppose I forget the—the perfection of his deceit those first few months?" Her voice quivered, but she caught it back courageously. "His letter, though, does make me understand what a hold such a girl might have on a man who wanted nothing more than flesh. Oh, she was lovely, Margo! The only thing about her that wasn't beautiful was her voice. When she was raging round my apartment that night like a tigress, even while I felt sick to death with the shock of it and was shaking so I could scarcely stand, do you know, Margo, I actually envied her her beauty, consciously?

"Oh, what a superb joke I had been for them, blinded by his fine phrases about my 'beauty of spirit which spoke in my voice!' Ugh! 'Beautiful,' Margo, means nothing but the kind of flesh men hunger for, just as butchers pay higher for tender meat than for tough. And Delight Delmar could satisfy any *gourmand*, I'm sure of that. But I don't forget I envied her. Have you seen her?"

Delight Delmar, in the few years since the war, had become a famous screen star. "Yes," I said, "I've seen her twice, and I don't remember one feature of her face."

"I see her—everywhere—in the holes where I pull out onions, and hiding under the orange trees. I suppose, Margo"—she gave a short laugh that made me shiver—"I suppose you've been informed that I shot a man."

"Yes," I said.

"Why does Uncle Doctor think I did it? No doubt Annie gave him a workable report."

"He doesn't know why, Jean, other than that you were angered beyond your control."

"Does he think I meant to kill him?"

"Oh, no!"

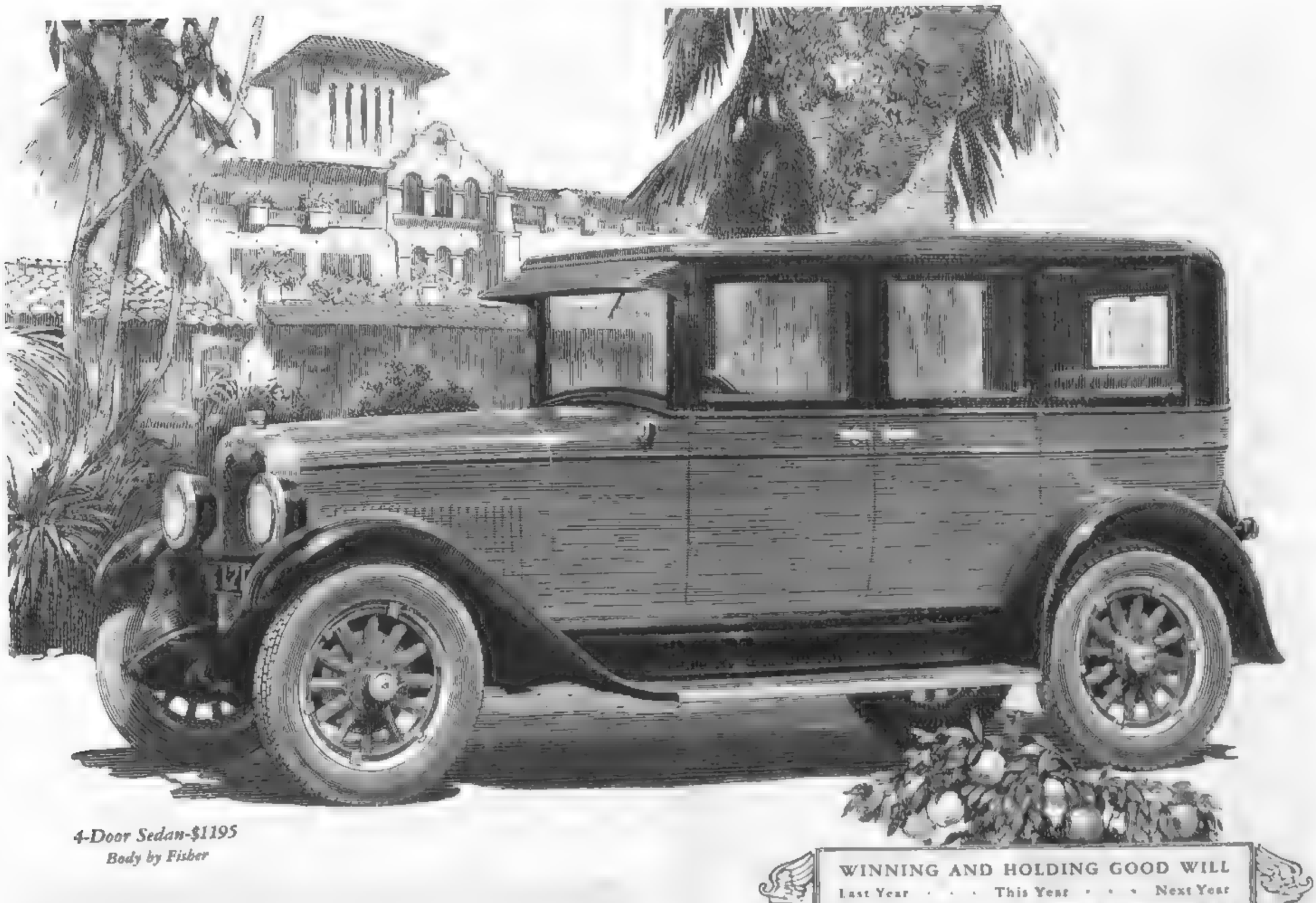
"Well, I did, Margo. And I'm a good shot too. God knows what saved him. I think some thought of Barbara must have taken my aim at the last instant. I'd been in the village that morning, and walked straight into a great gay garish undressed picture of Delight Delmar. It was on a poster easel in front of the theater. That afternoon this Harry Stuart came again; he'd tormented me to desperation. There isn't a doubt in the world but that he'd somehow learned I have money. And I wanted to kill him—oh, horribly, Margo! I felt that moment exactly as if he were Hugh Bannister standing there, telling me I was beautiful."

She told me this in a quiet reflective voice, with a manner of the utmost matter-of-factness. But I knew by every tight nerve in my body that the madness feared for her was very, very near, almost like another person or a shadow. My throat felt gripped and dry. I didn't know what to do or say. Jean was an intensively educated, modern, bitter, disillusioned girl. But I was an old-fashioned unworldly woman, with no more skepticism of faith than in the days of my girlhood, when I had prayed to God to heal me of the hurt this girl's father had given me. And so I prayed, "Dear God, tell me how to help her—tell me, tell me."

But no words came to me, and perhaps it was just as well. I went over to her and sat down on the swing, in the curve of her slender supple body. I put my hand down against her hot dry cheek. She reached up and took my fingers. I expect we sat there five minutes, but it seemed very long.

At last she said—and I wish it were possible to describe the beauty of her voice—"I hope I can be to Barbara the kind of

(Continued on Page 88)



4-Door Sedan-$1195
Body by Fisher

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL
Last Year . . . This Year . . . Next Year

Oakland leads again *with the* Rubber-Silenced Chassis

Oakland has pioneered many outstanding motor car developments, including Duco Finish, interchangeable bronze-backed bearings, four-wheel brakes and the Harmonic Balancer, but none more vital and valuable than the latest Oakland achievement—the Rubber-Silenced Chassis . . This new feature is exactly what its name implies—a chassis refined to a supreme state of quietness—a chassis freed from the disturbing noise and rumbling found in ordinary cars—a chassis that permits passengers to ride in quiet comfort . . Yet the Rubber-Silenced Chassis—rendering Oakland Six travel smooth and quiet beyond comparison—is but one of 77 refinements incorporated in the Greater Oakland Six, without any increase in prices.

Touring, $1025; Sedan, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; Sport Phaeton, $1095; 4-Door Sedan, $1195. Landau Sedan, $1295; Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825 to $895. All prices at factory Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

The Greater OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Out in the field Weston Portable Instruments give the precise, unvarying measurement accuracy maintained in the great Central Station. In effect the Maintenance Man carries his laboratory into the field. ¶Out in the field where profits and engineering reputations are made, where maintenance means money . . . along lines carrying power for industrial life or civic safety—there you will find Weston Portables relied upon to discover power leaks, to check equipment conditions, to safeguard investment. ¶More than ever before executives and engineers are watching the flow of dollars and cents along power lines with a keen realization that proper electrical maintenance is actually proper profit-maintenance. ¶In every field of electrical endeavor Weston Instruments give assurance that can be secured in no other way. Hundreds of instruments for every sort of use are considered standards by experts in the special work to which applied.

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Weston Avenue, Newark, N. J.

STANDARD THE WORLD OVER
WESTON
Pioneers since 1888

(Continued from Page 86)

mother you would have been to me. I'm sure Robert will be glad you've come to me, for I shall love you so much. I've had the most terrible suffocating sort of feeling. You've taken it all away. I don't think I've ever——"

Her words slowed, stopped. I leaned close over her, frightened. She was asleep, heavily, like one drugged. It must have been an hour before I wakened her.

"Great heavens!" she said, staggering drowsily into the soft lamplight. "I feel as rested as if I'd slept ten years. But, oh, Margo, how tired you are! Don't you get up when you hear us stirring round. I've got to be out spraying orange trees before the first lark harks. It's a crime for me to have tired you so." She tucked me in like a child and kissed me. After we were in bed and the late moonlight lay in long strips through the big fanciful room, she said, "Didn't Jim Hatton say that the Evans person, who wants to buy land, had consumption?"

Again my nerves jerked me painfully from all promise of sleep. "I've forgotten," I said.

"I hope to the Lord he's not a cousin or something of Sally Winthrop's," she said.

So, when we finally went to sleep, we were both thinking of Winthrop Evans.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CALIFORNIA DIVERSIONS

(Continued from Page 13)

everybody how hard they worked. The banker and the lawyer and the business man adhered to their offices with as much persistence as any of the larger pieces of furniture, and could be reached immediately by telephone at any time between half-past eight in the morning and six o'clock at night. Consequently there was no way of telling whether these peculiar matters originated in racial traits, trick foods or atmospheric conditions.

Eventually, however, the Easterners began to seep into California. They populated the hills of San Francisco, where the mimosa blooms in February, and the great fertile valleys behind and below it, where beautiful young ladies in gaudy sweaters and white skirts may be observed perfecting their back-hand shots on clay courts as early as half-past eight on sunny December and January mornings.

They came in swarms to the more southerly sections of the state, where white-garbed Pacific Coast society leaders have their photographs taken on the close cropped lawns of Pebble Beach or Santa Barbara around New Year's Day, reading from left to right, and where the mid-winter fragrance of the orange, grapefruit and lemon blossoms causes newcomers to emit shrill squeals of ecstasy.

Immediately an astounding phenomenon swam into the view of all persons who were able to stop talking about the climate for a sufficient length of time to permit anything else to swim into their view. Some of the most advanced cases of New England conscience, when exposed to the California sunlight, disintegrated to such an extent as to be almost unrecognizable.

Gentlemen who, in their former environments, would as soon have been guilty of mayhem or arson as of leaving their businesses or professions during conventional office hours, suddenly developed the habit of vanishing into the great outdoors whenever they could find a subordinate to answer the telephone, or even whenever somebody carelessly left the door open on a

(Continued on Page 90)

San Francisco's Chinatown at Night

Quality Beyond Comparison

Results from

Chrysler Standardized Quality

By J. E. Fields

There is scarcely a motor car of importance today that does not reflect in either design or practice the influence of Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers.

This is because in the past three years the organization of which Mr. Chrysler is the head has pioneered more improvements in the automobile than had been brought forth in the preceding decade.

The result has been quality beyond comparison, and now Mr. Chrysler further emphasizes this quality—makes it more than ever outstanding in all price classes—by his plan of Standardized Quality.

Mr. Chrysler is the first and only large scale manufacturer building four cars under one name and one management in one group of unified plants on a standardized quality basis.

This standardization of quality is the result of an extraordinarily complete coördination of engineering and manufacturing facilities and resources.

It governs every minutest operation from the first rough sketch

In the past three years the organization of which Mr. Walter P. Chrysler is the head has pioneered more improvements in the automobile than had been brought forth in the preceding decade.

This has resulted in quality beyond comparison, and now Mr. Chrysler emphasizes this quality in all price classes by his plan of Standardized Quality.

J. E. Fields

of the engineers, through the working blue prints; it governs the selection of the raw materials; it compels manufacture of even the smallest part as well as the vital units to the most precise standards; it molds even the manufacture of accessories.

The result is that each and every model of the four Chrysler types is standardized as to quality.

And the quality of the lowest priced Chrysler is as unquestionable as that of the highest priced Chrysler.

There is a difference, of course, in the price of Chrysler models, from the new Chrysler "50", finest of fours, through the line of the lighter, lower-priced Chrysler "60", the superb Chrysler "70" and the Chrysler Imperial "80", as fine as money can build.

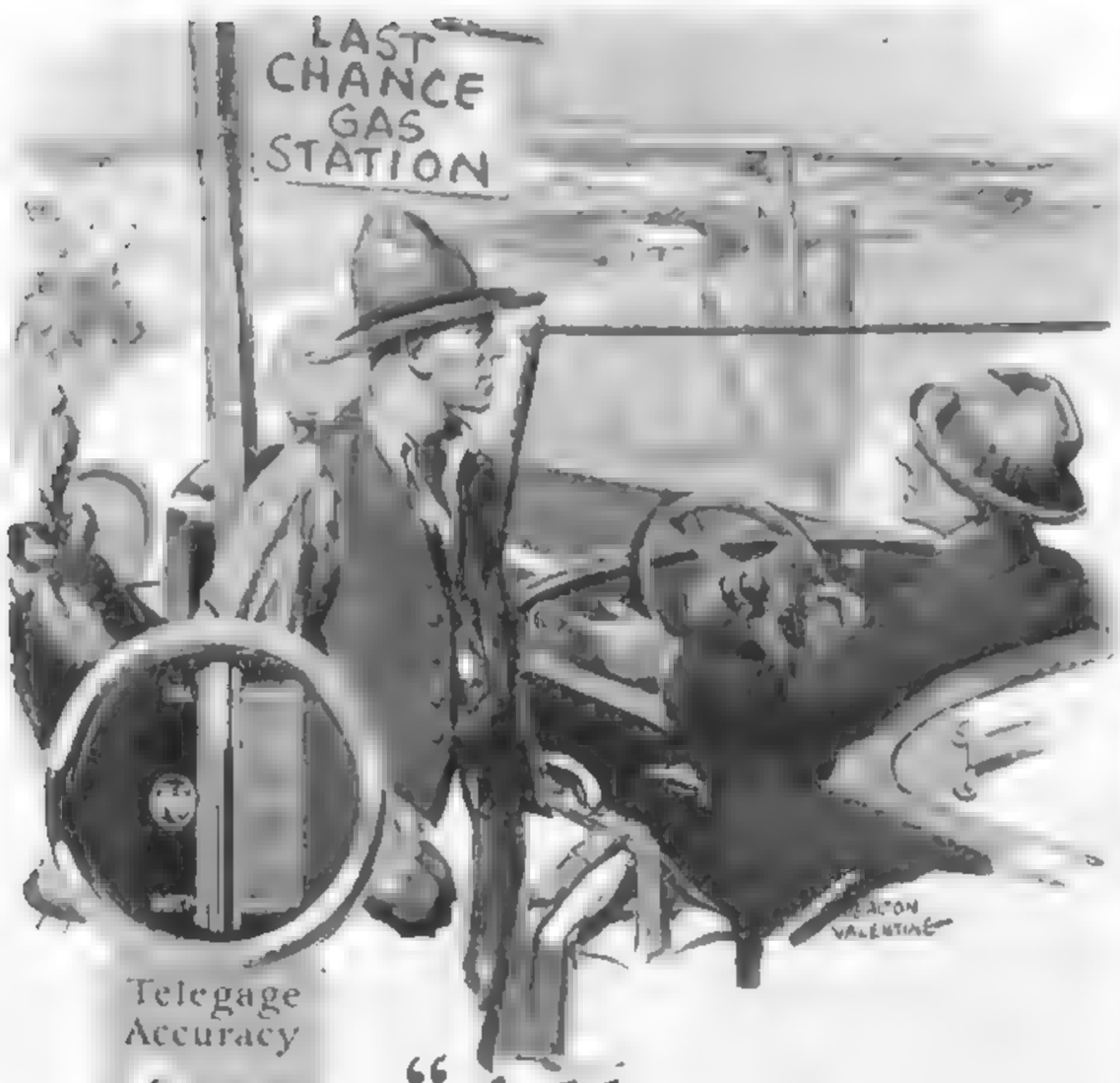
But all are absolutely the same in rigid adherence to the law of finer quality.

Thus certainty of Chrysler unsurpassed performance is built into each and every Chrysler model by the Chrysler principle of Standardized Quality. It brings Chrysler superiority in speed, power, beauty, comfort, roadability and long life within the reach of practically every purse. It enables every motorist to buy in any of the four general price classifications, with complete assurance of receiving all the brilliancy and dependability of service for which Chrysler has established a reputation throughout the world.

CHRYSLER

"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



Telegage Accuracy

Checks gallon for gallon

Fully protected by U. S. and Foreign patents

"All set for gas?"

"Forty miles straight across, stranger, and you'd better reckon up your gasoline carefully."

"It's all reckoned up, friend. The Telegage says 12 gallons, and you can be certain with the Telegage."

YOU are all through with doubt and uncertainty about your gasoline supply, when you put the faithful red column of the Telegage on guard.

That's the quality of the Telegage that has won admiration from the half million motorists who use it. It is wholly and unquestionably dependable. Exact to a fraction of a gallon, it tells at a glance how far you can go, when to buy gas, and how much to order. There are no moving parts to wear out, or to affect its operation. This test will prove its accuracy. With a gallon measure fill the fuel tank one gallon at a time. The red column will rise line by line, checking gallon for gallon.

THREE NEW CARS ADDED

With the addition of the Jewett, the Nash Light Six, and the Nash Special Six, sixteen leading cars now indorse the K-S Telegage by including it as standard equipment. Its dependable protection is now available as an accessory on many other cars. Ask your car dealer about the Telegage. He will install it easily and quickly. The tank unit fits in the float gauge opening, and a template (included) makes it simple to fit the Telegage on the instrument board. If your car dealer cannot supply you, write us. When writing give dealer's name, model, and year of your car, and enclose check for $8.50, the regular retail price.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard

Standard equipment on 16 leading cars:

Willys-Knight 66
Nash Special 6
Oakland (some models)
Studebaker Standard 6
Willys-Knight 70
Jewett
Reo Sedan Bus
Regular Bus
Commerce Bus

Accessory price complete, ready to install on cars below

$8.50

Chrysler 58 and 60
Chrysler 70
Essex 6 (11 gal tank only)
Jewett
Nash
Oakland
Overland 6
Reo

Important!

Specify year and model of car.

And now the Chevrolet!

Special instructions for installation (different from other cars because it has no float gauge) included with every instrument.

The K-S Telegage GASOLINE

BE CERTAIN WITH THE *K-S TELEGAGE*

(Continued from Page 83

warm day. Stern-jawed New Englanders, whose proudest boast had been that they hadn't had a vacation since the year of the Big Fog, would settle in California and promptly become advocates of an improved British-type week-end.

The British, whenever possible, go to the country for week-end parties around Thursday afternoon and return to their vocations as early as possible on the following Tuesday. The Californian, however, obtains such a mastery over his New England conscience that he is constantly striving to reach the perfect combination of business and pleasure that will permit him to leave his life work at an early hour on Wednesday afternoon, go to the seashore or the mountains or the desert for Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, and return to his life work at a seasonable hour on the following Wednesday morning.

Owing to this fact, the business of locating a high official in a prominent California organization is occasionally highly distressing to the Easterner whose ingrowing conscience has not yet been softened by his California sojourn.

In Conference

He telephones, let us say, to the office of a large San Francisco organization and speaks briskly to the young lady who answers the telephone.

"Hello! Is this the office of the Pacific Institute for the Dissemination of Favorable Climate Reports?" he inquires.

"Yes," says the young lady in a pleasing California voice.

"Well," says the brisk Easterner, "I would like to speak to Mr. White, the president."

"Very sorry," says the young lady, "Mr. White has gone to Catalina Island for a conference and will be back on Wednesday."

"Good night!" says the brisk Easterner. "Who is the general manager of the company?"

"Mr. Blue is the general manager," says the young lady.

"All right," says the Easterner, "let me talk to him."

"Very sorry," she replies, "he is on a trout-fishing conference and will return next Wednesday."

"Well, so-and-so and so-and-so!" growls the Easterner. "Let me talk to the secretary-treasurer."

"That's Mr. Green," she says sweetly; "but Mr. Green has gone on a duck-shooting conference with Joe Dwyer."

"And will he be back on Wednesday?" queries the Easterner, grinding his teeth malevolently.

"Yes, sir," says the young lady. "Would you like to leave a message?"

Since he still retains his conscience, the Easterner refrains from sullying the young lady's ears with the message he would like to leave; but a number of powerful and searing thoughts pass rapidly through his brain and so affect it that he soon begins to wish that he could join Mr. White or Mr. Blue or Mr. Green on their conferences. If this had happened to him in the East he would have uncompromisingly characterized Mr. White and Mr. Blue and Mr. Green by a number of names, the mildest of which would have been "lazy loafer." In California his indignation quickly vanishes. Thus does the New England conscience move toward disintegration and decay when conditions are favorable.

California, because of her climate or some other reason, may shoot large, gaping holes in the New England conscience; but in return it stimulates the growth of a California conscience that forces its possessor to hunt busily for diversions.

Golf, in California, is more of an incurable disease than a game. Picnics attain such proportions as to make the crowd at a Harvard-Yale football game look, by comparison, like a gathering of the residents of Mr. Goldsmith's Deserted Village.

Fishing is so freely indulged in that no California newspaper is complete without a sporting-page column devoted to the daily activities of the leading California fishes. The game of tennis is so heavily patronized that there are more tennis courts in California per capita than there are bean pots in Boston.

The noble art of hiking for hiking's sake is more popular in some parts of California than in South Germany, where beer-laden citizens plug along the roads with shaved heads, knapsacks and alpenstocks in such numbers that the swash and gurgle of the beer in their interiors sounds constantly in the ears of the wayfarer like the murmur of the waves on a distant shore.

The Californian hikes for the hiking, whereas the South German hikes with the idea of reaching a destination that will provide him with a sufficient quantity of beer to drown an elephant. Deprive the German of his beer, and his passion for hiking quickly becomes parched and useless. Consequently it is safe to say that the Californians are without peers as gluttonous hikers.

The ordinary club life of humdrum Eastern communities is not sufficient for the Californian. California clubs provide themselves with farms and groves and shooting preserves and private trout streams and golf links and bucolic retreats of various sorts. To these retreats the members repair on week-ends to commune with Nature, let their beards grow, wrap themselves around enormous steaks, and work off their surplus energy by writing and producing plays by comparison with which some of the more popular Broadway productions frequently look as though they were recovering from an almost fatal attack of pernicious anæmia.

It should be remarked in passing that the atmosphere that permeates California clubs is of a sort to cause the possessor of a full-fledged New England conscience to examine his tongue in a pocket mirror from time to time in order to make sure that he is not suffering from a high fever and resultant hallucinations. Instead of talking weightily about the arduous and nerve-racking labors on which he is engaged, each member seems to spend most of his time talking about a pleasing trip on which he proposes to embark in the near future, and attempting to persuade the other members to give up their trips and accompany him.

The Superiority Complex

The member who is contemplating a trip to New York is urged to abandon his trip and substitute for it a trip to the South Sea Islands, and vice versa; while the member who is about to embark on a trip to Mexico argues valiantly for the companionship of brother members who are noisily advancing the benefits to be obtained from the trips that they have planned for themselves to Cuba, Borneo, Peru, Australia, Tia Juana, and Portland, Maine, and vice versa. As for the person who pleads work as an excuse for not going on a trip, he is thought to be suffering from something that he has eaten.

The persistent belief on the part of California club members in the superiority of their own projected trips over the prospective trips of other members is somewhat similar to the attitude of Californians toward the location of the plots of ground on which their homes are built. Every Californian makes no secret of the fact that his residence is situated on the most desirable piece of land in the entire state of California.

Owners of property on the cliffs at La Jolla—and incidentally it may or may not be the Californians' insistence on diversion that causes them to pronounce this name La Hoya—or on the Monterey Peninsula or in other California beauty spots, persist in believing that the view from their particular lot is superior to the view from all other lots. This state of affairs tends to make Californians a happy and contented

(Continued on Page 92)

"We find it more economical to operate with Prest-O-Lite"

DARLING & COMPANY

THE evidence of Prest-O-Lite superiority continues to pour in. Darling & Company, of Chicago, wrote us recently as follows

"We operate a fleet of over 00 trucks, all of which are equipped with Prest-O-Lite for lighting, with the exception of two or three ¼-ton jobs.

"We find it more economical to operate with Prest-O-Lite, and also have less trouble than with the electric lighting system."

From every angle Prest-O-Lite Gas has proved itself the best lighting system for trucks It provides a safe driving light, *legal everywhere* Proof against rough roads and rough weather Economical to install and operate. It entails no expense when not in actual use.

And more convenient empty tanks can be exchanged for full ones at any one of the thousands of Prest O Lite Service Stations located all over the country You pay a small amount for the gas only

As manufacturers of storage batteries for lighting trucks, as well as Prest O Lite Gas, we are in a position to tell you the lighting equipment that has proved most satisfactory in various types of service

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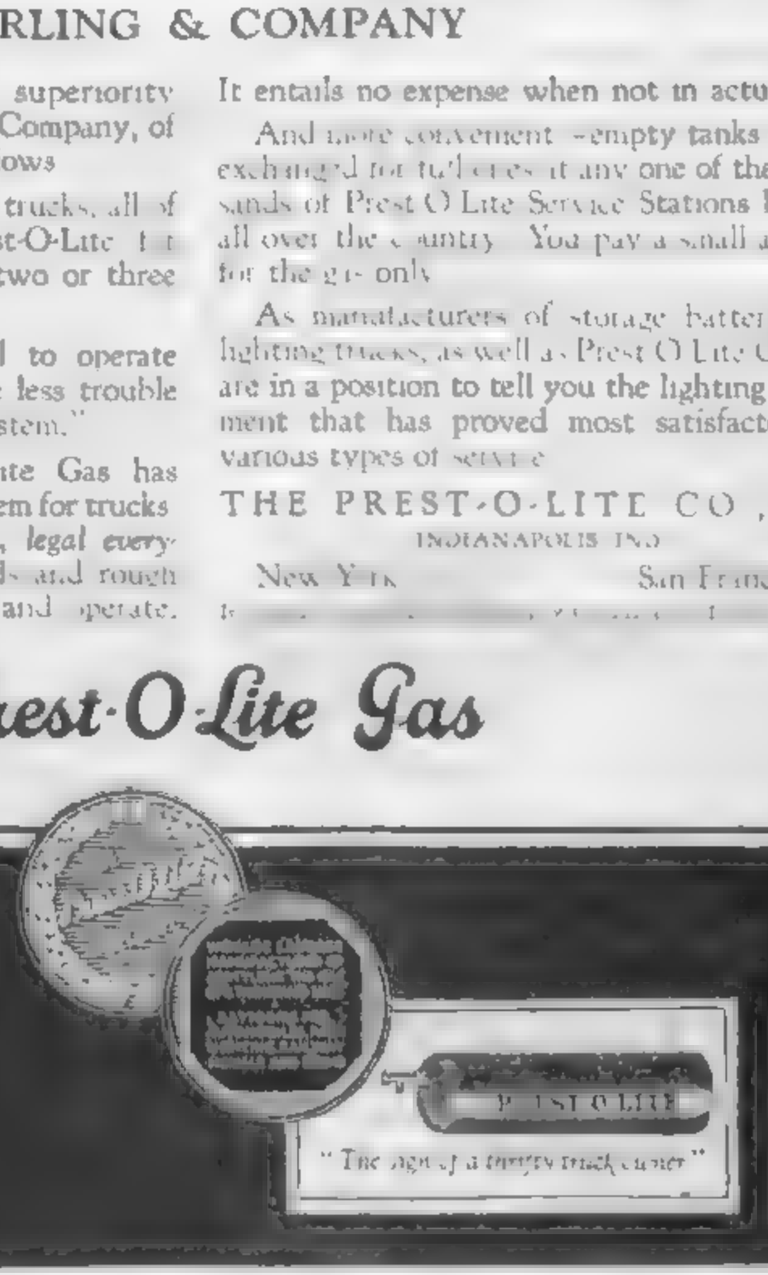

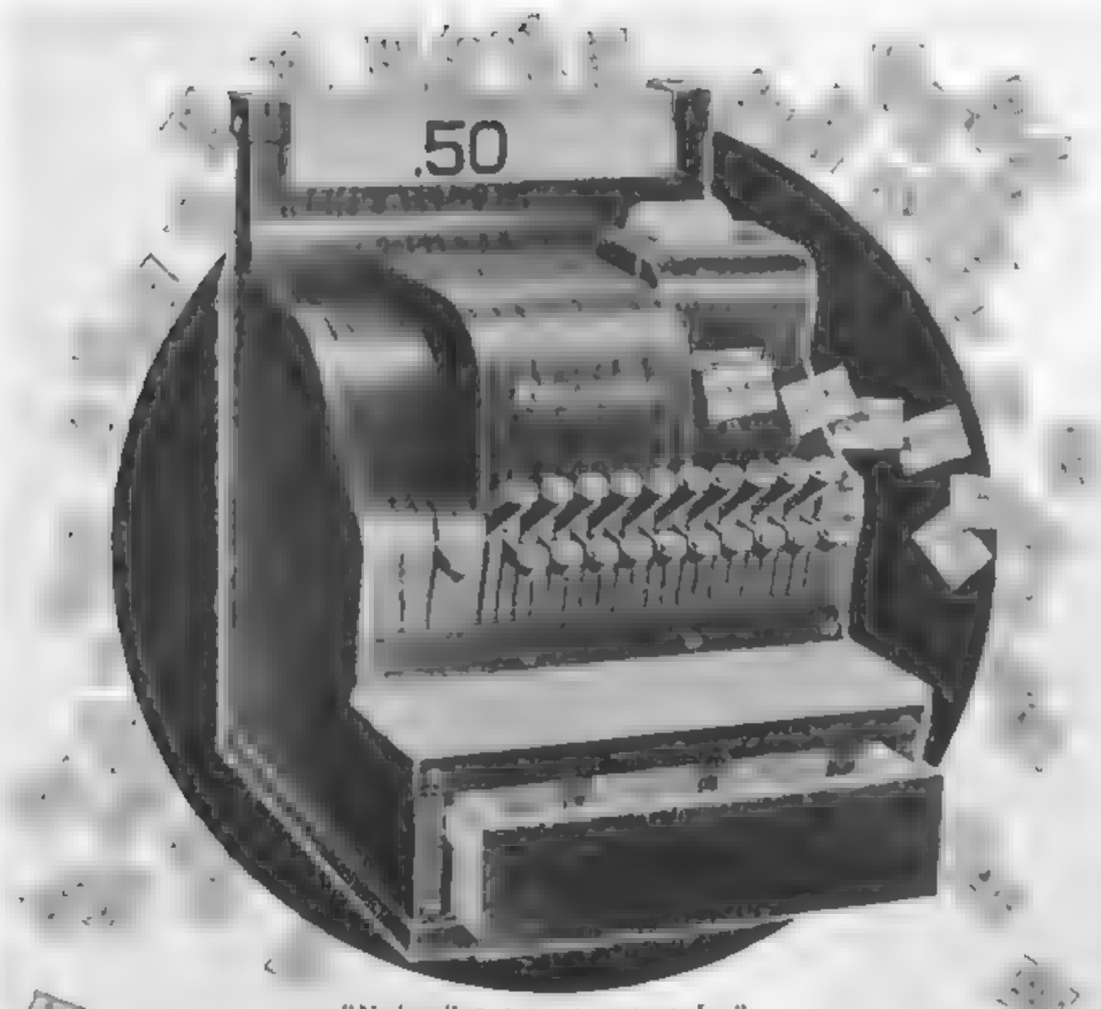

"No handle to turn—no motor to buy"

More for the Merchant's Money More Money for the Merchant

THE new Remington Check-Printing Cash Register costs less than you would expect to pay; and delivers far more than you would expect to get.

It embodies valuable improvements never before offered at any price. They are available now only on Remington machines.

These modern improvements make the Remington Check Printer by far the speediest, easiest, and most convenient to operate and the most economical of the space it occupies. But above all it is the only check-printing machine which gives a complete printed daily report on the vital sales facts that merchants need.

You can now buy a check-printing register at moderate cost with all the exclusive features which have established a new standard of cash register service for other types of Remington machines.

A complete line of up-to-date Remingtons is on sale in the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.
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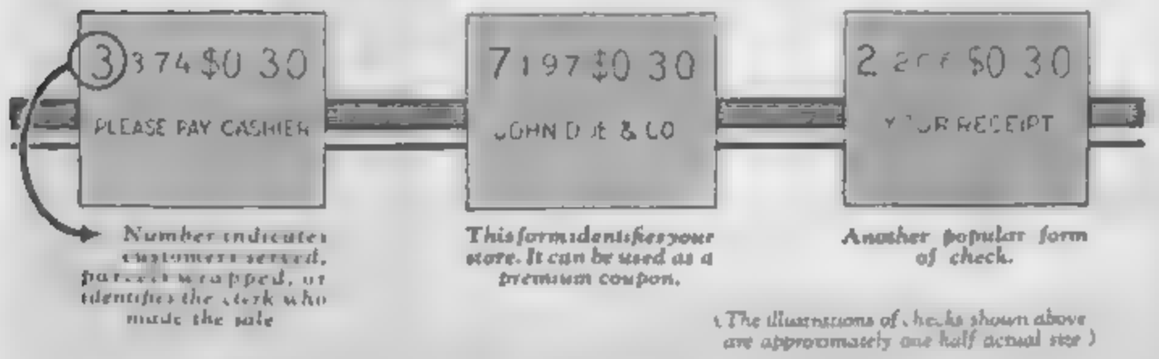

Number indicates customers served, parcels wrapped, or identifies the clerk who made the sale

This form identifies your store. It can be used as a premium coupon.

Another popular form of check.

(The illustrations of checks shown above are approximately one half actual size)

Remington cash registers

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(Continued from Page 90)

people, and it also tends to cause the Eastern seeker after truth to grow wan and hollow-eyed.

The business of maintaining a sylvan retreat in which ancient trousers can be freely worn and the last vestiges of a New England conscience driven out into the trackless wilderness is not restricted to clubs. California possesses so many valleys, mountains and canyons that if the state should be flattened out with a rolling pin, her area would be about eleven times as large as at present. Consequently there is a large amount of unused space among hills and valleys that can be reached by city dwellers in three or four hours in the most decrepit of tin automobiles; and in these unused spaces a commodious camp site can be purchased for the price of a good hat, or thereabouts.

In the vicinity of most of these sites there are mountain streams so full of trout, according to the Californians, that one has to pelt them with rocks to keep them from biting pieces out of one another in their eagerness to take fishermen's flies; and as a result, the individual who fails to own a little cabin in the hills is generally suspected of being a victim of sleeping sickness.

Even the cities of California have encouraged the decline of the New England conscience by investing in municipal camps in the Sierras. The Californian can get transportation to these camps, and obtain board and lodging with modern conveniences in close proximity to large numbers of loose trout and in the midst of landscapes that compare favorably with the most expensive scenery in the world, for as little as seven dollars a week.

Los Angeles maintains three camps of this nature. San Francisco, Sacramento, Fresno, Oakland and Berkeley also have them; and other California cities are on the verge of investing in similar holdings—a fact which may possibly give pause to boarding houses in Eastern summer resorts where the wandering vacationist pays three dollars a day and up for a fine view of a filling station, a fried-clam stand and a large billboard extolling the virtues of Bazooza Gasoline—Makes the Billboards Buzz By.

Local Peculiarities

A full-grown San Franciscan can have a thirteen-day outing at San Francisco's municipal camp in the High Sierras for twenty-eight dollars, including transportation both ways. It is true that he will not be in close proximity to an antique shop as he would be in any New England summer resort; but this fact alone should be worth at least twenty-eight dollars to him.

Some of the most prominent California diversions are purely local in character, just as are certain types of Pacific Coast conversations. In San Francisco, for example, conversation is apt to dwell heavily on the artistic and cultural superiority of San Francisco to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles it adheres rigidly to the movies, divorce, face-lifting and weight-reducing diets. In El Centro, metropolis of the Imperial Valley, it has to do with carload prices for lettuce and cantaloupes.

In the same way the diversion of searching for Chinese curios is peculiar to San Francisco, and the diversion of writing poetry and reading it to little groups of more or less appreciative acquaintances is peculiar to Carmel. The picnic diversion reaches its apex in Los Angeles, as does the strange diversion of arranging welcomes and farewells for celebrities.

The tremendous growth of the picnic diversion on the Pacific Coast, coupled with the feverish determination of Californians to indulge in diversions, may easily result in a system of interlocking picnics that will amaze the entire civilized world. At the present time the picnics that are most passionately and persistently attended are the state picnics. When Iowans resident in California assemble for a picnic, 150,000 of them crowd into the picnic grounds, call each other brother or sister, and unite from time to time in the stirring chorus of the grand old Iowa alma mater, or anthem, Where the Tall Corn Grows.

The picnic grounds are marked out in the form of a miniature Iowa, with the ninety-nine counties set off from one another by genuine boundary lines; and it is the happy custom of the Iowans to flock to the miniature representations of the counties in which they resided in the old Iowa days and make themselves as important as possible in the eyes of all the others who are concentrated in the same miniature county.

The exact reason for these state picnics is usually somewhat difficult to determine. There is something about the climate or ozone or aura of California—especially of Southern California—that encourages and develops the herd instinct. Strangers freely approach one another in California parks, eliminate the usual remarks about the weather, and within five minutes are telling one another all about the reason why they can't get along with their husbands' brothers, or why they sometimes think that they would be better off if they had married different types of women.

The Whole World Kin

At some of the beaches near Los Angeles—beaches at which Nature's efforts have been kindly and more or less successfully assisted by countless pop-corn venders, hot-dog stands, tintype machines, shoot-the-chutes, caves of the winds, merry-go-rounds, dance halls and what not—the pleasure seekers ignore the waves and the silver sands and pack themselves into swimming pools so closely that the person who attempted a single Australian crawl stroke would either knock out two or three innocent bathers or break his hand on one of the many adjacent jawbones.

The picnics may be due to this herd instinct, inflamed by a certain sentimental tie that seems to bind a former resident of Cook County, Illinois, or any other county of the Middle-Western states, to that county for the remainder of his natural life. Nobody can say definitely that there is any such tie; but the fact remains that hundreds of former residents of Illinois and Iowa and Indiana counties travel hundreds of miles to attend their state picnics in California, and to fraternize diligently with other residents of those same counties.

If a sentimental bond attaches to living in a given county for a certain number of weeks or months or years, then there ought to be an even more violent sentimental bond connected with owning a small tin coupé, or living in a four-room near-Spanish bungalow, or existing for two years on a diet of lamb chops and pineapple.

Consequently, with the constantly increasing passion for enormous picnics in California, there is every reason why the state picnics may soon be augmented—if not supplanted—by Tin Coupé Owners' Picnics, Weight Reducers' Picnics, Boston Terrier Owners' Picnics, Picnics of Those Who Have Had Their Faces Peeled, Picnics of Persons Residing in Four-Room Bungalows, Pipe Smokers' Picnics, Picnics of Families that Are Buying Automobiles on the Installment Plan, and so on and so forth.

It is probable that the participants in these great herd picnics obtain a certain amount of pleasure out of them; but it is certain that few people are awake to the fact that they could easily be turned into a powerful weapon in the proper hands. Some time ago, for example, there dwelt on a large estate in the outskirts of a California city a wealthy and prominent woman named—for the purposes of this narrative—Mrs. Ellabelle Bull. Mrs. Bull had not been particularly mellowed by the California climate so far as her relations with the common people were concerned. She had a somewhat un-Californian feeling that her estate belonged exclusively to her, and that she did not care to have casual

(Continued on Page 94)

Up from the earth's foundations

come these permanent Roofings of Asbestos

BLASTED from solid rock, asbestos brings to your roof a permanence and fire-safety already tested by the centuries.

In the Johns-Manville factories, its everlasting fibres are pressed into shingles or felted into sheets that scorn the attacks of weather, time, and even fire.

Roofings of such material ask no constant repairs or replacements to keep them in service. In economy, safety, and permanence, they challenge comparison with all other types of roofs.

There is a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing for every type of building.

What Kind of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings		

Re-roof *for the* **last time** When re-roofing an old house you can lay asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain to protect your home against heat and cold.

JOHNS-MANVILLE [illegible]

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER *until you have a*

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS ROOF

What Holds You Back

From this greater shaving comfort?

TOO many men are delaying a shaving delight which they're bound to discover sooner or later.

All because they have fallen into the habit of using an inferior razor, day in and day out.

Those more open-minded have found a better way, one which often turns a former annoyance into a pleasure.

When you discover the Valet AutoStrop Razor, you have found the way to super-shaves. For each shave is with a new-like blade, keen, comfortable.

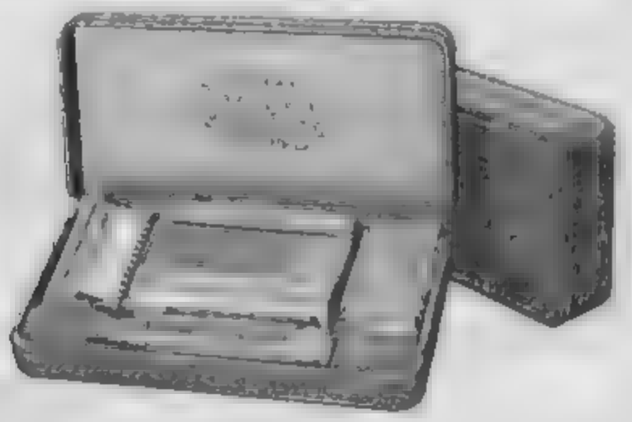
The Valet AutoStrop Razor is unique. It sharpens its own blades in a jiffy. Then you shave. Then you clean. All without taking the razor to pieces. No other razor is like it.

To shave with it is to experience a new pleasure—it gives a cleaner, quicker shave.

To try it for a change is to adopt it for good.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 646 First Avenue, New York City



The Razor That Sharpens Itself

(Continued from Page 92)

automobilists straying across her carefully manicured lawn and pulling up her shrubbery by the roots, even though they were spiritually uplifted and physically benefited by so doing.

She therefore placed signs on her property discouraging wayfarers from making free with her estate; and when wayfarers overlooked or ignored her signs, they were addressed sharply and haughtily by an English butler.

Nothing of a truly disturbing nature occurred until the representative of a motion-picture company chanced to cast an appreciative eye over the estate, and even entered the grounds for a more careful look. He was immediately detected by the haughty butler and requested in a refined but contemptuous voice to go elsewhere and stay there.

The representative of the motion-picture company departed meditatively; and a few hours later he appeared at the business office of a local newspaper and inserted a small and inconspicuous advertisement which stated that a meeting of the Iowa Society would be held on the lawn of Mrs. Ellabelle Bull's estate on the following Thursday at eleven A.M., and that basket lunches should be provided by the participants.

At noon on the following Thursday the representative of the motion-picture company drove slowly past the Ellabelle Bull estate to see what he could see. The lawns were covered with knots and groups of puzzled Iowans, each one provided with neat lunch baskets or small bundles wrapped in newspapers; and going protestingly from group to group were the English butler and several other men who had the supercilious look of superior English footmen. One of the footmen had made the mistake of trying to push a family of Iowans out of the gate, and he was being industriously pursued down the road by a small but determined coterie of corn farmers.

Additional automobile loads of Iowans were being rapidly disgorged on the lawn; and other eager Iowans were strolling around the porches of Mrs. Ellabelle Bull's home, and peering inquisitively through the windows. Some of the younger generation of Iowans had climbed the pillars of the Bull mansion and were running gayly around the porch roof or trying to shin up onto the roof of the house. All in all, it was a scene of light-hearted pleasure.

Memorial to the Horse

The representative of the motion-picture company smiled happily to himself and drove on. An hour later he drove past again for another look at his handiwork. A squad of police had managed to explain to the Iowans that there had been some mistake—a statement that seemed to be corroborated by the appearance of the butler, who was watching the proceedings from a coign of vantage near Mrs. Bull's front door. His hair was badly rumpled, his collar was wilted, his coat was seriously torn in the back, and his air of haughty contempt had been replaced by the look of a wild creature that has been harried by huntsmen during the heat of the day. Mrs. Bull's lawn was well littered with newspapers, lunch baskets and other débris; and three or four months of good hard work would probably be sufficient to get the grass and shrubbery into condition again.

Thus it may be seen that the large California picnic is a dangerous weapon when unscrupulously handled.

The Californians from Iowa and adjacent Middle-Western states do not, in spite of appearances, divert themselves exclusively with picnics. Frequently they obtain surcease from homesickness and boredom by prolonged indulgence in horseshoe pitching. This form of diversion is so freely practiced among the Middle-Western farmers who have populated certain sections of the Southern California coast that farmers have been heard to say that if the energy expended on it could be applied to the farms of Iowa and adjacent states, there would be no more farm problems and consequently no further necessity for farm-relief legislation.

This is probably an exaggeration; but after one has seen several hundred farmers hurling horseshoes back and forth for hours on end, one is ready to believe that it would be far easier to get valuable power by harnessing their motions than to get nitrogen from the air.

The city of Long Beach, not far from Los Angeles, can usually be depended on to send several trainloads of Iowans, or 3000 or 4000 people, to any Iowa picnic held within the boundaries of California. Long Beach is therefore a great center for horseshoe pitchers.

As one approaches City Hall Park at Long Beach, one is conscious of a heavy and ominous clanking, somewhat similar to that which would probably be made by a regiment of ghosts dragging their chains up the stone stairs of a Class-A haunted castle, or by fifty blacksmiths putting the finishing touches on fifty iron implements of considerable bulk. Investigation develops the fact that the clanking noise emanates from scores of horseshoes landing against iron stakes or other horseshoes; and a superficial study of the field of play is sufficient to convince anyone that this is the very acme of horseshoe-pitching elegance, style and form.

No Game for Detroiters

Not only are there free coat racks on which the coats of contestants may be hung without charge but there are also faucets and paper towels with the aid of which the contestants can remove the grime from the exposed portions of the body after several hours of violent exercise.

The percentage of celluloid collars among the contestants is high—so high that extreme care has to be exerted in the lighting of cigarettes and pipes for fear that a few of the collars may explode and separate a few of the Iowans' heads from their shoulders. Contestants wear trick appliances on their thumbs, due to the fact that some of them play so diligently that the thumbs would soon be worn off unless they were protected from friction.

There is great refinement in the motions of the horseshoe hurlers at Long Beach—far more than is encountered at a small bush-league horseshoe-pitching center. One contestant will hurl the shoe with graceful turning movements, not unlike that used by a ballet dancer in interpreting the Death of the Swan. Another will affect a contorted wind-up prior to releasing the shoe, somewhat similar to that once used by Amos Rusie on the baseball diamond. Second-raters may be detected by their hesitant and awkward delivery, reminiscent of a waiter pushing a hot plate of beans through a kitchen window.

As the visitor to California moves away from the great settlements of Iowans and Kansans and Nebraskans and other Middle-Westerners, he escapes from the sphere of influence of horseshoe pitching and picnics and is confronted by another type of California herd diversion—that of special weeks, days and pageants, during the observance of which the happy and approximately care-free citizenry make merry among the confetti, orange blossoms, roses, prune buds or whatever local product is being glorified by the special day, week or pageant of the moment.

If Sacramento celebrates the Days of Forty-nine with several days of pageantry and jollification, as it occasionally does, the obliging residents permit their whiskers to feather out luxuriantly as in the days of the gold rush, the ladies don hoop skirts, lace mitts, bustles and other early Victorian impediments, and the business men cover the façades of their office buildings with false fronts in imitation of the saloons and dance halls in which the whiskered miners took their redeye straight and hoarsely

(Continued on Page 96)

Just Like "Going Home for Lunch"

Mothers whose children have to stay at school for lunch are giving the little ones the same warm, healthful food they get at home–in "Thermos" School Kits

The cup of steaming hot broth or other drink so necessary to regenerate the energy that little bodies use so freely - is kept *hot* and *fresh* in the genuine "Thermos" Bottle. And there's lots of room in the compact lunch box for sandwiches, fruit, cookies or cake.

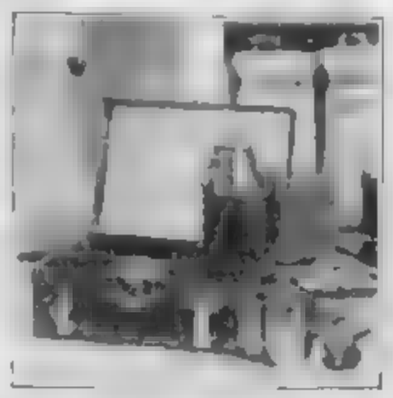
Why, it's just like "going home for lunch!"

Dealers everywhere sell genuine "Thermos" School Kits. For the sake of your children's health, get one for each of them today. And, by the way, is your home completely equipped with "Thermos" comforts? Bedside jug sets for each chamber - sets in exquisite colors for living room and sunporch - silver pitcher sets for the dining room —motor kits and *quart* "Thermos" bottles for hot or cold drinks on outings and picnics, as well as Food Jars for hot or cold solid foods.

"Thermos" Quart Size enamel finish Lap Jug Set (including "Thermos" Jug, Tray and two glasses), choice of a variety of decorative colors and finishes. Price—$13.75 up

Other styles nickel plated, quart size from $11.00 up

"Thermos" Vacuum Bed Kit No. 1031, [illegible] Thermos Bottle. Many [illegible] Price $7.75. Extra size quart "Thermos" Bottle—$3.00



SEND FOR FREE SCHOOL LUNCH BOOKLET

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • SAN FRANCISCO • NORWICH, CONN. • HUNTINGTON, W. VA

In England: Thermos (1925) Ltd., London In Canada: Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto

The LIQUID Floor Covering

"Liquid Floor Covering?" What does it mean?

"LIQUID floor covering?" you say. "But a floor covering cannot be a liquid."
Yet this is exactly what Koverflor is—a *floor covering that is a liquid.*

Floor covering—because it gives a perfect, fresh, attractive surface, in desirable colors or clear, on floors of wood or cement—inside or out.

Floor covering—because it simplifies cleaning—it endures hard service.

And liquid—because in liquid form it is easy to apply.

Koverflor looks like paint. It is used like paint. But it is stronger, more enduring—especially prepared for floors that must suffer the most destructive attacks from human use, and from the weather—floors of porches, kitchens, bathrooms, basements, garages.

Koverflor is used for purposes other than floors—such as articles of furniture, tools and implements, metal fixtures, and toys that must sustain the hardest kind of wear. Use Koverflor *Clear* wherever you need a varnish effect.

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

NEW YORK · 443 Fourth Ave · CHICAGO · 1800 Federal St · SAN FRANCISCO · 502 Howard St

LONDON · BERLIN · OOTHENBERG

The great industries of the world use thousands and thousands of gallons of Standard Varnish Works products—Varnishes, Paints, Enamels and Allied Specialties for protecting and beautifying the articles of commerce they manufacture. For all industrial, architectural and household purposes, S. V. W. Products are recognized as the world accepted standards

People everywhere have become so impressed with the extraordinary qualities of Koverflor, that they are successfully using it for many purposes other than floors—for articles of furniture, wood or metal surfaces, linoleum, boats, etc. You can use *Clear* Koverflor wherever you need a varnish effect. Prove the merits of Koverflor yourself. Use the attached coupon.

If your dealer hasn't *Koverflor* in stock, send to us, at our nearest office, $1.40 for a quart, 75 cents for a pint or 40 cents for a half-pint. Pacific Coast points—quart, $1.60, pint, 90 cents, half pint, 50 cents. Koverflor comes in Clear, Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Grey, Russet. State color. Sample Book on request. SEP 9-18

Amount enclosed *Color*

Your Name

Your Address

(Continued from Page 94)

bawled the complimentary words of Sacramento Gals:

The Sacramento gals are some,
Nipping round, around, around;
They're down on men what live on rum,
As they go nipping round

On J Street they are to be found,
Nipping round, around, around;
Their bustles lift them off the ground,
As they go nipping round.

Their hoops will reach around a dray,
Nipping round, around, around;
They're airy on a windy day,
As they go nipping round.

But of all the gals I ever see,
Nipping round, around, around,
The Sacramento gals for me
As they go nipping round.

Santa Barbara goes almost completely Spanish for several days during the celebration of her fiesta. San Francisco commemorates the discovery of San Francisco Bay by Don Gaspar de Portola with violent confetti battles and enthusiastic singing and dancing on the most prominent streets in the city. Pasadena excites herself pleasurably over her Tournament of Roses. Healdsburg reaches a high pitch of enthusiastic activity with her Water Carnival. Around Fresno and the Napa Valley there are yearly Pageants of the Grape. In the upper Sacramento Valley there is an elaborate celebration on the occasion of the ripening of the first oranges.

Just One Pageant After Another

The entire state observes Raisin Day and Poppy Day with more or less enthusiasm; and all over California, summer and winter, spring and fall, there are a sufficient number of days and pageants and weeks being celebrated to enable the person who is diverted by such things to spend an entire year in hurrying from pageant to pageant and from week to week without an idle moment between any of them.

When the observer transfers his observations from the herd diversions of Californians to the individual diversions, he is apt to find that there are only a few diversions common to both Northern and Southern Californians, and that chief among these are golf, tennis, insisting that all visiting celebrities must make speeches, reducing the weight by eating lamb chops and pineapple, and having the face skinned in order to recover a schoolgirl or schoolboy complexion—and not all these are enjoyed by all Californians.

In the matter of golf and tennis and other Californian sports, it should be remarked by statesmen and lawmakers that this situation is one of the many national problems about which something ought to be done, or a law passed, or something.

For many years all Easterners—and a great many Californians as well—were aware of the fact that the climate of California, being more or less warm during the entire year, was enervating. It was generally admitted that the person who lived in California winter and summer soon developed a weak-kneed feeling that prevented him from lifting heavy weights or from moving too rapidly without having dizzy spells and black spots before the eyes. It was also the consensus of opinion that each successive generation of Californians would be more enervated than the generation which preceded it, until in the end all Californians would be so enervated that they would have to travel around in wheel chairs and get their food through a tube by a gravity-feed system.

The Eye Off the Ball

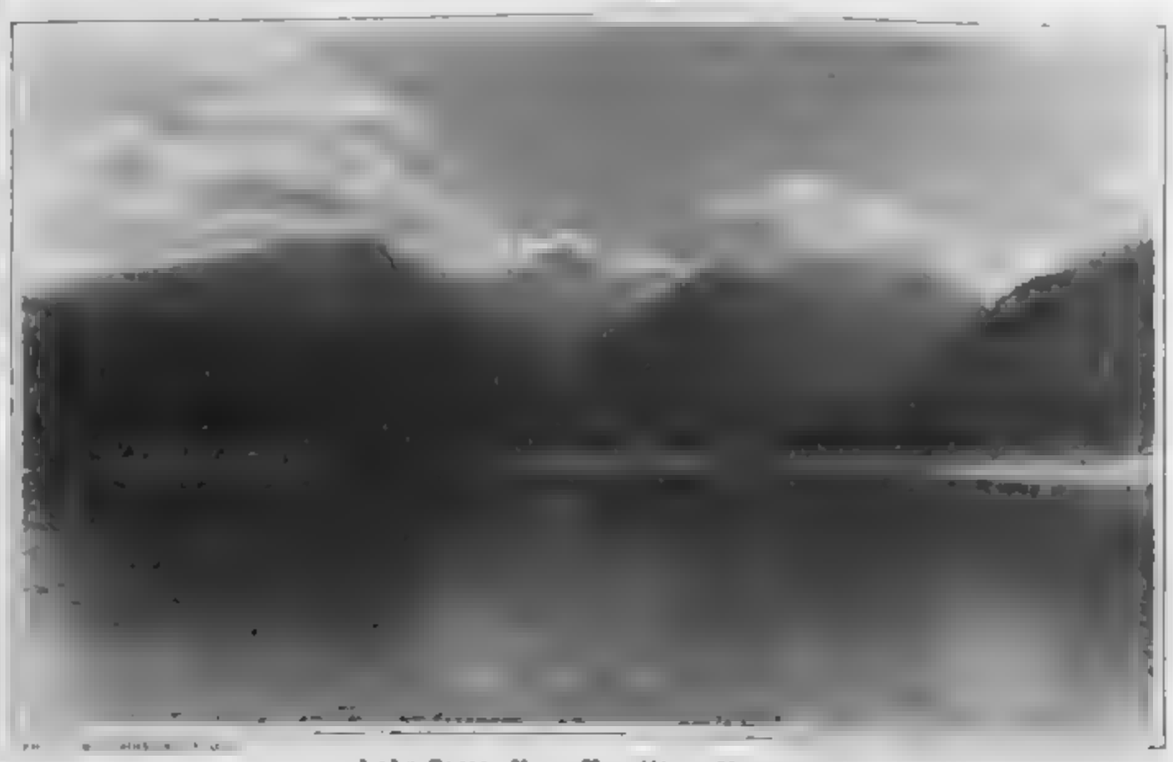
For some peculiar reason, however, the enervated Californians of the second and third generations dodder weakly Eastward, seek out the hardy athletes who have spent their lives in the bracing Northern air, and beat them to a pulp at such sports as tennis and track athletics. This, coupled with the fact that the United States Children's Bureau has justified its existence in the eyes of all Californians by reporting that California children grow to greater weight and height for their ages than the average children of the United States, provides plenty of reason why something ought to be done.

As the population of California continues to grow, and the children continue to wax heavier and taller, and the enervation of each California generation becomes more and more pronounced, California will obviously have a monopoly on championships in all branches of sport with the possible exception of debating, chess and tiddledywinks. It seems only reasonable therefore that a law should be passed for the protection of the climatic boasting of Maine, Florida and other resort states forbidding Californians to compete in any athletic events outside of their own state.

There are two features to golf in California that may prevent Californians from attaining the same supremacy in the game that they seem to have achieved in tennis. For one thing, the location and the surroundings of many of the leading California links are such as to distract the attention of all except the most conscientious players.

A great to-do is made in the golfing world over the Mont Agel links above Monte Carlo, which are so located that the player views the distant Alps on one side and the deep blue Mediterranean far below him on the other side. The great trouble with the Mont Agel links lies in the fact that a slightly misplaced shot is apt to get mixed up in a series of minor Alps or Alpettes and land in an olive orchard a mile or so below the links, necessitating a circuitous ride of ten or twelve miles if the ball is to be recovered. As scenery, the Mont Agel links rank high; but as a place to play golf, they are not so good.

(Continued on Page 98



Lake Como, Near Hamilton, Montana

LOOK!

Run Any Radio *from your* Electric Current

It's a fact! It makes no difference what kind or what make radio set you have, PHILCO Socket Powers will give you *both* A and B radio power from your electric light current, no matter what kind of electric current you have. Here is your opportunity to do away with dry-cells and the ordinary "A" storage battery.

One switch controls everything. Snap it "ON," and from your house current you get a strong, steady flow of A and B power. Snap it "OFF," and your radio is silent.

No Wonder Philco Socket Powers are Famous

No more recharging to do; no more dry batteries to replace; no hum; no distortion. Your electric lighting current will now operate your radio set smoothly and perfectly.

Liberal Allowance for Your Old Storage Battery

Yes, any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will make you a very liberal trade-in allowance for your old "A" storage battery on the purchase of a brand-new Philco AB Socket Power.

It makes no difference what make of "A" storage battery you now have; it makes no difference how old or worn out it may be; you will get from the Philco dealer a surprisingly liberal allowance.

Installation on Your Set FREE

No matter where you live, there is an authorized PHILCO dealer near you who will deliver a brand-new Philco Socket Power to your home on the day and hour you desire. He will connect it to your radio set *at no additional cost to you.*

The Philco dealer in your community guarantees you complete satisfaction. You can safely buy from any authorized Philco dealer anywhere.

Yours on Easy Payments

You can now buy PHILCO AB Socket Powers on *Easy Payment Terms* from any Philco dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment—balance in easy monthly installments.

Go to your Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Light Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station; tell them you read this advertisement and you want the PHILCO RADIO SOCKET POWER.

Mail This Coupon to Us NOW

Visit the Philco dealer, or if you prefer, mail the coupon below to us and we will give you full details and prompt service direct from the factory. We will send you full information on our national offer of Easy Payments and Trade-In Allowance for your old storage battery.

This coupon is not an order. It does not place you under the slightest obligation. It is merely a request for the full details and free descriptive literature. *Mail the coupon today.*

Positively Improves Reception

A strong, steady flow of power from your electric current through the Philco Socket Power. Positively improves reception.

No more fuss. No more bother. Even the installation is done by experts FREE. And from then on the snap of one switch controls everything.

No Hum! No Distortion!

Radio A and B Power without the least hum; without the least distortion. That is another reason for the tremendous popularity of the Philco Socket Power.

Remember, the Philco Socket Power supplies perfect radio power for *any make or any kind* of radio, whether home-built or manufactured.

Sign and Mail This Coupon Today

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia
Dept. 1229

GENTLEMEN.

Please send me, without cost, illustrated literature describing the famous Philco A and B Socket Powers. I also desire full details of your Easy Payment Plan and Trade-In Allowance offer. It is understood that this request places me under no obligation.

Name_____

Address_____

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Name of Your Radio Set _____

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Dept. 1229

PHILCO Radio "A" and "B" Socket Powers

We also make the wonderful Trickle Charger Battery in the handsome glass case with Built-in Charge Indicators that tell you when and how much to recharge.

These batteries are made by the makers of the famous *super-powered* Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile.

CHBB

(Continued from Page 96)

There are several California links that offer nearly as much in the way of scenery as the Mont Agel links, and ten times more in the way of golf. The Lincoln Park Links, San Francisco's municipal course, skirt the steep shores of San Francisco Bay. It is not safe to call the Lincoln Park links the most beautiful golf course in the world, because any such statement automatically elicits shrill screams of protest from adherents of the Pebble Beach links, which skirt the breakers and bowlders and golden sands of the Monterey Peninsula; and of the Olympic Club links, out along the Pacific beyond the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay; and of the Ojai Valley links and a score of other links.

At all events, they are beautiful links; and in the first place their scenery distracts the attention of the players; while in the second place the California climate, having undermined their New England consciences, makes them willing to play the game for the sake of enjoying themselves and the air and the scenery, instead of for the sake of winning championships. At any rate, there must be some reason why Californians win most of the tennis championships in sight, but are more backward in golf championships; and these reasons sound as reasonable as any that could be advanced.

The serried ranks of beauty parlors on the Pacific Coast could never flourish in any locality where the New England conscience existed in all its pristine vigor. The New England conscience is a little ashamed of beauty and of artificial aid thereto. New Englanders conscientiously interposed colossal barns between themselves and any beautiful scenery in their vicinity. The New England damsel who accentuated her more favorable curves or enhanced the beauty of her complexion was regarded with ostensible horror and disgust by all good New Englanders whose consciences had been sufficiently developed. But in California there is a beauty parlor around every corner. There are apt to be beauty parlors not only in hotels but even in odd corners of drug stores, garages, boarding houses, sporting goods stores, cafeterias, hat shops and art galleries.

Fertilizer

The cult of beauty is easily the most popular of the many cults with which California diverts herself. The percentage of Californians who attempt to break down their fatty tissues with the lamb-chop-and-pineapple diet is larger than can be found in any other state. The ratio of those who toy with lamb chops and pineapple in California is one to twelve. In New York City it is one to 700. In Dubuque it is one to ninety-eight, or thereabouts. Persons who can make anything out of these statistics are welcome to do so.

The California beauty parlors and the frequency with which Californians divert themselves in them may have something to do with the vast numbers of pretty girls that are seen on the streets of California cities, notably on those of Los Angeles.

Fishing for Rainbow Trout at the 10,000-Foot Level in Yosemite National Park

It is sometimes hard to choose between first-hand and secondhand diversions in California—between catching one's food, for example, and eating it. Probably the leadership among secondhand diversions is divided between eating the sand dab and devouring the abalone steak.

The sand dab is a small, flounderlike fish that passes down the throat with all the smooth alacrity of a bit of quicksilver sliding down a tin horn.

The abalone is more of a sporting proposition, however; for not everyone knows how to prepare abalone steak; and the person who wrestles with a badly cooked one is apt to sprain his jaw severely and be laid up for days, if not for weeks. The abalone dwells in a shell like an enormous clam shell; and the shell adheres to the rocks with such vigor that native Californians have found tire irons the most convenient things with which to pry them from the rock.

If properly softened by long and judicious beating with axes and other blunt instruments, and if properly cooked after being softened, the abalone steak is a truly sweet and amiable food. If not properly softened and cooked, it tastes and feels something like a superannuated cord tire.

The abalone steak in its fullest glory is found in the food emporium of Pop Ernest at Monterey, which looks down over the brightly painted boats of the Monterey fishermen. Pop Ernest, however, will not divulge his method of preparing them. He brushes questioners aside with a wave of his hand and states that he has willed his recipe for cooking abalone to the Government in case of another war. What Pop Ernest has in mind is problematical. Possibly he expects the enemy to land on the Pacific Coast, and to stay there eating abalone steaks until the United States can raise a sufficiently large army to kick the enemy back into the Pacific again.

When one turns to first-hand diversions, there are ducks by the countless millions in the nearly as countless coves and lagoons of the bay region of California; and in nearly every county of the state there are top-knotted quail in almost as great numbers. There are enormous bass in the sea off Redondo and Long Beach—bass that weigh 500 and 600 pounds, and that are raised to the surface of the ocean about as easily as one would drag a Percheron up the front of the Woolworth Building with a piece of wrapping twine and there are tuna and swordfish off Catalina. These grand game fish, due to the attentions of the Japanese fishermen, who use them for fertilizer, are yearly decreasing in numbers.

Thanks to the efforts of the California Fish and Game Commission and to the absence of persons who would use their catches as fertilizer, the prize diversion of California is still as diverting as it ever was. A four or five hour trip from almost any part of the state suffices to transfer almost any Californian from the warmth of the shore to the glacial streams of the high Sierras, and from the heart of a city to the greatest trout-fishing fields in the world.

Pieces of Gold

Huntington Lake, the Yosemite, the Pines, the Tahoe region, the lakes and streams of Siskiyou County, Feather River, San Joaquin River, Kings River and Kern River—all these and many others teem with rainbow trout, steelheads and speckled trout; while Volcano Creek—a tributary of the Big Kern River—and Lewis Creek, glacial streams rising on the slopes of Mount Whitney, yield up the most beautiful game fish in the world.

This is the golden trout, as golden in color as newly minted gold pieces, and decorated on fins and tail and body with red, white and black stencilings. Californians take six and seven and eight pound rainbow trout out of the tumbling waters on their way to the haunts of the golden trout, but throw them back contemptuously in view of the greater prizes that await them in the golden-trout country, which is 12,000 feet above sea level. Snow-capped peaks surround it, guarding little green carpets of mountain meadows rimmed with flowers, deep black gorges, and streams that hasten toward the lower valleys.

There are more diversions to the acre in California than to the square mile in all the rest of the world. It is an outdoor country—a country where the city dweller can find peace and happiness just beyond his back door. It's a big state, but it fills up quickly when all Iowa and other winter-weary states turn westward. Since the New England conscience disintegrates in its soothing breezes, it can well afford to build up a conscience of its own that will keep it an outdoor country for future generations.

The Ocean Golf Course of the Olympic Country Club, San Francisco

"The supreme combination of all that is fine in motor cars."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Grace · It is not surprising that Packard cars have eleven times won international beauty contests abroad. For their slim, graceful, flowing lines are so universally admired and frankly imitated that they have set an enduring style in motor car design.

But the fleet grace of Packard lines is truly appropriate only to the car which created them. For grace is more than a thing of external appearance. Grace is beauty in motion.

The grace of the Packard is symbolic of the car's supreme performance—its smooth, rapid acceleration—the ease with which it reaches and maintains unsurpassed speeds—the comfort of its luxuriously roomy interior.

The improved Packards, while retaining the traditional Packard lines, have an added refinement of beauty and a new range of performance which only those who drive them can fully appreciate.

PACKARD

THE SWEETEST STORY EVER TOLD

(Continued from Page 15)

I did not feel any better, and, after trying to find out the identity of the gentleman in question in a joking way, tried to smooth over what had happened. But the subject would not leave my mind and late that night, before falling off to sleep, I remember raising my hand to my mouth, so as not to wake Luella, and laughing hollowly.

III

FROM now on the strange behavior of Luella kept me so worried that the ordinary happenings of the day passed over my head. I paid no attention to them. And when Luella said she was not going to the Bensons' lawn masquerade, in spite of the fact that at another time I would have been much interested in this decision, my only comment was, "Oh, is that so?"

Though I tried not to show the way my mind was working, it looked as though Luella had an idea of my suspicions, and I could hardly open my mouth before she would shut it with a bang.

Here is a sample scene, with myself the first speaker:

"Well, Luella, what do you think about a woman ——"

"Unless you want me to throw something at you, don't say that again."

"What did I say?"

"You said the same kind of thing you have been saying for the last ten days—'Well, Luella, what do you think about a woman ——' And then you go on with some silly newspaper story about a poor girl who has shown she has had pride enough not to be the slave of some miserable man. I am sick of it. Why don't you shave off your mustache?"

"I was thinking of it." A long pause. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing." Another long pause. "Everything"

"Is there something I can do for you?"

"Yes, look at the clock."

"Do you mean it is time for me to go back to work?"

"Figure it out for yourself."

The longer this went on, the more worried I got. Finally I felt so run down that I called on Doc Burroughs. At this time he was about seventy years old, but, in spite of his age and a tendency to get stout, as alert and chipper as a grasshopper.

He looked me over, and then, scratching his bald head, remarked: "The trouble with you, Everett, is that you are worrying, and if you don't stop it you are liable to get fatty degeneration of the solar plexus. Get out and sample a long walk every morning before breakfast, eat simpler food, and take a tablespoonful of this tonic before every meal. Remember, Everett, you are a married man now and have a family to support. So hang onto your health and stop worrying, because there is nothing to worry about."

"Yes," I said, and went out laughing hollowly.

I do not know what I intended to do when I left the office. I can only say that somehow I found myself walking into the boarding house where Old Bill Hutton lived.

"Hello, Ev," he said, "it certainly is good to see you again. I suppose you've come to look over my clippings. It will be a treat for you. Start in with Section F3, and read this one first about Mrs. Tombs, of Sternmore, Indiana, the wife of Elroy R. Tombs, a well-known theater owner of the same place."

Having read about fifty of his clippings and getting more and more depressed with every one, I finally managed to tell him the reason of my visit.

"Bill," I said, "I guess you remember about that friend of mine that was interested in knowing how to tell whether or not his wife was interested in a third party. Well, he thinks she is; and now he'd like to know how he is going to identify that third party, assuming he has no regular way of finding out."

Bill thought a minute and then said: "Your friend can do exactly what Mr. Truman T. Tetlow, a well-known aluminumware dealer in Mavis, Nevada, did. He found his wife was always criticizing certain ways he looked and acted. So he scouted around for a party that was the exact opposite in all these things, and found him in the person of G. Wilton James, a prominent cattle dealer of the same place. Your friend can try that out and it won't cost him a cent. And I'll tell you another way, indorsed here by clippings too numerous to mention. If your friend is wise he'll notice that the lady takes great pleasure in going to some social gatherings and not any pleasure at all in going to others. Well, figure it out for yourself."

"You mean," I said, "that when she wants to go somewheres it is because she will meet the third party there?"

"That is exactly what I mean, Ev. Tell your friend that, and then all he has to do is to keep his eyes open and he has the solution right in his hands."

As soon as I was once more in the street I began to run over my main points, which lately Luella had begun to talk about as though they were serious faults. After a little deliberation I decided that the third party could be recognized by the following description:

1. Had no mustache.
2. Had not very much hair.
3. Not so tall as myself, but fatter.
4. Was more impulsive.
5. Enjoyed simple tastes.

I was brooding over this list and trying to figure out who the third party could be who corresponded to the description when I was surprised to see Luella much gayer than she had been for some time.

There was a nervousness about her gayety that struck me.

"Hello," I said, "what is the matter?"

She replied, "I have just decided to go to the Bensons' lawn masquerade."

"I thought you had already decided not to go," was my response.

"Well, I suppose I have a right to change my mind, haven't I?"

"Luella," I said as a last appeal, "I don't think I care to go to that masquerade. I would rather spend a peaceful evening at home."

"Well, I wouldn't," was the startling reply, "but if you feel that way, there is nothing to prevent your doing it."

"Do you mean, Luella, you would go along without me?"

"I am not anybody's slave," she said, "and I am old enough to do as I please, without asking permission."

That night I tossed and turned for a long time without finding relief in slumber. I could not help recalling, as I laughed hollowly, that these last words of my wife were exactly those used by Mrs. J. Q. Simmons, of New Paris, Illinois. Reliable witnesses heard her saying them one week before she shot her husband, a well-known baker of New Paris, as a result of his snoring, and they were reported when, after being acquitted on account of the unwritten law, she ran away with Mr. Delver O. Compson, a prominent local baseball player of the same place.

IV

IT WAS eight-thirty Saturday evening when we arrived at the Bensons' lawn masquerade. Most of the crowd were already there, and, since all were masked and costumed and speaking in whispers or disguised voices, it was practically impossible to tell who was who.

Personally I had selected a clown's suit, thinking that, as there would be more clowns than anything else, this would be the best way to escape observation.

"Yes," Luella said, "there is nothing unsuitable for you in that kind of a costume, though I think you would look more natural as Simon Legree."

My only reply was, "Why are you dressed as a question mark?"

"To make people ask questions, and, as far as I can see, so far it seems to work."

"I do not care to have every Tom, Dick and Harry asking you questions," I stated with quiet dignity.

"Well, that is all right; leave out Tom and Dick. If only Harry asks the questions, that will be enough for me."

Though my own middle name is Henry, this response had not reassured me to any extent. Conversation during the ride to the masquerade had therefore been at a standstill, except when she would say, "Why don't you turn corners the way they ought to be turned?" or "For heaven's sake!" or something like that.

It had been my determination to keep my eye on Luella during the entire evening, without turning aside for any purpose whatever. But this resolution was modified by a guest at the masquerade whom I had not expected to see there. Turning around because of a tug at my right sleeve, I saw myself face to face with a character who was entirely disguised as a gravedigger.

"Well, Ev," he said, "how is everything?"

It was none other than Old Bill Hutton.

"All right, Bill," was my reply, given in rather a short manner.

"Ev," he went on, "there is no use beating around the bush any longer. All the time you were talking about this friend of yours, you really meant yourself. Am I right?"

"Maybe you are," was my guarded response.

"Now, Ev, I know just how you feel, and you can take it for granted that you have got one good pal on the grounds that will see you through thick and thin. I am not like Mr. Orton C. Whissler, the well-known oil man of Bezorius, Oklahoma, who was asked by Mr. Wenzel O. Shooker, a prominent newsdealer of the same place, to keep his eye on Mrs. Shooker, and done so by eloping with her to New York. No, Ev, when I am a man's friend I am a man's friend, and he can count on me right up to the finish."

"That is certainly kind of you, Bill."

"No, Ev, I look on it as just my simple duty. If we men do not look out for ourselves, who will look out for us? And I just thought I would warn you, here and now, to keep your eyes open, because just tonight, in running over my clippings, I read again that case of Mrs. Artie G. Sandingson, the wife of the well-known magnetic healer of Milpax, Oregon. She went to a masquerade like this, and, while her husband was watching her, changed places with her cousin, who was wearing the same disguise, and then ran off with her childhood's sweetheart, Mr. Noble T. Tregennis, a prominent chiropractor of the same place. I'm telling you all this because I am just here on your account, and I am no snake in the grass, Ev."

"I know that, Bill," I said, "and I sure will never forget all you have done for me. But right now my friend is a little puzzled as to what to do next and would be grateful for your advice."

"It is very simple, Ev. Watch her and see who she speaks to and whether she seems pleased to see them or not. And remember any time you want me I am right here. And, Ev, don't weaken."

To follow Luella's progress was not so difficult, as her costume made her extremely easy to observe. But, though I watched every turn, I could not discover anything suspicious. Sometimes she talked with one person and sometimes with another, and, though she danced three times, it was with a different party each time and not one of the three answered to the description in any way.

"Keep it up, Ev," said Bill. "Don't weaken and you will get the bird yet. But don't risk anything by dancing with her. I have just remembered the case of Mrs. Davis D. Delhart, of Lake Walloochie, Florida. While executing a Paris Apache dance with her husband, a well-known and popular pharmacist, she pulled out a knife and stabbed him in one of the movements, and while he was still in the hospital she went to Cuba with Mr. Virginius M. Maddock, a prominent real-estate agent of the same place."

He also repeated a couple of other clippings as warnings of various kinds, and, laughing hollowly, I thanked him for his interest. However, I could not help thinking that what he said was too much exaggerated, because I knew Luella was not like any of those women, and I was sure if we could only come to an understanding and she knew how I felt, she would break with the third party before things had gone any further.

Indeed, as the evening went on I began to feel that the best thing I could do would be to follow the example of a well-known automobile-lighting specialist of Melopie, Alabama, by the name of T. T. Mahone, who asked his wife frankly what she meant by her actions and received the reply, "T. T., I have not loved you for a long time and I am going to leave you forever, with my soul mate, Mr. Oscar F. Fink"—a prominent shoe merchant of the same place.

I was pretty sure, of course, that Luella would not have any such grave revelations as this to make, but I wanted her to come out flat-footed and give a direct answer to a direct question, and thus clear the air.

With this in mind I had begun to approach Luella, when all of a sudden a new arrival entered and made his way in her direction.

I felt as though somebody had whispered in my ear, "Here is the solution of the mystery." As far as could be seen, this individual answered the description of the third party as I had figured it out. Having merely an eye mask, he revealed the fact that he was without a mustache, and around the edges of his turban very little hair was visible. He was shorter than myself and moved in a quick way, suggesting he was very impulsive. Of course, from the outside nobody could say whether his tastes were simple or not; but the fact that he was wearing the costume of a desert sheik seemed to me to tell the story. And when I saw him move directly up to Luella, I felt I knew the worst.

I must have showed I was under the influence of emotion, because at this minute Bill came up to me with the words, "Don't weaken, Ev. Remember, I am right here beside you."

"Yes, Bill," I said, "I certainly will."

"If anything happens, you can count on yours truly."

"Yes, Bill, I will never forget what you have done for me."

I now very carefully maneuvered behind a lawn seat so I could hear what the Sheik and Luella were saying to each other. Though their conversation was carried on in whispers, I managed to get most of it.

"Have you been dancing?" the Sheik asked.

Luella tossed her head. "What if I have?"

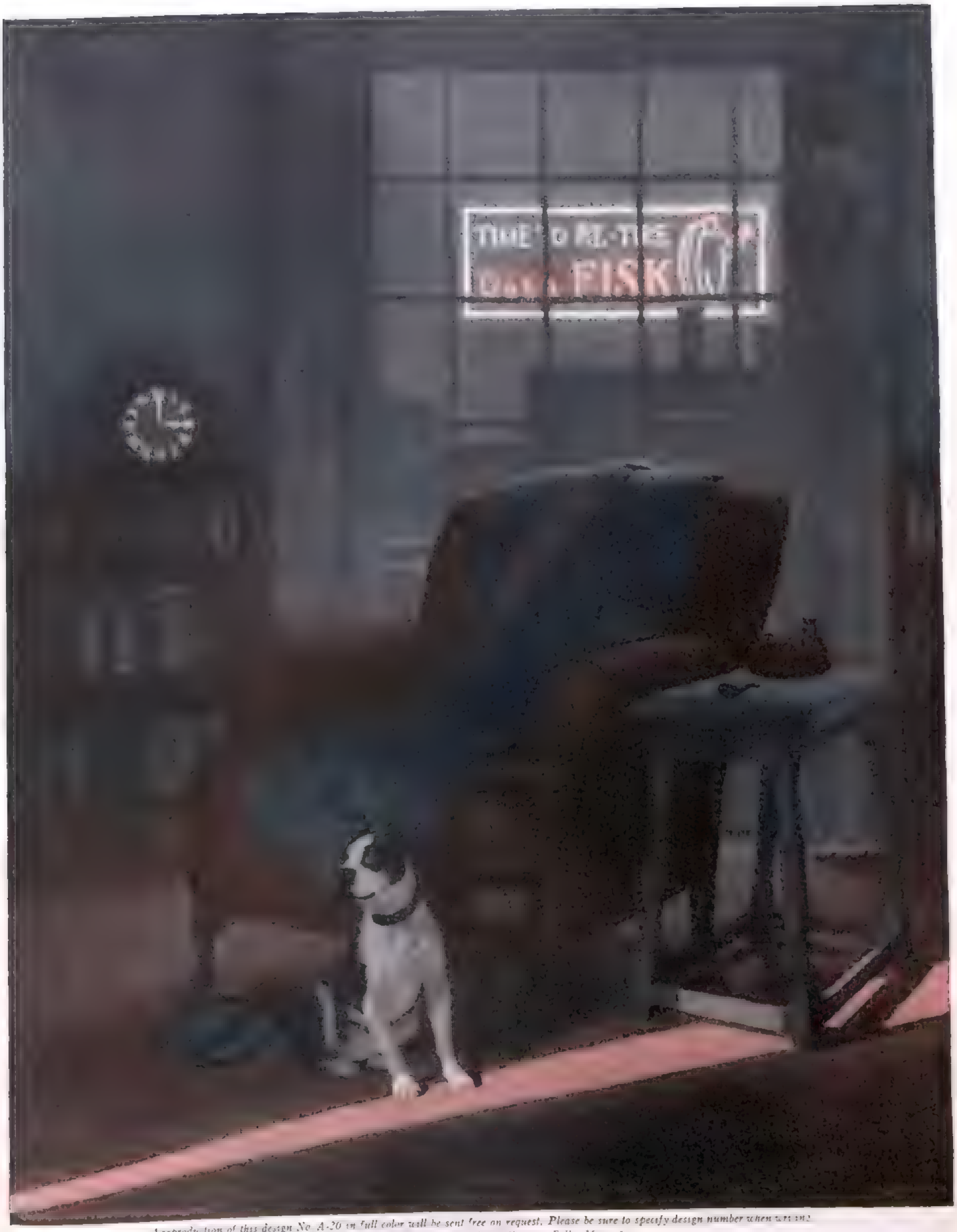
"I told you not to."

"I am not a slave," said Luella, "and if I feel like dancing I have a right to dance. By the way you talk to me you might as well be my husband."

"If I were your husband you wouldn't be dancing here tonight," was the reply in an intense whisper.

Not being able to stand it any longer, I closed my eyes and tiptoed back to where I could be alone and think out what I had better do next. When I opened my eyes I noticed that once more Bill was standing beside me.

(Continued on Page 105)



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EVERYBODY was eager to see it—the kitchen of this most famous hotel of the Old South. Was it not here that the food was produced which was celebrated throughout all Dixie?

"A majestic edifice," declared the dignified newspapers of the day, now yellow with age, in summing up the glories of the old Maxwell House in Nashville. But the beaux and belles who danced at the courtly balls gave their chief praise, not to its marbles and mirrors, but—to the good things to eat and drink that came out of the kitchen!

Year after year, the noted folk of the South, gathering for the great balls and banquets at the old Maxwell House, revelled in its food and its coffee. Year after year they came to visit Antoine himself in his kitchen. And many were the distinguished visitors to that land of good living who were taken to see this place of wonders.

What a sight it was to make the heart glad, cheer the inner man! Here was the "immense roasting jack" where haunches of venison were browned to a turn. Here was the spacious carving room and here the enormous ovens where wild turkey and prairie grouse, pompano and terrapin, were conjured into such dishes as history is made of.

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"Good to the last drop"

But always Antoine and his guests stopped longest before the ruddy urn from which came the coffee which was to win the Maxwell House the greatest fame of all.

The news of it spread rapidly

It was a special blend of coffee that was served at the Maxwell House, full-flavored and richly mellow like no other kind. More than anything else, the guests of this fine old hotel praised its coffee and spread its fame when they returned home. Soon this blend was known and used in every southern state.

Today, still blended and roasted by the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago down in Nashville, Maxwell House Coffee is on sale in sealed tins throughout the United States. It is the first choice of a long list of the nation's greatest cities. It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

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P. A. is made for the man who wants to really enjoy his pipe, morning to midnight, seven days running. It is kind to your tongue and throat, no matter how often you load up and light up. The Prince Albert process removes all possibility of bite and parch.

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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(Continued from Page 100

"Now is the time to act, Ev. Don't weaken."

"What do you think I had better do?"

"There is just one thing to do and that is to stop it before it goes any further. Do what Reeves U. Archibald, the well-known undertaker of Gloriole, Ohio, did to Beeman—Socks—O'Toole, the prominent pool-hall proprietor of the same place—call him out into the road and punch his head off."

In the state I was in, this seemed like good advice. I did not hesitate, but, walking up to the Sheik, touched him on the shoulder and said, "Come with me. I want an explanation."

"Hello," he said in a surprised way.

Luella gave a sort of wild cry and caught at the Sheik's robes. "Don't explain anything," she said. "Don't tell anything. You promised."

"Well," said the Sheik in a voice I thought I had heard before, though I could not exactly place it, "that is a domestic question for the two of you to settle together. Decide what you want to do and tell me afterward."

"Oh, you think you are going to get out of it like that," I said, not knowing whether to start in then and there or wait until I got him out into the road.

I felt a slap on the back and heard Bill say "Don't weaken."

"That seems to be about as far as I can go," was the Sheik's response.

"Well, I am ready to go further than that," I said, "and if you don't want to step outside in the road with me, we will finish it right here and now." And, reaching out quick, I yanked his mask so hard it came away in my hand.

In all my previous existence I was never so astonished before; for the party disguised in the Sheik costume was none other than old Doctor Burroughs.

"What is the matter, Everett?" he said. "Have you been hitting that tonic between meals? What you seem to need at present is not a tonic so much as a strait-jacket. When did you begin to feel this way anyhow?"

In a despairing voice Luella cut in, "Don't tell him anything. I don't want him to know."

"Don't weaken," Bill whispered in my ear. "Remember that case I showed you about Mrs. Delmore Mitton, of Glasgow, South Dakota ——"

Doc Burroughs stepped between Bill and me, and, in spite of his age, shoved Bill back about ten yards. Then, taking Luella, he sat her down on the lawn seat and told her to stay there. She had begun to cry, and kept on repeating, "Don't tell him—don't tell him."

It was a very embarrassing position for me, because I knew I had made some kind of a mistake, but I was not sure which kind. I was so excited that in about two minutes I had told Doc Burroughs the entire story. This came easier, because I had always had confidence in him, he having always had charge of the sicknesses in our family.

"Well, Everett," said the doctor when I had finished, "now that your friend Mr. Hutton is a safe distance away, I may as well prepare you for the worst. Yes, there is a third party."

I felt as though my heart was going to stop beating.

"What is his name?" I said.

"We will pass over the name," said the doctor, "but you and your distinguished friend, Mr. Hutton, have certainly done a fine piece of detective work as to his appearance. When you meet him you will find that he is small, with no mustache and not much hair, and is very impulsive and has simple tastes. Now, if you would like a little more information, here is the name of a book that will show you how to handle him."

"Is it a book of jiujitsu, Doc?" I asked.

"Not exactly, though a little jiujitsu might come in handy. Send to the publishers for the book of this title."

I looked at what he had written. For a minute I could not believe my eyes and, when I did believe them, I felt not only more surprised and embarrassed but also much worse than ever before in my life. And when I could speak I stated there must be some mistake.

"There is no mistake," said Doctor Burroughs, "except maybe on Luella's part when she married you. Close your mouth, Everett. There is no necessity for swallowing all the noxious microbes in the night air, and besides there are bats. If I were you I should take Luella home. From now on I believe she will show a little more judgment. I have been telling her right along that this secretive business was all nonsense, and now maybe she will see it for herself."

"Doc," I said when I had closed my mouth, "keep Luella on that lawn seat for five minutes. I've got something to do."

Then I walked over to the gate, where Old Bill Hutton was standing in his gravedigger's costume.

"What's the matter, Ev?" he asked.

"Bill," I said, catching hold of his arm, "I told you I would never forget what you have done for me and I'm not going to. Come out here in the road. I've got a little incident for your collection. It has not yet been published in any newspaper, but you might write it out in longhand and file it as Number Five Thousand, and then knock off until tomorrow."

"What's the matter, Ev?"

"There is nothing the matter, Bill; everything is all right and we are nearly where we are going. Jump the gutter."

"Are you trying to get funny with me, Ev? Let go my arm."

"There is your arm back, Bill; and instead of being funny, I am more serious than ever before in my life. I am just going to demonstrate what happened to Mr. William H. Hutton, a well-known gas-meter inspector of Elmon, Wisconsin, as a result of giving too much free advice to a prominent agricultural-implement dealer of the same place. Put up your hands and don't weaken."

It took seven minutes instead of five, but I have always believed in doing a good job, and in this case I did a particularly good one. Bill was still sitting by the side of the road when I drove by with Luella. She had her head leaning on my shoulder and was crying a little, but in a glad way, because at last I knew all.

■

IT WAS almost a year before we felt like leaving the baby alone.

Sometimes Luella would say, "Well, I guess I will call in mother and we can take that little trip now." And I would reply, "I noticed him sneeze yesterday, so perhaps we had better wait to see if anything develops."

Then later I would remark, "Well, how about starting on that little trip tomorrow?" And Luella would reply, "I do not see how you can be so heartless as to suggest such a thing, when everything shows that he is going to cut another tooth, and you know what the book says about teething."

So the baby was a year old before we called in his grandmother, and with many embraces and caresses, left him to take a little whirl around that would be a reminder of our wedding trip and during which we would visit the same places.

It was quite by chance, however, that in Madison we passed the same bookstore where we had formerly stopped.

"Oh, I just remembered," said Luella suddenly. "Let's go in and buy it now."

So we walked into the store and I said to the clerk, "We have come to buy The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

Putting his hand to his ear, he remarked, "Don't curve them; try me on a straight ball and I will see if I can hit it."

"I have forgotten the regular title," I said, "but on the cover somebody had printed, It Will Make You Laugh! It Will Make You Cry! It is the Sweetest Story Ever Told."

The clerk shook his head, saying: "There is never a day in the year when we have not got at least ten different novel books with practically those same words standing on each and every cover: It Will Make You Laugh! It Will Make You Cry! It is the Sweetest Story Ever Told! Well, I am leaving this business for a job selling automobiles, so I am going to be frank with you. I have read hundreds of those novel books and they are every one exactly alike, except that the girl's name is changed. That is why, nowadays, I never read anything except athletic almanacs and joke books; and if you want something for your money I would advise you to buy one or the other. But, of course, if you insist on one of those novel books I will sell it to you, because that is what I am paid for."

Luella pulled me by the sleeve, saying, "Oh, come on, Everett; probably the book we wanted is not here now, and anyhow we had better take this gentleman's good advice."

So in a mechanical way I bought an athletic almanac and a book telling how to get up an amateur minstrel show and followed her outside. She did not say a word until we had turned the corner. Then, stepping back into a doorway, she caught hold of my coat.

"Everett," she said in a soft voice, "don't you understand?"

"Understand what?" I asked.

"The reason we do not need that novel book. We do not need it because we have lived it ourselves. Don't you see what I mean?"

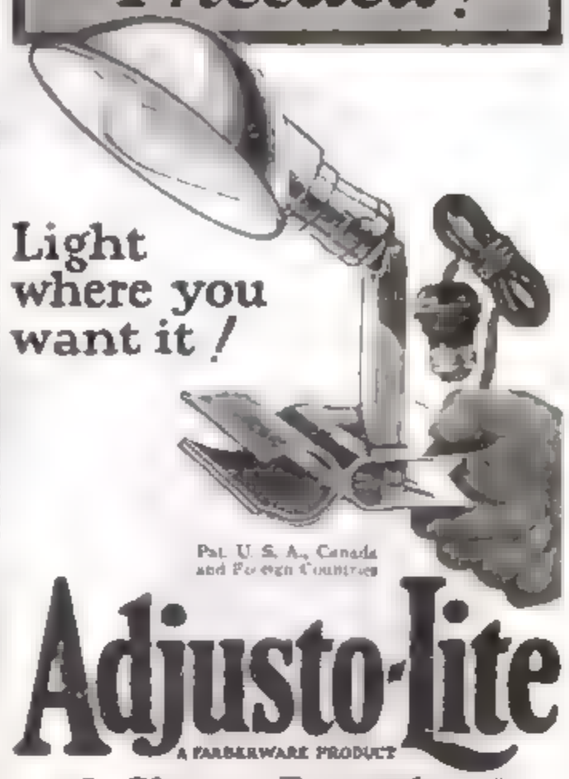
I thought for a minute and then the truth came over me.

"Yes, Luella," I said, "I think I see what you mean." Then I added very gently, "It made me laugh."

"And it made me cry."

And then in very low voices we both said together, "It is the sweetest story ever told."

They'll all say: "Just what I needed!"



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Why Quaker Oats "stands by" you through the morning

DO YOU feel hungry, tired, hours before meals? Don't jump to the conclusion of poor health. Much of the time you'll find it is largely brought on by an ill-balanced diet.

To feel right you must have well-balanced complete food. At most meals you get it. That is, at luncheon and dinner. But the great dietetic mistake is usually made at breakfast—a hurried meal, often badly chosen.

That is why Quaker Oats is so widely urged today. The oat is the best balanced of all cereals grown.

Contains 16% protein, food's greatest tissue builder; 58% carbohydrates, the great energy element; is well supplied with minerals and vitamines. Supplies, too, the roughage essential to a healthful diet that makes laxatives seldom needed!

Few foods have its remarkable balance. That is why it "stands by" you through the morning.

Your grocer has two kinds: Quick Quaker, which cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, and also Quaker Oats as you have always known them

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"HOT oats and milk" is the dietetic urge of the world today.

Oats is the richest cereal grown; the best balanced from the standpoint of food experts . . . and from yours, the most delicious and attractive.

More protein than any other cereal. Rich in carbohydrates. And combined with milk, in the vitamines.

Get the genuine Quaker Oats—the only oats with uniquely rich, rare Quaker flavor; the flavor brought out by Quaker milling of plumpest, jumbo grains.

Nothing quite so delicious. Nothing quite so energizing. Takes that tired feeling out of mornings.

Start every day with Quaker Oats. Start your children's days that way, for your sake and for theirs.

Your grocer has two kinds: Quick Quaker, which cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, and also Quaker Oats as you have always known them.

The Quaker on a label means the world's standard in cereal products . . . a symbol of the finest grains that grow, of the finest milling known.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, 80 East Jackson Street, Chicago

MONKEY TRICKS

(Continued from Page 39)

their lips nervously back and forth over their big yellow teeth. They foamed with rage and screamed and roared. When we did not budge they returned to the heights above and in their blind rage tore at the leaves and moss. Finally, in sheer desperation, one of them tore a huge branch off the tree and deliberately dragged it from one side of the tree to the other, where we were, and thrust it at us.

For years these animals had been protected by game laws and had not been hunted or harmed. And yet they gave us a very good demonstration of what might have happened had we met them face to face in a tight place on the ground. Some travelers who, I fear, have only a shooting acquaintance with the big apes, tell us they are harmless, amicable creatures. One writer, with amusing inconsistency, tells us in one chapter of his book that the animals are harmless and in the next describes a thrilling escape from them. There are pacifists even in the elephant, lion and rhinoceros families who will slink away to avoid trouble, but, unfortunately, they cannot carry a flag of truce to let the hunter know how harmless they are.

Monkeys are gregarious, and in the wild state go about in troops and families. They are extremely sensitive, very affectionate and amazingly good mothers. The personal habits of wild monkeys are clean and wholesome, and much of their time is spent grooming one another, and they pick from their fur each tiny particle of dust. The body of a wild monkey when captured is very clean and has a woodsy odor. Mother Nature has provided shower baths for the wild creatures. Under the drenching rains and heavy dew-laden grass and foliage furry coats are cleansed, and the tropic sunshine dries them.

A Life of Activity

The popular conception of monkeys seems to be that all of them are unclean and have offensive habits. This is false natural history, which animals kept in confinement teach. It is the direct result of depriving them of all interest and forcing them to live under unhealthy and unnatural conditions. In the wild state monkeys are very alert and always busy. They are constantly on the move, foraging for food, digging in the earth or romping with one another over the tree tops. They actually play tag and hide and seek with one another, the springlike muscles of their bodies helping them to jump thirty and forty feet through space from one tree top down to another.

The unfortunate monkeys that are captured are often given a life sentence of solitary confinement in a small, sunless cage, while all the nerve forces in their agile little bodies are calling for fresh air, the sunshine and companionship of their own kind. The public does not know or understand the cruel torment to which captive animals are often subjected both before and after they arrive at their destinations.

The methods of capture are many, some most cruel. Often the life of a mother is sacrificed to capture her young. To save money as well as space on shipboard, animals are often crowded into cages much too small for either their health or comfort and sent over long, trying sea journeys. Some of the sufferers who survive the awful ordeal arrive at their destination sick, or hopelessly crippled from cage paralysis. Others, perhaps, are sent to some zoo, where their food may be thrown to them on the smelly floor of their cages, and only the hardiest of them can resist for long the germ-laden atmosphere of a small house. Even if many of the monkeys do escape the germs for a time, few of them escape the canes and umbrellas which unkind and thoughtless people poke at them.

A Valet for a Monkey

About our jungle camp fire at night we never tired of talking over what we knew of the ways of monkeys and of the other creatures in the African wilderness. One evening the talk chanced to turn upon our zoological gardens at home in America, and we all fully and emphatically agreed that we did not believe in taking back these free creatures—monkeys, lions or any others—to unnatural conditions and a life of homesickness. Some of the party said the monkeys of our zoos are especially pitiable because the conditions of their imprisonment are often so bad—so much so that there has been created in the minds of many people a feeling of repugnance for the whole monkey race. At this point I decided that I would capture and introduce to my companions a wild, free monkey for comparison. But I had no idea at the time that the captive would prove of interest to me for so long a period of years. Our porters made a basket trap and baited it with corn, and the monkey was only frightened when the basket fell snugly over her.

When the boys brought her to my tent she was the most indignant little gray-green ball of fluff I have ever seen. Her hazel eyes, which looked out from a face of velvety blackness fringed with white, flashed fire; and she told us quite plainly, in monkey language, what she would do if we came within reach of her tiny, needle-sharp teeth. We judged that she was about a year and a half old. It had been my intention to set her free as soon as I had proved to my companions that a wild monkey is perhaps the cleanest animal in existence. But she was so pretty and saucy that when we left the Tana River camp a few days later I decided to take her with me, and christened her J. T., Jr., after Mr. John T. McCutcheon, the well-known cartoonist, who was a member of our expedition. I did not pay much attention to J. T. during the first part of the trip, but she gradually impressed herself upon me.

Monkeys have individuality, and I think it was J. T.'s personality which finally attracted me. She was particularly courageous and, shy as she was, thoroughly able to take her own part; and later, when she came to depend on my friendliness, from the vantage place of my lap she would defy anybody. At first J. T. rode on top of a porter's load, and I did not realize how she suffered in the terrific heat and sun, until one day we made an unusually long march, and when we stopped for lunch the porter stuck a spear in the ground near our table and tied J. T. to it. I can see her now, as she sat beside that spear with one arm around it, almost falling over from fatigue and sleepiness, but squealing and trying to eat a piece of bread as she screamed and nodded.

It was then that I decided to get a little black boy to take care of her. So when we arrived in Nairobi a few days later I engaged Ali, a cunning little nine-year-old Swahili boy, to be her companion and valet. This was Ali's first engagement, so I took him to a Goanese shop and replaced his only garment, a string of beads, with a little khaki suit topped by a bright red fez with a tassel. The effect of Ali's sudden rise in affluence and clothes was comical to behold. He strutted proudly at my heels along Nairobi's main street, with his head up and his portly little stomach ridiculously conspicuous under the khaki coat.

Jungle Vanity

Ali's duties were manifold, for J. T. was very dominating. In some uncanny way she seemed to understand that Ali was her special attendant, and she bossed him and teased him, and treated him exactly as a mischievous child treats a well-loved servant. Each morning Ali would appear at the door of my tent with J. T.'s breakfast, his round, happy chocolate-brown face shining from the effects of a compulsory lather of soap. It was a joy to see his lovely white teeth flash when he smiled and his big black eyes melt with childish delight under J. T.'s royal welcome. Ali was always sure of that welcome and J. T. was sure of the smile, for both of my little half-wild companions had ideal early-morning dispositions. And in that land where dispositions develop into nameless qualities we found theirs a lasting joy.

After a dainty breakfast of banana or papaya, J. T. was ready for her busy day Sometimes she played with the cunning little native children who gathered around my tent. Sometimes she showed her jealousy by making faces at a child and turning her back upon the youngster. And often she would leave us and get her mirror and climb to the top of the tent. There she would sit and very cleverly turn the mirror back and forth from

J. T., Going to Visit Bishop Hannington's Grave at the C. M. S. Mission, Kampala, Uganda

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No other shoe can have this patented Glove-Grip arch. Or combine such comfort with such good lines. A call at your nearest Glove-Grip dealer's will convince you how much more these smart shoes have to offer. If you do not already know him, write to M. N. Arnold Shoe Company, Glove-Grip Shoes, North Abington, Mass., and let us introduce you to him and to

ARNOLD GLOVE-GRIP SHOES

The Duchess

side to side and over her head, while she watched our changing reflections in it. Often she would sit and gaze steadily into the mirror at her own serious eyes for some time. Then she would move her hand quickly behind it, as if to catch the monkey she saw in it. What were the workings of her mind over it was difficult to tell, but her own reflection evidently stood to her as that of her own kind and as company, and later, after she came to America, she always slept with her face against her mirror.

When we went to the Vasin Gishu plateau, to meet Colonel Roosevelt, J. T. traveled with us by train. It was her first railway journey, and the ride from the Norfolk Hotel to the Uganda railway station in a rickshaw was her first experience in a wheeled conveyance. It was a wild ride and I was thankful when we reached our destination. From the start the rickshaw boys were afraid of J. T. They did not like her threatening expressions, and the boy in the shafts tried to keep one eye on her, lead the singing and steer the vehicle at the same time.

The result was that as we dashed out of the hotel courtyard we just missed colliding with a four-span mule team, but ran into a fat Hindu merchant and scattered his flock of wives and children in all directions. Shouts of warning from everyone seemed to add wings to the boy's feet, for he raced recklessly in and out among the wabbly bullock carts, bicycles and pedestrians as if he thought his ancestral evil spirit was after him.

The louder I called "poli, poli"—slowly, slowly—the faster he seemed to run. These boys always improvise songs about their passengers and sing them when they are running. The faster we went and the louder the boys sang, the more excited J. T. became. One moment she was trying to catch the spokes of the rapidly turning wheel, the next she was out on the shafts or on top of the hood, where she stood upright and made faces at everyone.

In Strange Surroundings

It was small wonder that her nerves were keyed to the biting point, for it was a strange scene that this little animal, fresh from the jungle, looked upon. The hubbub at the station, the clatter of dishes in the restaurant, the puffing of the wood-burning engine all terrified J. T. so that she tried frantically to make her escape. The poor little wild thing could not understand or get used to the noise and confusion of this strange world into which she had been thrust. I must say it was a far cry from the quiet of her jungle home on the Tana River, where practically the only daytime sounds were the voices of the birds and the buzzing and humming of millions of insects. To be sure, she also heard the roaring of hungry lions and the booming bellow of the hippos, but they were familiar sounds which came only in the night and furnished her a sort of jungle lullaby. She knew she was safe from them. As I carried J. T. into the railway coach she turned upon me and bit my hand. She didn't break the skin, but the pain brought tears to my eyes. My companion came up just then and asked why I didn't whip her. It was then, for the first time, that I realized how little sympathy human beings have for captive animals, and how they must suffer in the hands of their careless or ignorant captors. Then and there I made the resolve never to punish J. T. nor permit anyone else to do so, no matter what she did—a resolve which I kept during the nine years she was with me.

These railway journeys from one part of Africa to another became a real trial for both J. T. and me. The screeching of the wheels, the clanging of metal and the shrill whistle of the engine hurt her sensitive ear and drove her nearly frantic. Sometimes, when I tried to quiet her, she would stand and face me threateningly; the hair on her shoulders and along her spine would rise, and with lips compressed and ears flattened against her head, she would stick out her chin and raise her eyebrows so that the little white spots over the lids showed like a question mark. When she looked like this I knew it was time to be on my guard. For on more than one occasion she had leaped forward and sunk her tiny teeth in my arm. To have punished her would have been cruel and wicked, for she was a bundle of nerves, and actually suffering from terror in her unnatural environment. When traveling at night she would jump, wild-eyed, from one side of the compartment to the other and try to catch the sparks from the engine which drifted by the windows in the velvety tropic blackness.

Completely exhausted at last, the poor little thing would cuddle in my arms, and as long as I could keep awake and keep my fingers going through her fur she was soothed and would sleep fitfully, but the minute I dozed off she would leap up and begin her mad race about the car again.

An African Cock Fight

When we were in camp it was no unusual thing to see our porters, with dozens of natives, sitting on the grass waiting for me to untie J. T.'s string and let her play about—a privilege which she enjoyed every afternoon about four o'clock. It was inevitable that her energy and cheer should infect the camp life and make us all very much attached to her. She often indulged in swift, rough play and, from the human way of looking at things, was often very mischievous. Her active mind and healthy growing body needed the vigorous daily exercise which all wild monkeys have and which captivity had robbed her of. It was small wonder that she made the most of her hours of freedom.

At one of our camps where we stayed for some time we kept some native chickens, which are very small—about the size of bantams. It was J. T.'s special delight to chase these chickens round and round the tents and through the porters' quarters, until one day Hamessi, the cook, bought a little rooster. That day, when J. T. started for the chickens they ran as usual, but the plucky little rooster stood his ground and flapped his wings and crowed at her. J. T., who was under full speed ahead, was so surprised at the rooster's behavior that she tried to stop herself. Her front feet went into a mole hole and she turned a complete somersault. The tiny rooster, taking advantage of the situation, lowered his wings, and stretching his neck forward, started for J. T. She turned like a flash and ran straight for my tent, apparently crestfallen. It was several days before she would play about the yard again, for every time the porters saw her come out on top of my tent they would imitate the rooster. I did not say anything to the porters—although I knew that she was longing to go out and play—for I was interested to learn how she would solve her problem, and I felt sure she would do it in her own way if given time. The porters kept on tormenting her, until finally, one day, she could stand it no longer. In sheer desperation she jumped down off the tent. Her actions conveyed her intentions better than the spoken word; and her determination to settle the matter then and there was quite apparent in the raised eyebrows and the pouting lips. As she rushed past me I saw the hair on her shoulders rise about like a ruff.

The men saw her coming, and immediately they had business elsewhere. There was a mad rush of black legs and flying shirt tails for the tall grass. She did not stop until she had cleared every one of her tormentors off the camping ground. Then she raided the kitchen and routed the cook, who came running toward me, screaming for help. She upset every pot and pan from the roof, where he kept them, and so quickly that I could not get to her before the mischief was done. After that her raids became a habit, and she included the tents of her old tormentors in these raids, and many a time I had to give the porters an extra supply of tobacco and matches after she had carried theirs away.

Taking Her Medicine

Anyone who has tried to doctor a pet dog or cat and knows the difficulties in the way of administering the simplest remedies will appreciate the fears I entertained at the idea of having to nurse J. T. through any of the illnesses to which a little monkey is as subject as a baby of the human family. Imagine my surprise to find that when she had a cold she not only submitted to all the discomforts of having her eyes bathed, ointment put up her nose, and taking medicine, but would try bravely to play and carry on as usual, even when her eyes were so swollen that she could not see out of them. Sometimes she would fall on the floor in attempting her ordinary leaps about the tent. But she was a good sport and never showed any signs of temper on such occasions. In fact, her cheerfulness was a wonderful example for the whole camp and I used it to good effect when our porters came to me for medicine, complaining of some imaginary indisposition in order to shirk their work.

J. T. Crossing the Kaffir River in Uganda

In the rainy season, when the temperature changes half a dozen times a day, like the shifting of a curtain, from tropic heat to arctic cold, the monkey as well as the porters often suffered with colds; but there was not one among them who accepted the inevitable as pluckily as did J. T. She would play about the tent, and when too thoroughly exhausted to play another moment she would climb up on my lap and, like a tired child, sleep while I read. After a while I would feel a velvety finger pulling at my cheek or neck, as a baby sometimes does to attract its mother's attention, and I would look down into her quaint black face and half-open pink mouth, which seemed to say, "Aren't we having a cozy time together?" If one of the tent boys happened to come into the tent while she was resting, she resented the intrusion. She would stand up and scold and slap my arm with one of her hands. If the warning did not suffice, if they persisted in remaining after her little hand had given them notice by tapping on my arm, she would leap to the ground, and woe to the boy whose heels were not quick enough to escape her sharp little teeth.

A Child at Play

When we returned to the United States after two years of jungle life, we lived for some time at a hotel near the Natural History Museum. J. T., who had been sent to a zoo upon arrival, became very ill and I realized that her one chance for life was in getting her to a place where she could have plenty of fresh air and sunshine. I lived on the top floor of the hotel, and the stairway leading to a spacious well-graveled roof was just across the hall from our apartment. It was an ideal place for J. T., if I could procure permission to keep her in the hotel. I approached the manager with many misgivings. He was very sorry, but animals were not allowed in the house. I persisted. J. T. was wonderful! Not at all like the monkeys seen on the street with organ grinders; she was well-behaved, quiet, and loved children. He was a family man, so I told him enough of J. T.'s life to intrigue him, and finally he consented, when I agreed to be responsible for all damage to furniture.

Knowing how horrified some people are at the sight of a monkey, having once shared that same feeling, I made up my mind to bribe the servants into keeping J. T.'s presence a secret from the other guests so there would be no cause for complaint. When she wasn't romping on the roof, her favorite play place was on the fire escape outside my living-room window, and there she would sit by the hour, amusing herself with her monkey dolls and other toys very much like a child playing on a porch. I always took the precaution to tie her leash, which was made of braided strands of linen thread, to the sash cord, and this would give sufficiently to let her have some leeway to climb about. One very hot day I had some very important letters to write, and before beginning my task I went to the window to see if the monkey was all right. She was sleeping in the shade of the building, with her head resting on the monkey doll which she clasped tight in her arms. I sat down at my desk with my back to the window, and was soon lost in my work.

J. T., who was very keen about sensing whether my mind was on her or not, woke up, and seeing me busy took advantage of the opportunity to untie her leash—a thing which she rarely did—and go on a little exploring expedition of her own. She went down the fire escape, and finding the window of the apartment on the floor below open, she walked in. Her padded feet, treading the heavy carpet, were as silent as a summer breeze; there was nothing in the room to frighten her or hinder her progress, so she went on into the next room and

(Continued on Page 113)

Fundamental Elements of the G-E Wiring System

The sign tells what's inside the walls

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

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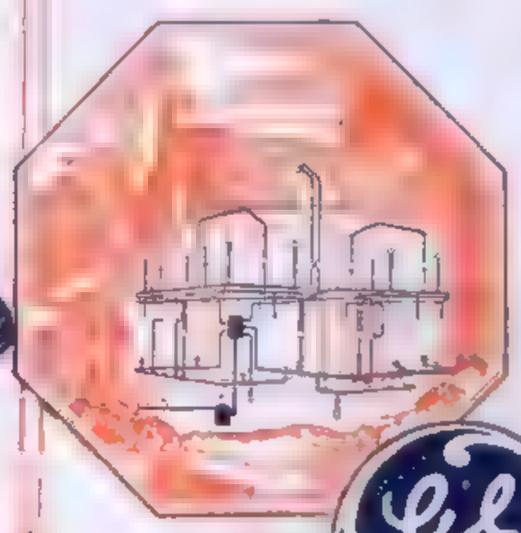

Before you enter this house, you know by the sign outside that every piece of wiring material sealed into its walls is made and guaranteed by General Electric. Study the electrical scheme of the house, and you find lights well placed—plenty of handy outlets—control switches where you want them. Such a house is good to live in! And the builder's care in the planning of the wiring speaks well for his attention to quality throughout.

Whether you buy a home or build your own, remember that the small extra cost of a G-E Wiring System is many times repaid in living comfort. It is *planned* wiring—a complete system with every piece of material made and guaranteed by General Electric. A careful builder will specify a G-E Wiring System. And the best contractors prefer to install it, because they know that the quality of wiring materials is important.

WIRING SYSTEM
~for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

FOUR SHOES every well dressed man should have this fall -new models designed by Selz

Every Day at Business

SELECTING a shoe for business is like selecting a partner—you want substantial, conservative and comfortable qualities. This model is named The CENTURY. A shoe of mellow calfskin with the new medium toe. Looks mighty smart with the grays which predominate in the season's topcoats and felt hats. It's a business shoe in perfect taste. Wingfoot rubber heels for walking comfort.

Selz VELURE-*finish* INNER-TREAD

Heavy Weather and Sports

FOR play, motoring and sports, here is a new model, The BRIAR. Young men and men who go in for plenty of outdoor activity will want this one. The toe is broad, the sole is heavy, the heel is a low, tapering flange. The leather is an Ulster weight medium shade of tan calfskin, just right for the uncertain days of fall.

Selz VELURE-*finish* INNER-TREAD

-a style book we want to send you
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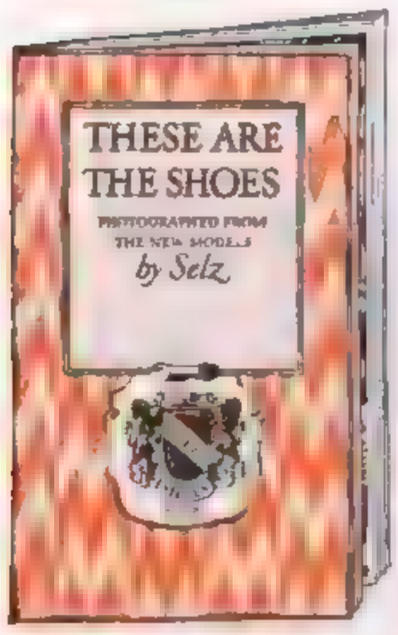

BUY more than one pair of shoes and wear them in rotation. They will last longer - and by *resting them* they'll hold their shape.

Well dressed men buy their shoes this way.

It's a style idea that will save you money and bring you comfort. Wearing your shoes in rotation saves their appearance - saves their wear and *saves your feet.*

From the Selz fall models you may well select a variety of shoes suitable for all occasions - the four smart models shown here will take care of the majority of situations - with distinction.

Here are quality and value with style thrown in - at a variety of prices - $6 $8.50 and $10

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION *Chicago - Pittsburgh*

Shoemakers for three generations

The Formal Evening

COOL evenings mark the beginning of the season for dress occasions. The well-groomed man dons black cloth with spotlessly fresh linen—black patent leather shoes like these. The EVENING, as we call this model, is a brilliant black, so necessary to smart appearance—its light, easy feel is essential to comfort and poise. The price is quite insignificant in proportion to the cost of formal clothes.

Selz VELURE-*finish* INNER-TREAD

After Six and Sunday

THE shoe that accompanies gracefully the dignified combination of derby, satin-lined overcoat and stick. It's called The ASCOT, a custom last worn by men the world over who are respected for their good taste. Of course, the leather is black, but that quality of rich black which, when polished, takes a beautiful gloss and improves with time.

Selz VELURE-*finish* INNER-TREAD

Selz VELURE-finish INNER-TREAD

ALL Selz shoes are equipped with an inner tread soft and sympathetic to the bottoms of your feet, insuring comfort and a better fit—a Selz feature.

—causes your shoes to fit firm — prevents hardening and cracking of the inner lining.

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Beaver Vulcanite Hexagon Slabs are used by people who want no roofing repair bills

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Here is plaster wall board of an excellence so apparent that even to look at it and feel of it would convince the most critical person that it is right. Yet Beaver wants you to go further than that in your investigation of Beaver Bestwall, "The Superior Plaster Wall Board." Beaver wants you to test it in ways not usually tried on building material of this nature. Find out what can be done with this distinctive cream-colored plaster wall board. Beaver will suggest some significant tests if you will write for a sample and literature

Use Beaver Fibre Wall Board for service and appearance when remodeling

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of your walls and roofs

THE dollars that it will take for you to do any kind of building can be a speculation purely or a sound investment—all depending upon the kind of materials you choose or are willing to have used.

The Beaver people, makers of Beaver Products for Walls and Roofs, consider it so important for you to have the true facts in this connection that they are advocating the most daring tests and comparisons for their products. They invite you to weigh the evidence for yourself, to render your own verdict, to form your own opinions of what Beaver Products can do for the walls or the roofs that are built of them.

You will like the showing Beaver Bestwall makes by comparison with other plaster wall boards. Let tests convince you that Bestwall *really is stronger*—that it really does take decoration better. And plaster, too. See why Beaver American Plasters spread better, crack so little and give such pleasing effects. Test fibre wall board. Buy none that cannot convince you, *by tests*, of merit equivalent to the first fibre wall board—the famous Beaver Board the world has used for years.

Get roofs of greater service. Take Beaver Vulcanite Roofing—whether slab, shingle or roll—put it to "the six daring Beaver tests." Test other roofings likewise. Then let the facts determine your choice of roofing. That's just being sensible.

Let other owners experiment if they will. Let them make the costly mistakes. You test and compare. "Consult the Beaver Products dealer in your town," or write for samples and literature. Dept. 1009.

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Beaver Varnishes and Enamels

BEAVER PRODUCTS
PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 108)

into the next, which was the bathroom of the apartment. As luck would have it, the lady of the house—a bride of a few months—was trying to keep cool on this torrid day by lying in the bathtub filled with water. Drowsily she lay, with her red-gold hair resting against the cool enamel rim, when all of a sudden something—she said she never could tell what—startled her, and she became wide awake. Then to her horror she noticed two tiny black things moving slowly along the white rim toward her head, then she saw that they were fingers, and before she could scream, a little black face fringed with white appeared between the hands and two very bright eyes peered down at her. She tried to scream, but made no sound.

Evidently pleased with what she saw, J. T. climbed up, and lying flat on the rim of the tub, began to dabble her hand in the water. Then she saw the bath sponge floating by and with a gleam in her eye, which the lady thought was anger, she reached over to seize it. The terrified girl tried to sink below the surface of the water, but fear had robbed her of even the power to move. J. T. caught the sponge, and lifting it to her lips, squeezed some of the water out of it into her mouth, for the hot weather had made her thirsty. When she had quenched her thirst she held the sponge up and tried to catch the water as it dripped into the tub. While the monkey amused herself the terrified girl lay helpless, staring at her. Finally J. T. got up, looked around, and then walked toward the head of the tub. She was reaching forth her hand to touch the lady's face, which was slowly sinking under the water, when just at that crucial moment they heard the sound of a key in the lock of the outer door. This attracted J. T.'s attention and she jumped off the tub and went into the hall to investigate. She met the lady's husband, who took in the situation at a glance and reassured his terrified wife, who had suddenly found both her strength and her voice. Fortunately for both J. T. and me, the husband was fond of animals. He had heard about the monkey from the servants—who I thought were pledged to secrecy—and was anxious to see her. He very thoughtfully closed all the windows to keep her from escaping and then proceeded to make friends with her. Seeing at once that she was in a friendly atmosphere, J. T. followed the man of the house into the next room and graciously accepted at his hands refreshment, consisting of a banana, and even signified her desire for a gay doll—a favor from some party—which hung from the chandelier over the table. While she was interested in her new possession the man of the house called my apartment and asked me please to come down and take the monkey home. It was the first indication I had of the truant's visit. The lady never knew her real danger, for when J. T. reached for her face the monkey's next move would have been to jump onto the lady's head and then dive off into the water, as she often did with me. When she dabbled her fingers in the water, it was just to see if it was the proper temperature for her bath.

It All Comes Out in the Wash

About this time I decided that I must find a companion of her own kind for J. T. I looked about in the various shops where monkeys are sold, and finally decided upon a little baby monkey who was living in the most pitiable state in a small, insanitary cage with several larger monkeys.

J. T. belonged to the vervet family of monkeys and I was looking for a monkey of the same species to be her companion. The pathetic little baby belonged to the rhesus family. I did not want him, but I felt so sorry for the half-starved little creature that I could not leave him there. So, much against my better judgment, I paid the price the dealer asked—twenty-five dollars—and took him home with some misgivings as to the reception he would receive from J. T. The matter was not long in doubt. I set the box with the little stranger in it on the floor and opened one corner. J. T. approached curiously, as was her wont, inhaled once and retired to her favorite place on the window ledge; she became nauseated and rubbed her hands on the wood, as she always did when anything was offensive to her. She was quite ill, and showed in every way that she did not approve of this evil-smelling guest. The friends who accompanied me on my search for a companion for J. T., and who were acquainted only with the zoölogical park specimens, were amazed at J. T.'s behavior. It was difficult for them to accept the fact that a monkey could be so fastidious or could be made ill by offensive odors.

I was disappointed in her reception of the little stranger, but still hoped that she would feel different after I gave it a bath. I took the monkey into the bathroom, and emptying a bottle of bath salts into the tub, I scrubbed away the memory of his cage existence. Poor little fellow; he was terribly frightened, but his fear did not affect his voice, and as the white lather of soap got into his ears and eyes he fought and squealed and tried to bite me. When I lifted him from the tub he looked like a half-drowned rat and smelled like a bottle of perfume. I wrapped him in a bath towel and placed him on a chair in a window filled with sunshine. J. T. had been acting wildly during this performance, running about the room, and terribly distressed by the cries uttered by the baby monkey as he protested against the cleansing process. When I put him on the chair she bounded over to him, hesitated a second, sniffed his clean fur, and with a look that spoke volumes she gathered him into her arms and pressed him to her bosom in a rapture of motherly love. When he squealed from the hurt of her too ardent embrace she made faces and threatening gestures at me as if it were my fault. From that moment J. T. was the devoted defender of the baby monkey, and woe to the one who interfered with him.

Double Trouble

The little monkey, whom I named Paddy, was an ash blond. His face was pink, hairless and a mass of wrinkles, and he had large, intelligent gray eyes flecked with hazel. He had large pink batlike ears, which he wriggled expressively when he became excited, and growing straight up on top of his head were two ash-colored tufts of hair, like devil horns, which moved in unison with his wriggling ears. He was just at the awkward age, all hands and feet and stomach, but to J. T. he was all that a young monkey should be. In justice to him, however, I will acknowledge that he made up in personality what he lacked in looks. He was a born mixer and explorer. He hadn't been in the house three days before he explored every nook and corner of the apartment. He paid frequent visits to the kitchen, where an indulgent maid, who considered his happiness of more importance than his health, gave him anything he wanted. He would leave his room and go about the house so quietly that the first suspicion I would have of his truancy would be when I heard J. T. calling him, or when I would hear a crash in some other part of the house. I would always find him hiding under a couch or chair, but whether it was from fright caused by the noise, or from a sense of truancy, I do not know.

I soon realized that instead of being relieved from the worry caused by J. T.'s loneliness, I had only succeeded in adding another care to my very busy life. If I played with Paddy, to be sure, J. T. was jealous. But she showed her jealousy in a way that won for her the admiration of everyone who saw her. When Paddy climbed to my lap she would turn her back on us and look out of the window, trying to seem indifferent, but giving us dark looks from time to time. But if I happened to do something to Paddy that made him utter one of his baby squeaks, she would leap to his rescue like a flash. But on the other hand, if I said "Ouch, Paddy hurt me!" and rubbed my arm, she would threaten Paddy, but she never touched him roughly. It was a severe test for the animal's affection, for as the days went by Paddy appropriated her playthings, he crowded her off my lap and he ate her food—an act which I know is a severe test for the friendship of men when away from the influence of civilization. He won, however, and J. T. always turned from me back to her own kind.

When Paddy had been with us about two weeks he developed a sickness which I feared at first was the dreaded infantile paralysis, but it proved to be a disease known as cage paralysis, which, though not infectious, caused his joints to swell and made a little cripple of him. He had been confined in the insanitary, overcrowded cage, without fresh air or exercise, too long. The older animals had taken his food and he was undernourished and anæmic. To cure this trouble I used to fill a foot tub with warm suds made of the purest soap, and put it on a table in a window where the sun came streaming in, and into this I coaxed the little invalid. At first he was very timid about entering the water, because he had not forgotten his first experience in a bathtub. J. T. had always been in the habit of drinking soapsuds and to this I attribute the fact that I rarely had to give her medicine. Paddy learned to love his bath, and he was a comical sight sitting in the tub with the billowy white foam hiding all but his animated pink face. He looked more like an advertisement for some new kind of soap than he did like a sick monkey. Children came to see them and brought floating toys to put in the tub. We blew soap bubbles, and when J. T. broke them, both monkeys would search the room to find where they had gone, which always amused the children and sent them into shrieks of happy laughter. Once I sent the maid to the street to buy toy balloons from a vender, and we let them escape in the room where the monkeys were. Paddy was terrified and sought refuge under a chair and from this safe retreat watched J. T. leap and climb after them in great glee.

A Simian Bathing Beauty

J. T. was very fond of the water and liked to bathe. The first time she took a bath in camp she tried to share mine. A few moments before, she had come into the tent, where I was bathing, and slyly stolen some of my clothes and carried them out to the top of the tent. To the great amusement of the whole camp she crawled through the legs and arms of my undergarments and got them in a hopeless tangle. She was fond of an audience, and she usually had a very appreciative one in the porters, who rolled on the ground and shrieked with laughter at her antics. Finally, when my tent boy took the garments away from her, she came into my tent again, looking for more mischief. She stood for a second on my cot watching me, then she jumped lightly to the top of my head and then into the tub. I very quickly left her in possession and she splashed around in the water and chased the elusive cake of soap round the tub like a baby.

After that, about three o'clock every afternoon, Ali prepared her bath in her own little bathtub. She liked the water very hot and would always put her hand in to test the temperature before she jumped in. If it was too hot she would fly at the boy and bite him, and if it was too cold she would do the same thing. Ali would try to fool her sometimes by making it too hot or too cold, but after she bit him once or twice he learned that she was not to be trifled with. When we returned to America and had a large tub where she could have plenty of water and space, she swam like a dog and played with floating toys like a child.

Paddy loved to go into the bathroom and crawl around on the edge of the tub when

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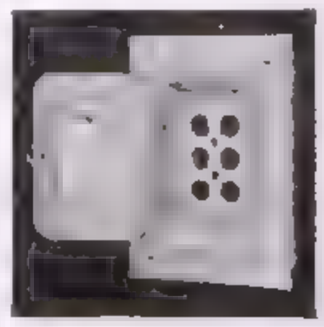

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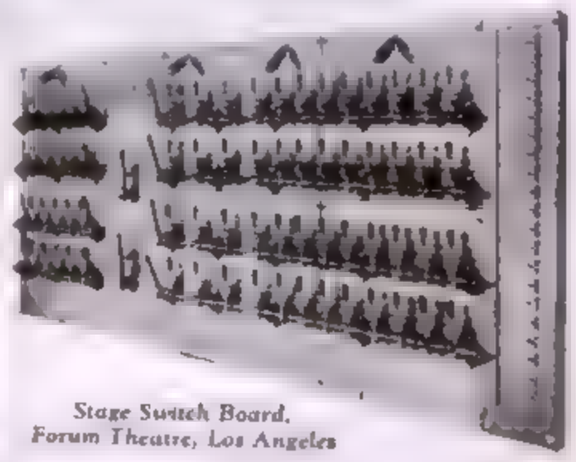

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J. T. took her bath. With the vigor of a healthy animal J. T. would jump into the water and out again, climbing to the top of the shower and often sliding down the curtain into the water head first, as if she were showing off before Paddy. One day, in a spirit of mischief, I soaped the rim at the end of the tub, and when Paddy came along he tobogganed into the water. I never shall forget his frightened squeals, or the surprised and terrified expression on his old-looking wrinkled face. To add to his terror, J. T., the moment she heard him squeal, jumped from the window where she was standing into the tub, splashing the water in all directions and causing it to rise up at the end of the tub like a wave and carry poor Paddy with it. Like a drowning person, his wildly waving hands grasped the first object they touched, and it happened to be the fur at the top of J. T.'s head; and as the water receded it carried the thoroughly frightened and struggling monkeys to the middle of the tub. I helped them out, but when I laughed J. T. became very angry and made faces at me.

Being laughed at when she was frightened or in trouble was one thing she could not tolerate. And when her eyebrows went up like a question mark and she showed the white spots over the eyelids and the hair lay flat and shiny on the top of her head, I knew by painful experience that it was time to look serious. J. T. showed in many ways that she possessed a sense of humor when pranks were played on others, but she was quick to resent a joke played on herself or on her little playmate.

A Good Way to Lose Friends

J. T. swam like a dog, and was so fond of water that I am inclined to think that the African monkeys do bathe; although the Tana River, where J. T. was born, and in fact most of the African rivers, are full of crocodiles lying in wait for animals or human beings who come to the river. One of J. T.'s daily amusements was looking at pictures in the illustrated magazines. She turned the pages herself, without any training, the leaves passing between her thumb and forefinger. After she became familiar with dogs she recognized their pictures and she would make her purry—p-r-r-r-r—affectionate sound over them and turn her head coquettishly from side to side, as if expecting them to respond. She showed far more intelligence in recognizing pictures and keeping a magazine right side up than the majority of savages.

In trying to tell of the interesting things done by these little wild children of the jungle, I find myself at a loss for words to express the many things, light as air and as evanescent as light and shadow, which filled every minute of my day with them—attitudes, expressions of little acts, so significant at the time, which vanished from memory and left only a general impression so hard to convey to another. One matter that is very distinct in my memory is the attitude of my friends and acquaintances toward a housekeeping ménage which included two monkeys. This attitude was never expressed in words, but I felt it in the veiled remarks, distended nostrils and lifted eyebrows, which said as plainly as words: "Do you detect an odor of monkeys in this house?" It was always a joke between my little maid and me, for J. T. had habits of toilet as clean as those of a well-managed child. This attitude on the part of my friends spurred me on to have everything in perfect order whenever we were entertaining, to forestall any criticism of my jungle family. But the monkeys, like their human counterparts, could always be counted upon to upset my arrangements for a 100 per cent exhibition. They seemed to sense my preoccupation on such occasions, and took advantage of it to perform some unusually atrocious piece of mischief.

One of these happenings occurred when I had the house set in order for a party and my little maid and I stood, as women will, admiring the spick-and-span appearance wrought by our hands. J. T. was tied with a long leash so she could play about her own room and be well out of reach of mischief, but the little lame Paddy, who was never tied, had opened the door and was wandering about at his own sweet will. I thought he was in the room with J. T., and was completely taken by surprise by the sight that met my eyes when I went into my room for a few last touches to my toilet before the guests arrived. Stepping to the door between the two rooms, I beheld J. T. sitting on the floor simply reveling in the down from one of my cushions, while beside her crouched the little rascal Paddy, begging for the fluffy feathers which J. T. dealt out to him grudgingly, a handful at a time. Both monkeys looked like some new species of gray goose, with their fur covered with the down, which filled the air and lodged everywhere it alighted. In a second my hair and gown were full of it, and it took the combined efforts of the maid and myself to wipe everything in the room with damp cloths before the guests arrived, and the next day a vacuum cleaner did the rest.

Evidently J. T. had had her eye on this pillow for some time, and when the two saw that my attention was off them for a few moments, it was the work of only a second for Paddy to shuffle over to the chair and bring the pillow to J. T., and for the older monkey, who was an expert ripper, to open it neatly at the seam with her fingers and teeth, and then their real fun began. Of course my guests wanted to see my jungle family, and when we went into the room the monkeys began to play and jump about, causing the down which the wet towels had missed to rise and float about. Unfortunately two of my guests were wearing black frocks, and in an instant the wearers looked as if they had been renovating their best down quilts. I hurried them out of the room and did all I could by way of brushing them off, but they never called again.

Like a little child, J. T. wanted to see and help with whatever I was doing, using her hands and teeth to open a package or explore any strange or unusual object. As she grew older the habit became a passion, and in America she opened every package brought into the house as eagerly as if she were a child expecting to find a present.

Unpleasant Memories

Once when Capt. Arthur Radclyffe Dugmore, the author, and photographer of wild life, sent an enlarged photograph of a wild lion, J. T. proved beyond doubt that she had a remarkable memory and recognized animals by their pictures. I sat on the floor and held the package while J. T. eagerly tore off the wrappings. When the last paper fell away and the fat, sleek body and big black mane of the lion were exposed, J. T., with a frightened scream, bounded to the top of the mantel and then to the very top of the window, where she looked down upon us and chattered madly. No amount of coaxing would bring her down until the picture was put out of sight; and it was several days before she would pass the desk where I kept it, without chattering and leaning to one side. The sight of a leopard skin had the same terrifying effect upon her. And the only way I could keep her from going into my closet and destroying my hats and street frocks was by hanging the skin of a leopard where she could see it when she opened the door. She knew and could distinguish between my street frocks and those I wore in the house; and if she could get into my closet when alone she would tear them to shreds. My hats suffered the same fate when she found them. But, strange as it may seem, she never harmed the garments I wore when at home with her.

The question of parting with J. T. was brought to an issue some months after I was seriously bitten by her in one of her moods. I was still using a cane to get about, when one day I recalled that it had been many months, owing to my illness, since J. T. had had any dirt to play in. In my endeavor to give her as nearly as possible the things which she had been accustomed to in her native land, I was in the habit of getting a small tree or some bulbs growing in a pot or box and giving it to the monkey to dig in. I felt convinced, from watching her digging in the ground in Africa, that there was some chemical in the dirt necessary to the health and well-being of monkeys. She would dig rapidly, scoop up a handful of the earth and from it pick little particles of something—whether lime in infinitesimal particles or some other mineral, I don't know—and put them in her mouth. This was the greatest treat I could give her, and she would spend hours prospecting her dirt pile.

On this day, as I was about to place the box of earth in the oilcloth-lined receptacle in her room, J. T. became so excited and eager for the treat, which she had not had in such a long time, that she grabbed at me, and I, nervous from my last encounter with her teeth, drew back. This is a fatal move to make with any wild animal, which is in the habit of jumping at anything which moves quickly away from it. Her little teeth, sharp as knives, sank into my shoulder, but as the wound was not a serious one, only a surface scratch, I packed it with cigarette ash and said nothing about it to anyone; but I resolved to be more careful in the future.

Biting the Hand That Fed Her

The third and last step in the tragedy came closely on the heels of this. I had prepared Paddy's bath of warm soapsuds in the little tub and placed it on the table in the sunny window as usual, and the maid was in the bathroom letting the water run into the big tub for J. T. Seeing Paddy splashing about and enjoying himself had made J. T. very eager for hers. She followed me into the next room and, perched on the table, began teasing and pulling a bouquet of flowers to pieces. Turning toward her and pointing my finger at her, I said, in a rather decided tone, "J. T., go to your own room and wait until your bath is ready." Perhaps it was my finger or the impatience in the tone of my voice that made her angry, or she might have been jealous of Paddy; at any rate, quick as a flash she grabbed my pointing hand and her sharp little fangs sank themselves in the flesh of my wrist, cutting the nerves and just missing the large vein. I had learned wisdom from experience, and on this occasion lost no time in getting to the phone and summoning the doctor. "You simply must send that animal away," was his verdict. By the time my wounds were dressed I had made up my mind what I would do.

Having had a comfortable cage made for the monkeys, I wired Mr. Blackburn at the Zoo in Washington, asking him if I might send J. T. to him. As soon as I received a favorable reply I made the monkeys ready for the trip; for I had decided to send Paddy to keep J. T. company, so that she might feel as little as possible the momentous change that was taking place in her life. I knew if I didn't send her quickly, while my mind was made up, that I would weaken and be unable to part with her. As it was, I acknowledge frankly that the parting was so sad that I couldn't recall it for many a day without my eyes filling with tears both for J. T. and myself.

Anyone who has had to part with a child or an invalid who has been on his mind for many years may realize how perfectly lost I felt. For I had given up practically all my social life and many of my friends to devote myself to the care and study of this interesting little creature. And when I did tear myself away from her to go out for pleasure, the memory of her sad little form, huddled mournfully on the window seat, would defeat my purpose of enjoying myself; and mingled with my pity was the ever present fear that, through the carelessness or ignorance of someone less understanding of the situation than I, she might do herself or someone else grave harm in my absence. So it was always with mixed feelings of joy

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 114)

and relief that I returned to find everything all right and J. T. delighted to see me.

So the days which followed her departure were sad ones for me, and the day my wound was sufficiently healed so I could comb my hair once more, I made the journey to Washington to see her again. Never have I been so disappointed in a reunion. J. T. and Paddy were occupying a large cage together, and when I stepped up in front of it the little monkey gave a squeal of delight and jumped joyfully to greet me, coaxing for something to eat, and showing in every way that he knew me and that he was glad to see me.

Not so, J. T. In sulky dignity, she sat and eyed me, and to all my pleading for her to come down to the front of the cage and see me, she turned a deaf ear. The only satisfaction she vouchsafed me was to go to the door of her cage, by which she had been put in, and coax for me to come and open it. Her ultimatum seemed to be: "If you want to have my continued friendship, there is one way, and one way only, for you to get it. Let me out and take me home where I belong, and everything will be as it was before."

It nearly broke my heart to refuse this dumb pleading, but I knew it was impossible to have J. T. with me again. I continued my visits to the Zoo, however, but always with the same results; learning that though everyone around the place loved Paddy, with his rowdyish ingratiating disposition, J. T. was rather feared as a cross and crabbed individual. Much of this feeling was engendered by the fact that J. T. kept up her old habit of protecting Paddy, and when someone teased him and he ran to her for protection or comfort, she made threatening faces at his tormentors.

At last the day came when I made what I felt might be my last visit to the Zoo. War had been declared and I was going overseas to drive an ambulance on the French battlefields, and I had the feeling that I might never return. As I stood looking at J. T. that morning I felt impelled to share this feeling with her as I would with another person, and see whether it would influence her attitude toward me; for she still refused to let me touch her. I waited until the visitors had moved from our vicinity, so they would not think I was some poor creature with a defective mind, and then, looking straight into her eyes, I said, "J. T., I am going away. You'd better come down and talk to me. It may be the last time you will see me." The effect of my words was magical. J. T. came down with a bound, and making her old clucking sound of affection, reached through the bars and began to smooth my hair and eyebrows with her same old gentle touch, and she took the fresh fig from my hand bag as of old.

The reader may form his own opinion of her actions; I shall always believe that she understood, at least my mood, if not my words.

SIMPLE CONFESSION

Continued from Page 5

place, he waited, saying over in a preliminary way to himself, "May I see Miss Royall—Miss Blanche Royall? My name is Dobson." Or less brusquely, perhaps: "I should like to see Miss Blanche Royall; she is not expecting me," in the silly way one does before a door opens.

He was settling his collar and tightening his tie, a bit unnerved in spite of himself by the fact that Miss Royall was not expecting him, when the latch clicked, the knob turned and against an oblong of cool greenish dusk, through which chairs and a mirror showed dimly, a girl confronted him. Cool as Undine. Not unlike Undine in other ways also. Richard received a sudden vivid impression of narrow gray eyes, a pointed chin, an untidy mop of red hair—not bronze or mahogany; nothing so conservative—the bright unbelievable red which keeps gold in its tangles.

He cleared his throat. He said, wishing himself in that moment a thousand miles away, "May I see Miss Blanche Royall? Or it may be Mrs. Royall." Stupid ass! Footless bungler! Why, he thought, did he have to add that?

The girl peered at him closely. Was there, in her silence, her momentary uncertainty, a nervousness equal to his own? She said briefly, "Who are you?"

"My name is Dobson," said Richard.

"Oh, my Lord!" said the girl.

"Sorry!" said Richard.

"I mean," she explained in a hushed voice, "why did you have to come here?"

"To see Blanche Royall," said Richard stubbornly.

"I told you not to. I didn't mean you to come."

"You!" said Richard. She only stared at him in a hostile kind of way. "Are you Miss Royall?" he insisted incredulously.

"Really!" said the girl with a touch of defiance.

"Perhaps you are now—Mrs. Johnson?"

She drew her brows together haughtily; she lifted the pointed chin; she seemed about to wither him. She thought better of it and said, carefully closing the door behind her, "Come out in the garden; there's a bench there. We can sit down—and I'll explain."

It seemed odd—her selecting that bench in the garden as if there were no chairs or sofas or what not inside the house upon which a guest might sit to receive an explanation. However, a warm, drowsy breath of grass and roses drifted from the garden in vitation, and who was Richard to force an entrance where a door had been closed in his face, especially when in so doing his hostess shut herself outside with him? He followed her down an old brick walk between beds of velvety petunias, purple and white; past rosebushes heavy with crimson and coral; past an ancient fountain, trickling languidly into a moss-grown basin; past tangles of starry jasmine —— Why particularize? It was in all respects the most charming garden Richard had ever encountered, in no way spoiled by the silver shadows of approaching dusk. And the bench was there, green slatted and friendly, as a bench in such a garden would be. No cold marble slab supported by paunchy cherubs; no rustic seat to wound the sensibilities and other parts less vague with barked excrescences of hardy hickory; but a wide, rolling, comfortable bench, smoothed by generations of romantic youth, as a marble saint is polished by the lips of its worshipers.

"Sit down," said the red-headed girl a trifle curtly, and taking the farther end of the bench, Richard obeyed her. "Now ——" she said.

"Yes?" said Richard politely.

She continued, after a pause in which she broke a creamy rose from a bush beside her and lifted it to her nose with detailed and artistic detachment: "I suppose you don't consider this an intrusion?"

"But I do indeed," said Richard.

"You must have wanted badly to see me"

"I wanted badly to see Blanche Royall."

She didn't say anything rude, although he thought for a moment she was going to, because she opened her mouth and shut it as if in the grip of second thought. What came out was: "Did you like the story so much?" Uncontrollable interest there.

Richard followed up his advantage: "As a story, tremendously."

"Oh, you did really?" Clasped hands—gray eyes shining—mouth tipping up at its indented corners. She was in that moment nearer prettiness than Richard had thought.

He continued, keeping himself to the matter in hand: "As a story it interested me deeply. As a confession—isn't that what they call the rotten things?—it didn't seem possible that it could have happened ——"

"Oh, I assure you it did. . . ."

"—— to the woman of that picture."

"It was a nice picture," she admitted modestly.

"A very beautiful picture; but I see now—another woman—not you."

"Don't you think so? I've been told it's very like."

"Not by your mirror," said Richard.

She laughed out suddenly, clear as struck crystal, fresh as bird song—the most delicious laughter Richard had ever heard, and the most impish. She said: "Red hair always takes black."

"But a turned-up nose doesn't take straight," said Richard.

"You'd be surprised," she argued, "what they can do with retouching—noses."

"Was it your picture?" asked Richard.

She reproved him gravely: "I think you're most impertinent."

"And you're much too young to have been through all that sordid unhappiness—too young and too untouched. It isn't in your face."

"You'd be surprised what they can do in beauty shops—for elderly women."

"Please don't make fun of me," he begged her.

"As if I could!"

"Then what are you doing now?"

She said, "Defending my secret," but spoiled her effect with a chuckle.

"Tell me," said Richard earnestly, "is Blanche Royall perhaps an older sister?"

"Perhaps," she said; "but I think it very improbable."

Richard knew a surge of baffled annoyance, a desire to shake the gray-eyed mocker until her teeth chattered.

He said stiffly, "I have no right to question you, of course."

"Don't worry," she returned. "I haven't told you anything."

"It's only that I have never wanted to know anyone as I want to know Blanche Royall."

To which admission, hard-wrung from him, she replied with surprising intensity, "Then the story must have been good!"

"Of course it was good. It was beautiful, it was poignant ——"

She broke across his testimonial with a sudden excited cry: "You aren't by any chance an editor?"

"I am a broker," said Richard grimly.

"Oh" abysmal disappointment "then it doesn't make a great deal of difference what you think."

"I beg of you," persisted Richard in spite of that body blow, "to tell me the truth about the story in ——'s Magazine and the person who wrote it."

"I wrote it," said she coolly.

"Then you are Blanche Royall?"

"Naturally."

"That is not your photograph."

She sighed. "It was taken in happier days."

"It was taken of somebody else," said Richard bluntly.

"I see," she told him, sitting with an elbow on her knee, chin in the palm of her hand, watching him warily out of those mermaid eyes—"I see it's no good trying to deceive you. You're too clever Mr.—is it Dobson or Dawson?"

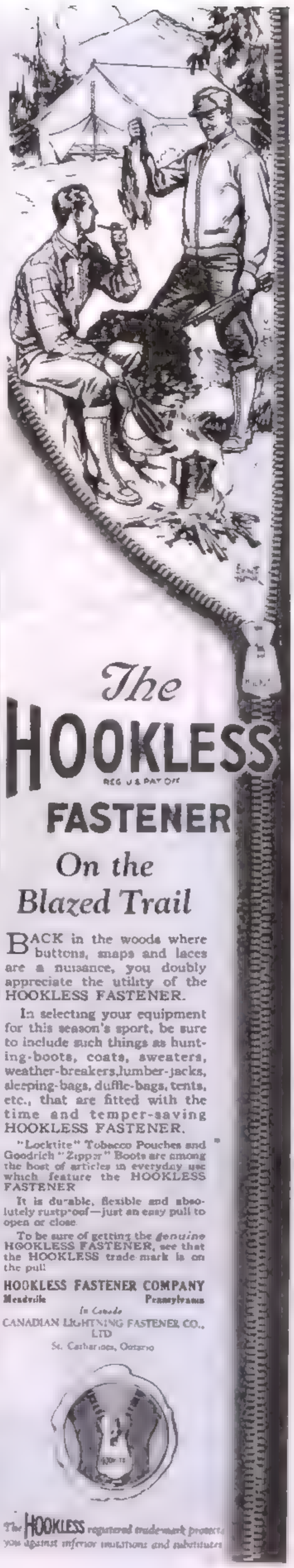
"It is Dobson—Richard Dobson."

"Very nice and simple," she murmured. "I prefer simplicity myself. As I was saying, I won't deceive you any longer. The picture wasn't I. I couldn't bear to have my picture used—in such a way. Besides, I take a wretched one."

"Does ——'s Magazine know?" inquired Richard.

"Oh, naturally not!"

"If they did—if they so much as suspected ——"



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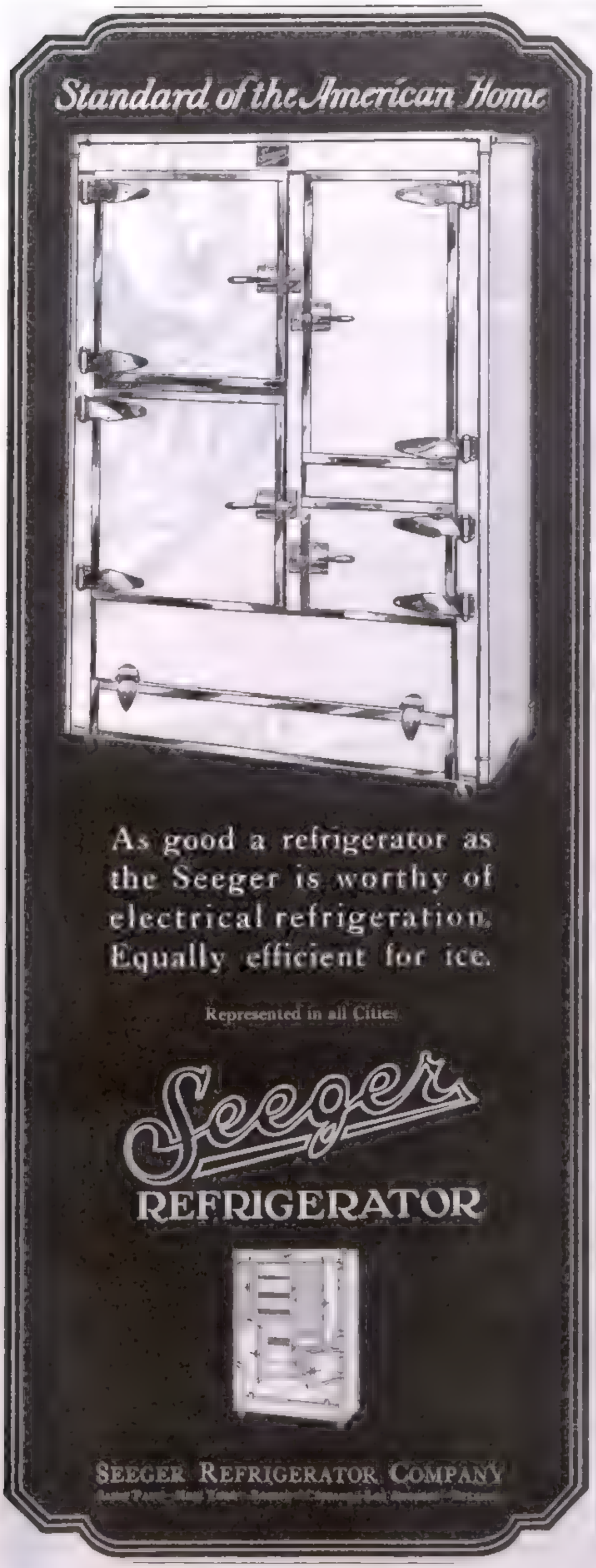
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She conceded: "It might be awkward." Then she caught her breath, startled, imploring. "You have nothing to do with ——'s Magazine?"

"No more than I can help," said Richard.

"I was afraid for a moment."

"I have told you I am a broker. I happened to pick up a copy of that especial number ——"

"And my story ——."

"If it is your story," said Richard.

"Why do you care," she burst out, "whose story it is?"

"Because—I have told you—I want to know the woman who wrote it."

There was a little tree beyond the bench, a rosy crape myrtle. Toward it at that moment a cat came swiftly, haloed in standing fur. It spurned the ground, it almost swam through the air; and in its mad itinerary it crossed the foot of the red-headed girl, at which, with a little yelp of sincere terror, she caught Richard's arm, crying desperately, "Take it away! Take it away!"

Richard couldn't take it away, because by that time it was up the tree, at whose foot a Belgian police dog proffered invitation and threat. But he looked his sympathy and, unavoidably, his surprise.

"I can't bear cats!" gasped the red-headed girl. She stopped short, crimsoning deeply.

Came the dawn, as they say in the cinema.

"That's interesting," said Richard; "that's very interesting indeed! You can't bear cats—yet Blanche Royall left her husband because he killed a kitten she had brought in starving off the street."

"Oh, my Lord!" said the red-headed girl hopelessly.

Richard began to quote—he had the thing almost by heart anyhow: "'It seemed more like a bat than a kitten. I gave it some hot milk and it drank it all and licked my hand and purred. . . . I had it two nights. I was getting quite fond of it.'"

"Don't!" she pleaded tragically.

"You couldn't let a cat lick your hand if you wanted to." She shivered uncontrollably at thought of it. "Then who," said Richard doggedly—"who is Blanche Royall?"

"She's no one at all; it's a name I made up," said the red-headed girl. In the house a bell tinkled faintly. She caught at any relief. "That's supper. If you'd like to stay and meet my mother I'll tell you everything afterward."

Richard hesitated—not too long. He realized that he was hungry, that food in that vine-covered cottage would in all probability be delicious. New-laid eggs, thick ivory cream, strawberry jam, golden fried chicken—these were a few of the things that glimmered and simmered in his mind while he said, "You're very kind. If it's not an imposition ——"

"If you'll take potluck," she conditioned.

"I'll think myself lucky to get it."

She led him back to the house. She said over her shoulder, passing the fountain, "My mother is Mrs. Johnson. I am Lydia Johnson."

"Delightful," said Richard.

"We live by ourselves."

"Does your mother know about the story?"

"No, she does not."

"I only asked so as to be certain."

"Please don't discuss it before her."

"I shouldn't think of doing so against your wishes."

"I'll tell her you're someone returning a manuscript."

"Oh, then she knows you write?"

"She does. And she knows they come back."

"She won't resent my accompanying the return?"

"Not in the least. She'll be rather grateful to you. She thinks I ought to stick to my teaching."

"Oh, you teach, as well?"

"A great deal better, apparently," said the red-headed girl bitterly. "But I loathe it from the bottom of my soul."

They went up the steps and into the house, where lamps now shone with an aureate calm. The garden slipped back into dusk and silence. A slender woman came toward them down the hall.

Red hair, tarnished with years to an eerie silver; narrow gray eyes meshed in a net of fine lines; mouth deeply indented at the corners, and faded between. Lydia, when time should have done with her, unless some miraculous way ——

Richard caught a hurried undertone from the Lydia beside him: "My mother is almost stone deaf. She reads your lips."

Then Lydia presented him coolly. The mother welcomed him, without either surprise or enthusiasm. They went in to supper, where a stooped old negro woman was placing another plate.

Supper, in a dim, cool, low-ceilinged room, with flowers on the table, with a piece or two of heavy old-fashioned silver on a stalwart mahogany sideboard, with thin gold-banded china, with thin etched goblets—all the paraphernalia of bygone gentility. The old colored woman served an omelet, light as a feather; tomatoes and cucumbers, thinly sliced, in an excellent salad; hot biscuits—the melted ruby of strawberry jam—quite as Richard had conjectured.

But Richard couldn't eat as he might, as he should have preferred, as he ordinarily would have eaten. He had come to see Blanche Royall—and she didn't exist. "She's no one at all. It's a name I made up." That—after weeks of surmise and imagining, after having her story by heart and reading through it to the woman behind it—the woman he had never met—now would never meet.

Richard couldn't eat for disappointment, and amazement and anger. His anger grew, swifter than the rest. He looked across the table, in the light of a mellow-shaded lamp, at Lydia Johnson's gleaming red hair, her sea-gray eyes, her queer delightful mouth, and he knew a sharp and astounded resentment seeping through his veins. She had made a fool of him. She had tricked him in the secret place of his heart. She had lied and she had thwarted him.

"Do you find Lydia's work has any real merit?" asked the mother in the uninflected monotone of one who never hears the sound she utters.

Looking straight into Lydia's eyes, Richard answered grimly: "It is amazingly lifelike."

"But not enough plot," said the mother.

"Oh, quite enough plot!" said Richard.

He felt a cruel satisfaction in seeing color rise under the girl's clear skin. She had freckles, a golden powdering of them over nose and cheeks. She herself was not eating largely. Was she nervous about him—about what he might betray?

The mother sat as if inclosed in a shell of glass, seeing everything, hearing nothing; coming out of silences in which she sat infinitely removed, withdrawn, to hurl questions like delicate javelins.

"You advise her, then, to continue?" Lydia's eyes defied and prayed him. "By all means," said Richard suavely. "A talent like hers—for invention ——"

The mother's eyes were on his mouth like cold, light finger tips.

"Invention? Lydia, have you invented anything?"

Lydia said calmly, while she rolled a bit of biscuit into crumbs, "A lady or two."

"You mean," said the mother, again addressing Richard, "that her characters are well drawn?"

"What I have seen of them," said Richard.

The mother objected with a touch of querulousness: "I have no idea she will ever do anything with her writing. And she has her school."

"Her prison!" said Lydia suddenly, violently.

"She does so well with children."

"Little beasts!" said Lydia. Adding reluctantly, "Most of 'em!"

(Continued on Page 120)

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Now your purchase can be made knowingly
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Kolster-Brandes

(Continued from Page 118)

"If she loses her school," said the mother, "because of this hopeless passion for writing, she will have only herself to blame—and we shall have nothing to live on."

The selfish chill in the mermaid eyes grown old!

"No passion is hopeless!" flamed Lydia. "Passion is the beginning of life."

She looked at Richard, and he waived his anger and smiled. She was so much alive, in that place of memory of glass-shelled silences.

"From the time she was a child," said the mother, "she has had this craving for pen and ink. I don't know where she got it. The women of my family have all been content to be excellent wives and mothers."

"Thank God I had a father," said Lydia sullenly, "who couldn't be either one."

Not a placid meal! Richard, buttering his hot biscuit, helping himself to that luscious strawberry jam, was yet distinctly relieved when, having risen from the table, Lydia once more led the way into the garden, silver gilt now, every leaf and flower transmuted with the outpourings of an adolescent moon.

The mother remained in the house, knitting, beneath a lamp. Richard had an instant's repelled recollection of other knitters, beside a guillotine, no quieter, no more watchful than she.

He said politely, "Won't your mother come out? It's a wonderful night."

Lydia answered with disdainful frankness: "I told her I wanted to talk to you about a story."

"Will she ever be reconciled to your stories?" asked Richard.

"When I begin to get money for them," said Lydia.

Queer hard creature! But hard with the substance of crystal or gem, clean and shining—a thrilling hardness.

They sat down once more upon the bench. "About Blanche Royall," said Lydia.

"If you please," said Richard.

She didn't look at him. She sat crouched in her earlier attitude, elbows on her knees, chin in cupped palms. The moonlight made unholy glory of her hair. Her face was in shadow. She spoke in a low stubborn voice:

"You heard my mother say I'd always been crazy to write—that's true. I began it when I was a young one, scribbling in all my schoolbooks, making poems instead of pothooks, making plays out of the stuff I learned in history, beginning a novel before I could spell beyond three syllables—you know the kind of thing."

"I've heard of it," said Richard. "But doesn't it usually arrive—an obsession like that?"

She said moodily, "Not yet—not mine—not for me." Like the bell of a buoy swinging in troubled seas. She added suddenly, "You asked for all this, you know."

"Go on," said Richard.

"All the way through high school I was planning to write. I meant to go away to college. I meant to train for it. All I could do in this sleepy hole was to read, read, read."

"You've done that?"

"Everything I could lay my hands on. Not half I want—or need; the town library and the books my father left." Her voice softened, lingered a little saying "my father."

"Your father is dead?" asked Richard quietly.

"He died in my last year at high school, suddenly. He wasn't very old. He had a bad heart. No wonder. He needed a heart of iron—to live his life. Women can be so cruel—can't they?—to failures."

The knitter beneath the lamp—she would be cruel. Richard only said, "He wasn't a failure—to you?"

Denial shook the husky voice of the red-headed girl—illimitable tenderness: "To me? He was the dearest thing alive! The night he died I wanted to die too." She passed by that memory doggedly. "Of course you don't die when you want to; you just grow another skin. I ditched all my dreams about college and took kindergarten instead, so as to support my mother and myself. My father left no insurance—he'd let it lapse—nothing except this house. He'd have lost that, only it was in her name. He hadn't the wits of a child about money. But he had a thirst and a hunger for books, which is what he left me."

"Not a bad inheritance," said Richard.

"Blessing and curse," said the red-headed girl. Deeper in the garden a bird called drowsily. "Sleepy sweet sound!" she said.

She sat up and folded her hands in her lap, looking at Richard, a challenge in her eyes. "That's all—almost. I went on writing—trying to write, trying like a fool, every moment I could get to myself. Not so many, after the daily drudging."

"What do you teach?" asked Richard.

"Children -for my sins!" said the girl wickedly. "And, of course," she explained, "all the time —— My mother's disapproval, opposition, you saw." Richard nodded. She said: "So I never had anything accepted. I battered my head against a wall, with nothing but bruises to show for it, until one day, looking over a magazine at the library, it occurred to me—those confession things—it wouldn't be hard to do one. It might sell as life, where it wouldn't as art!" She chuckled. "That's how Blanche Royall was born—found under a cabbage, as you may say. And she did sell. And they gave me a check for her. And that's a leg over the wall, Mr. Dobson. Try to stop me now!"

Steel in her voice—the clear fine hiss of steel through the air.

Richard might have liked her tremendously in that moment—the ardor and reckless delight of her if he could have forgotten Blanche Royall.

He said, tugging impatiently at his mustache: "So you faked the whole thing—a lie out of whole cloth; all that pathetic stuff about the man who married and used her. That was all your own invention. It never happened. The man never existed."

Lydia jumped to her feet with a contemptuous laugh. "The man doesn't exist that could do that to a woman worth having—and keep her! Faked him? Of course! I lovingly made him whole, out of all the rotters in fiction. I lovingly made her whole, out of all the fools since Griselda And they swallowed it—the magazine people who read it. They wrote me a beautiful letter. They sent me a beautiful check—my first. But it won't be my last! For whether my mother believes it or not, I'm started now, I've got my foot in the door."

Insane little egoist, she could see nothing but her goal, hear nothing but her own feet upon the road.

"All that detail ——" Richard insisted. He stood with his arms folded, looking down at her grimly, unwilling utterly to release the hem of his dream's garment. "The thing was so simple, so convincing, it's impossible to believe it didn't happen."

"Oh, then it must have been good! It must have been good!" cried Lydia.

"You haven't a shred of conscience," said Richard.

"Not a shred, not a wisp, not a rag! I'm fighting for my life."

"Do you realize that I ought to expose you?"

"I realize that you won't! You couldn't! You're too fine! You are fine, you know. I adored that first letter of yours, even while I sent you such a cocky answer. You couldn't care for a woman like—like Blanche Royall. You'd despise her. She was a coward, she was stupid, she was a fool. And suppose she had been real, suppose all that had happened to her—and she'd sold herself in print, as you believed. Do you mean to say you could respect her -could want to know her—could come to care for her? Bah! She wouldn't be worth your notice."

"You're an amusing little spitfire," said Richard.

She was more than amusing—she was gorgeous—with the moonlight on her hair, like silver on copper; with her head thrown back and her eyes gleaming; with her red mouth trembling. . . . Why trembling?

Richard felt suddenly that it must be rather late; that he had overstayed his time; that the garden was too fragrant for safety, the vine-covered cottage too dim for entire wisdom. He began to feel the habitual urge to mount and ride away.

He said, obeying the impulse, "I'm afraid I've imposed shamefully upon your time. I'll be running along, I think. Is there a hotel or anything of the sort where I might get a room for tonight?"

"There is—a frightful little hotel," said the red-headed girl maliciously. "No one ever stays there. I should think you could get the whole place if you liked."

Somewhere between bench and house she changed subtly. Arrogance went clean out of her and wistfulness entered. She said to Richard, standing upon the topmost step, beneath dim clustered traceries of clematis and honeysuckle, "Will you wait just a moment? There is something I want to show you."

She went into the house and Richard waited. Not for too long. Returning almost at once, she laid in his hands a small, dark, leather-covered volume. "Look!" she said. Richard looked. Moonlight and lamplight streaming from the open door aided his shortsighted vision. "Daybook" ran in heavy black script across the cover. "Look inside!" said the red-headed girl. On the flyleaf there was a name—Lily King. "I made it Blanche Royall."

"Is this the truth?" asked Richard.

"Yes—why not? You're going away. I'll never see you again."

"Where did you get this?"

"I found it in a box of secondhand books I bought at an auction."

"And the photograph too?"—incredulously.

"No, I took the photograph out of a frame I bought at the jeweler's."

"It must have been a real photograph."

"Oh, yes, it was; but there wasn't any name on it."

"You took a frightful chance."

"I like taking chances."

"And this book?"

"You may have it."

"Do you realize what I could do with it?"

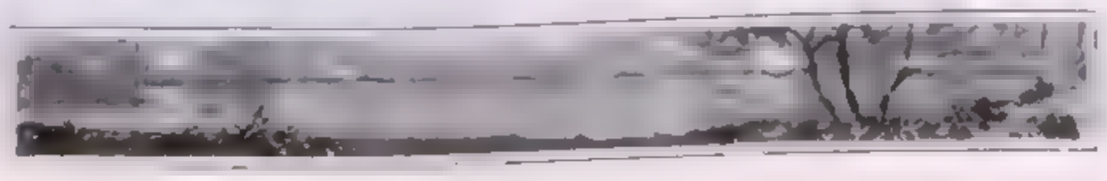
"You could find her—the last date is only a year ago."

Richard had been going to say "I could expose you." He knew a deep and searing shame before the beauty of that gift.

"I wasn't going to tell"—she spoke as simply as a child—"but it seems a pity—who knows? While you were looking for her, she might be waiting for you."

Then she said good night—once more in the saddle, as it were—and closed the door upon him with her head in the air, smiling.

Richard put the book in his pocket and went down the walk in the moonlight between petunias, smotheringly sweet. He found the frightful little hotel after a certain amount of search; found a room, found a bed, put cigarettes and matches upon the table beside that bed, polished his eyeglasses and read the thing through, first page to last. It covered, in the fashion of daybooks, a period of more than three years, written in a small, careful hand. At five minutes after two in the morning Richard closed it, cursed it and threw it violently against the wall It was in its entirety the record of a dull and cowardly woman She was a coward, she was stupid, she was a fool! The red-headed girl had told him so.



All that had gone into the story of Blanche Royall in ——'s Magazine had been—the red-headed girl. Lily King had put down facts and the red-headed girl had set them to music, employing the trumpets of her own gallantry, the drums of her dogged determination, the flutes of her elfin simplicity and the violins of her heart.

Even the episode of the murdered kitten—in the hands of one who couldn't bear cats—heartbreak and high resolve—in Lily King's daybook read thus: "The kitten cried last night and Roy got up and threw a shoe at it. This morning it's dead. I'm going home to my mother. Next thing I know he'll be throwing things at me. I'm afraid."

"Blind fish swimming in the black waters of an underground river ——"

Lily King, untranslated, was far more definite.

"He says I'm cold as a fish. I guess I must be a poor fish to stay with him."

There wasn't a word in the book wove a spell; dead as the words on a tombstone, drab as a grocery list, dumb as broken keys on an old piano. With the piano image, his letter came back to Richard—his unbearably smug and insulting letter to Blanche Royall, who didn't exist. Yes, by the Lord, she did exist, in the body of the red-headed girl, who had had his letter and answered it; who had met him on her doorstep and taken him into her garden; who had sat across the table from him, glowering and flaming, under the eyes of that cold deaf creature, her mother; who had given him the book in which the last date was only a year ago, so that he might, if he chose, go to look for the woman who might be waiting for him.

And the mouth of the red-headed girl had trembled while she said it. Richard knew a moment's breathless guessing at the fact that he wasn't the only dreamer in the world. To make Blanche Royall out of Lily King, the red-headed girl must have been dreaming all her life long.

He got up at daylight because he couldn't sleep; besides which, the frightful little hotel stood on a barrenly unsheltered corner of the town's main street and was stuffy beyond hope. He put the daybook in his pocket and went for a walk through a delicate and dewy world. A spirit in his feet led him past a chamber window, garlanded in honeysuckle and clematis. No one, of course, would be out at that hour—but someone was.

Her hair burned like a flame in the cool green depths of her garden. She had a checked pinafore over her frock and was cutting roses. At least, she had a basket and a pair of shears, and a full-blown ivory beauty, from the bush beside the bench, was in her hand.

Directly she saw Richard she came to the gate. "Why, I thought you'd gone!" said she.

"You have pollen on your nose," said Richard. And she had—a golden dab of it. Like a super-freckle.

She tilted her face—"Wipe it off for me."

Richard looked up and down the street—cautious Richard—not a soul in sight. He wiped it off. He said, "I've brought back the book."

She asked innocently, "Didn't you like it?"

He said, "Horrible! It was you I saw in it."

"That's not so good!"

"I mean—it was you I saw in the story."

"Then the story was good?"

"Damn the story!" said Richard impulsively.

"Do you mean damn me?" she inquired.

He looked up and down the street again—not a soul in sight, but no telling when one would be. He said, "Let me come into your garden so we can talk. I have a confession to make to you."

"Simple Aveu?" said the red-headed girl. . . . Undine herself, soulless. Then the long eyes darkened, the red mouth twisted, a flush burned up across her throat. She swung the gate inward, recklessly murmuring, "*Absolco te!*"

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Here at last was a light car that a "millionaire" would be proud to own. A car that any woman would find safe to drive. A car that men in all walks of life could afford to buy. A new "vogue" of automobile ownership was thus established in America.

Warning to light car buyers

Spurred on by this great success, other manufacturers will doubtless bring out Whippet-type cars.

But remember the facts we told you in our first announcement.

It took Overland engineers, in Europe and America, three years to design and build the Overland Whippet

A big car with little wheels is *still* a *big* car. It lacks those things which make the Whippet the most economical of all cars to own . . . the most thrilling of all light cars to drive.

It will take other manufacturers a year or more to create such a car.

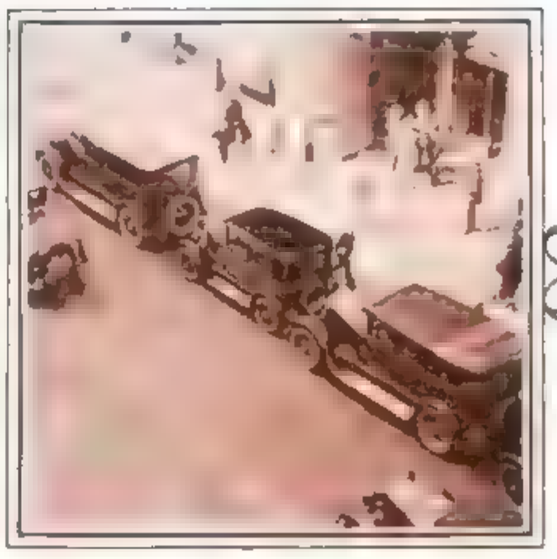
So do not expect Whippet advantages in any other light car. Today Overland . . . and Overland alone . . . offers you these unique engineering attainments

The Overland Whippet is designed to meet modern traffic conditions.

A car engineered specifically for parking at jammed curbs—for lightning getaway at congested traffic crossings—for instant stopping in pedestrian-crowded city streets. It will pickup in 23 seconds from 5 to

Much smaller parking space needed—the Whippet will park at a 14-foot curb

It turns in a 34-foot circle—that's less than the width of a city street



Steering mechanism has been especially designed for quick, easy parking

30 miles an hour. It will stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour. It will turn in a 34-foot circle—park in a 14-foot curb space, which is much less than the space required for the conventional type of car.

This new car has a low European-type body. With height and length in true symmetrical proportion. It is 5 feet 8 inches high . . . not as tall as the average man. Yet it provides more room and comfort than you've ever found in any American built automobile of this class before.

4-wheel brakes are an integral part of this new car's chassis design . . . a necessity that light car owners have not heretofore enjoyed.

Its center of gravity is extremely low, with ample road clearance . . . thus giving a sense of security you have never found in any light automobile. Something you actually feel when you drive this car.

Two engineering ideals combined

The Overland Whippet represents a combination of the most advanced European and American engineering thought.

It is a complete new car . . . designed and built as a unit . . . not an old-fashioned reconstructed chassis.

Over three hundred and sixty thousand miles of road tests proved the practical advantages of this car before it was released for production.

The Overland Whippet will do 55 miles an hour in the hands of the average owner . . . with all the reserve power that this implies.

You can drive this car as fast as you like with the utmost ease of control . . . for no light car ever hugged the road like this before.

In traffic it gets away with amazing speed . . . stop-watch tests show that it accelerates up to 40 miles an hour—18% faster than other light four-cylinder cars.

Smart European-type body design

The distinctive body lines of the Overland Whippet frankly resemble the smartest custom-built automobiles of America and Continental Europe. Stand in front of this car and you can imagine yourself on the Boulevards of France. Low-swung . . . rakish . . . graceful as a whippet . . . that's the only way to describe its wonderful beauty

In the Overland Whippet you have the feeling of riding closer to the ground . . . with the resultant sense of solidity and absence of that sidesway so noticeable in the conventional type of car.

Just think what this saving in gasoline will mean to you in a single year

Due to its unique body and dash construction there is actually more head and leg room than in any car of this price class.

All seats are placed in a naturally restful position so that you have complete relaxation as you ride. No more sitting bolt-upright . . . you ride *in* this car, not *on* it.

30 miles on a gallon of gasoline

Here at last is an automobile that will run 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . well over 1,000 miles on a gallon of oil . . . with extraordinary mileage on tires . . . and the smallest tax rating of any car in America today.

Imagine if you can what this saving will mean to the average owner in a single year.

It cuts present operating costs just about in half. Doubles the value of every dollar you now spend for upkeep.

Exhaustive tests so far indicate that the average year's operating cost of the Overland Whippet should save you from $75 to $150 in gas, oil, tires and mechanical upkeep.

11" 4-wheel brakes enable this car to stop in 51 feet from a speed of 40 miles an hour

Compared with old-fashioned, bulky cars the Whippet appears smaller and much more graceful

The new principles . . . the new ideas . . . the new standards of design in the Overland Whippet are bound to change your whole idea of light car mechanical features. Its "high-torque" motor of 3 1/8" bore by 4 3/8" stroke is by far the most efficient light car engine made in America.

Because of this greater efficiency, the motor of the Overland Whippet costs more to build, yet less to maintain than any other light car engine built today.

This motor actually develops more horsepower per cubic inch of piston displacement, and pound of car weight, than any other American-built light 4-cylinder engine. It has an 80-lb. torque . . . this means greater pulling power . . . the ability to master hills without shifting gears.

All 4-wheel brakes are 11" in diameter, of the mechanical internal type. They provide 192 square inches of braking surface—far more per pound of car weight than any other American light car built today. Each is completely encased, thus not susceptible to weather conditions.

The Whippet is not a 1 or 2 year car. Instead it has been built to give years and years of satisfactory service.

The engineers who designed this car . . . and the men who built it . . . have worked without restrictions.

Nothing has been spared that would improve its engineering or its quality.

You can compare the Overland Whippet with all other American light cars on the basis of price alone.

But from the standpoint of engineering, performance, comfort and quality, it has established an entirely new criterion by which all other light cars must be judged.

See this new-type car

With the introduction of the Overland Whippet, it is not sound judgment today to consider the purchase of a less modern automobile. In fairness to yourself, see this wonderful new-type car.

The Overland Whippet is furnished in three unusually attractive body styles . . . Sedan $735, Touring $645, and Coupe $735. All prices f. o. b. factory.

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O.
Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., Stockport, England.

OVERLAND *Whippet*

America's New-Type Light Car

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Every Minute Counts!

WHEN ACCIDENT STRIKES . . . BE QUICK WITH THE SAFETY 4

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

PREVENT INFECTION . . . The "time element" is important in combating infection—First Aid, to be most effective, must be prompt . . . That is why physicians everywhere are enthusiastically recommending the handy SAFETY 4 First Aid packet to those they serve . . . Your doctor cannot be within instant call of your household at all times . . . So he urges you to be prepared in the accident emergency, to use the same immediate precautions he would use if he were on the spot . . . The SAFETY 4 makes this possible . . . Two complete First Aid dressings are always *on call* for two minor injuries, each item cut and sized, ready to put on . . . With the SAFETY 4 any cut or open wound can be sealed against infection in a few seconds' time. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

At your druggist's . . . BAUER & BLACK SAFETY 4 . . . 35c

To BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA — *The new, official Boy Scouts First Aid Kit, approved by The American Red Cross and prepared by Bauer & Black . . . at your druggist's*

Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

MESMERISM'S EFFECT AND CURE

Continued from Page 49

and old Bandbox wood stamp with his foot and play with his fiddle and sing with his mouth and we had a good time. bimeby he asted if ennybody wood like to naim a peace and Ros Tomson sed i choose whats the news. so old Bandbox sed all rite and we tirned to it in our singing books.

well that is the song that Skinny Bruce got licked for onct becaus he put in sum new wirds for it. this is the way it goes

Whenear we meat we always say
whats the news whats the news
say whats the order of the day
whats the news whats the news
o we have got good news to tell
the public schools we love so well
are going now the song to swell
thats the news thats the news.

well one time Skinny sung it this way

o we have got good news to tell
the publick schools we love so well
are going now rite strait to hel
thats the news thats the news

well old Francis herd him and licked him for 15 minits. really it wasent Skinnys falt becaus old Moog Carter and George Weston Levitt whose naim is George Weston San Antonio Santo Bernardo Castinietta Lo Pedee Santa Anna Levitt becaus his father old Elbridge Levitt fit in the Mexican war and naimed his son after all those plaple and peaces, no i ment of coarse those peeple and places. but George Weston will always lick us if we call him all his naim. well as i sed old Moog Carter and George Weston Levitt lerned Skinny that and he got caugt and they dident.

well when we started to sing we looked at Skinny and grinned xpecting to see him grin back becaus he had got over the licking he had jest got but he looked serius and kind of scart and dident sing a bit, so old Francis stepped up and sed William i want evryone to sing. so we started again and when we come to that line what do you think. Skinny sung it jest the way he had augt not to and jest as loud as he cood. well evrybody stopped singing and you cood have herd a fli buz in the nex house. then old Francis sed William come to the platform and Skinny begun to bawl and say o mister Francis i dident meen to sing it that way onest i dident. hope to die and cross my throte and old Francis sed you dident meen to sing it that way. you delibritly use perfane langage and then xpect me to believe it. step up here and he grabbed Skinny.

jest then old Bandbox sed hold on a minit mister Francis. i think the boy is telling the truth. i was looking at him and he looked scart when he was singing. then Skinny sed onest Mister Francis i dident want to sing and you maid me and i tride so hard not to sing it that way that i done it. i was looking at you and i done jest the thing i was afrade i wood do but dident want to. onest that is so. i cross my throte.

then Potter Gorham got up and rased his hand and old Francis he sed what is it Arthur, and Potter, he is Arthur, sed i was waching William two and i think he was so afrade of singing it rong that he did it. and then old Bandbox sed a nervus high speritted boy will do those things sumtimes. i hoap you dont punish him.

then old Francis thougt a minit and then he sed Mister Tomson i beleeve you and Arthur are rite. then he tirned to Skinny and sed William i beleeve you told me the truth and i beg your pardon for not beleeving you. you needent ever sing that song when we sing it. then sumone i think it was Lees Moses started to clap his hands and then we all did. and old Bandbox and old Francis shook hands with Skinny and with eech other and old Francis marked Skinny 100 and not even Moses Gordon ever got a higher mark than that.

well befoar old Bandbox went Potter Gorham rased his hand again and asked if we cood give old Bandbox 3 cheers only he called him Mister Tomson, and old Francis sed we cood and we give him 3 cheers and a tiger and gave old Francis 3 cheers and a tiger two. and then old Francis maid a speach and sed that he never wood punish ennyone whitch told him the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about what he had did rong.

when we got out of school we talked it over and we are never going to call old Bandbox Bandbox enny moar as long as we live. but the fellers say that now they know jest how to rase time in school without being licked and that is to ack scart and to tell old Francis that they cant help it jest like Skinny Bruce did. Pewt says if he will beleeve it of Skinny Bruce he will of enny other fellers. Beany says if he dont maik sum fun in school tomorow he will treet evry feller in school to a juju paste. Beany says he is going to plug a spit ball rite at old Francis and then tell him he got thinking about it and the moar he thougt about it the moar scart he got for fear he wood do it and in spite of all he cood do he done it.

then Pewt he sed he was going to poar all the ink in his inkwell on Nigger Bells hed. Nigger Bell isent a nigger but his hair and his skin is so white that they call him nigger for fun. then Pewt is going to stare round vacant and ack as if he dident know what he was doing and tell old Francis that he remembers fealing kind of queer and of thinking how Charlys, Charly is Nigger Bell you know, only as i sed he isent a nigger, hair wood look if sumbody poared a bottle of ink over it and he got thinking about it and triing hard not to think of it becaus he was afrade he mite do it and the ferst thing he gnew he had did it.

Ticky Moses is going to wright sumthing sassy on the blackbord and then tell old Francis that it had been running in his hed for 2 or 3 days and nites and he thougt he wood go crasy if he dident wright it or say it. other fellers are going to do sumthing. Whack Chadwick sed that when a man chainged the habit of a lifetime he is never the saim man again and cant never go back. old Francis is beginning to brake down. Whack sed he had saw it coming for a long time. Whack hasent desided what he will do. when the fellers asted me what i was going to do i told them i wood try to think up sumthing.

Pop Clark is going to maik the wirst faces that he can and maik them rite befoar old Francis and say he cant help it. Pop can maik up faces eezier and wirse than ennybody i know. i can scarsely wait for tomorow. i bet there will be sum fun and sum lickings two. i have desided not to do ennything tomorow and if there is going to be enny fun tomorow in school i shall have as mutch fun in waching Pewt and Beany and Pop and Ticky and Whack and the others. i cant help fealing that old Francis will have moar fun than the rest of them all put together.

Thirsday, May 27, 186— well this has been a verry lifely day. i dont know when i have had a better time. today was moar lifely then when old Francis had that bile on his hand when the big fellers started a rebellian and all got licked by old Francis with one hand tide to his neck by a sling. well this wasent a rebellian xactly but when i told father about it he sed it was a xperiment. father sed it was a xperiment to step on a rattlesnaik. you mite not get bit but the chances were 99 to 1 that you wood. he sed if you kicked a bulldog when he was knawing a bone you mite not get bit but he had never gnew ennyone to escaip yet and that if ennybody thougt he cood play sutch a fool trick on mister Francis he desirved to get licked.

well befoar school the fellers was talking it over. Beany is going to begin as soon as the fellers get seeted. then it is Pewts tirn and then Ticky Moses is going to get up and wright a poim on the blackbord whitch I rote for him last nite. it is a ripper. i dident tell father i rote it you bet. this is the poim

a very proud man is old Francis
as down to the school house he prances
attracking admireing glances
from Mags Marys Jennys and Nancys.

then Pop Clark is going to maik up sum faces. then Whack was going to do sumthing but Bug wanted to and Pozzy did to and they got fiting to see whitch shood have the ferst chanct and their mother maid them promise that they woodent do ennything. and when the Chadwick boys promise ennything they always keep their promises evry time.

well jest as soon as the bell rung we piled in and took our seets. Beany whitch had been chewing up a lot of paper and had got a spit ball as big as a glass agat let ding as hard as he cood and hit old Francis rite on the end of his snout and it spred all over his face jest as he was going to bow his hed in prair and befoar the spit ball had reeched the floor he had Beany by the neck and yanked him rite over the seet and onto the platform in 2 gumps. well Beany begun to shaik and tremble and holler o mister Francis i dident know i was going to do it but i had maid a big spit ball to plug sum fellers outside and i had it in my hand when the bell rung and i was going to put it in my deak to dry when sumthing told me to plug it at you. i tride auful hard not to do it but sumhow i cood not help it.

Beany acked aufully good. really he seamed to be telling the truth. old Francis sed Elbridge where did you go yesterday after school and Beany sed he went strait home. then he sed i shall have to think the matter over and he put Beany in the woodbox until he desided what to do.

then he prayed for gydance and help in coaping with the varius sumthingtudes of evry day life and of boys and then we all sed the lords prair together and we cood heer old Beany piping up in the woodbox like a good feller, and it was auful hard to keep from laffing but nobody laffed becaus if ennybody laffed at the lords prair old Francis wood taik the hide off of him. then we all stood up and went throug our xercises with old Francis calling off the numbers 1st position 2th, 3th, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, rista, fingers, be seeted, hands to books, study, jest like we do it evry day. then old Francis took up the songbook and his pich pipe and he struck the key and we all sung

come away to the school we will go boys
and erly will be in our place

and old Beany in the woodbox sung deer mother ive come home to die in another key as loud as he cood till old Francis lifted up the cover of the woodbox and hit Beany 2 bats on the head with his book and slammed the cover down again.

well when old Francis was doing this Pewt poared a hoal ink well over Nigger Bells hed and Nigger begun to holler mister Francis see what Clarence has did 2 or 3 times with the ink running down his hair and face and onto his coller and Pewt set there looking vacant and thinkless and old Francis sent 2 fellers out with Nigger Bell to pump on his hed and told Pewt 2 times to come to the platform and Pewt dident say ennything but jest looked thinkless.

then old Francis grabed him and yanked him out and Pewt looked wild and sed did i do it did i do it. o dont tell me i done it. and old Francis sed you know you done it and Pewt sed o i was afrade i wood do it, but did i do it, o dont tell me i done it. how cood i have did it.

then old Francis sed i shall have to consider this cairfully and he put Pewt into the woodbox with Beany. old Francis kind of smiled to himself and then he sent out for Nigger and the fellers had did a pretty good job. they had soked old Nigger from hed to foot but they got off most of the ink. then he sent Nigger home to chainge his

WHEN your watch goes back to winter quarters

CRISP fall weather finds you buying new clothes. The watch is moved from the trousers pocket to the vest. How about the chain—is it as smart looking as the new suit? Does it do justice to the watch?

You can find just the chain you want if you buy a Simmons Chain. All styles—all designs to choose from. Waldemar, Dickens and Vest. Chains for every-day wear and dress occasions. Chains that will harmonize with any style of watch. And every one made by the exclusive Simmons process—gold, green gold, white gold and Platinumgold drawn over a stout base metal.

Whether you pay $4 or $15 for a Simmons Chain, you will get the utmost in beauty and value. They make splendid gifts for young men going to school and college. Jewelers everywhere sell Simmons Chains—standard for over fifty years. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass. Sales offices: 15 Maiden Lane, New York City; 10 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Jack W. Lees, 95 King St. East, Toronto, Ontario.

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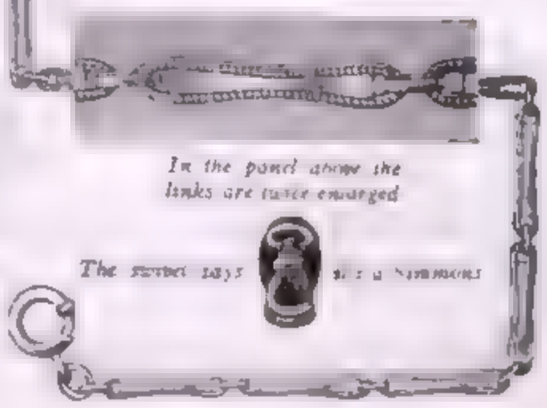

"The Murphy Varnish Company once told me that it was not its ambition to have the largest varnish business in the world, but to be sure that wherever the name Murphy appears upon a can of varnish or any other finish that name would stand for a good job faithfully done and fully delivered. If that way of doing things should lead to the largest varnish business in the world, well and good, but not on any other terms."

YES, IT PAYS TO PAINT THE CAR

You know the old jingle, "For want of a nail a shoe was lost." Put off painting the car, and soon you'll feel you've got to trade it in. You won't get as much for it as you would if it looked as good as it is. You'll pay out for a new car, and lose something on the trade-in value, all for a new coat of finish that it won't take a day to put on. And when you get it refinished you won't trade it in—not for a year or so.

It is for you to decide whether you will pay the painter for spraying your car with Murphy Murcote Lacquer or Varnish, or take the short time necessary to brush Murphy Da-Cote Enamel on yourself. In either case you get a new looking, good looking car, and you get it right away. No waiting for drying. Murcote dries in a few minutes. Da-Cote dries over night. A quick job but always a good one.

The thing for you to realize is that your car needs repainting. It needs it right now. You owe yourself the satisfaction of driving a better looking car this year. In a comparatively short time and for little money you can have one. Murphy makes it possible.

Murphy
DA-COTE BRUSHING Enamel
or
MURCOTE SPRAYING Lacquer
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MOTOR CAR Varnish

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY
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cloths and then Pop Clark begun to maik faces and we had to laff. if you had saw Pop maiking those faces at a funiral you wood have lafled. well old Francis dident laff but he told Pop to stop and Pop sed he coodent but maid sum wirse faces and sed between faces that he dident want to maik faces but the harder he tride the wirse faces he maid.

so old Francis he took Pop by the neck with one hand and opened the woodbox and pulled Beany out with the other and put Pop in with Pewt and shet the cover down and set Beany on the woodbox. Beanys eys was blinking and he was all covered with sawdust.

well then old Francis called up a arithmetic class and sent them to the bord and gave them sum xamples to do while the gography class resited. after they had got done he looked at the xamples on the bord and he saw Tickys poim whitch i had rote for him. then old Francis sed poitry, i thougt i gave a xample in arithmetic, are you the poit Herbert. Herbert is Ticky you know. and Ticky sed yes sir i done it. it has been running in my hed for 2 or 3 nites and i thougt i shood go crasy. i had to shout it or wright it. my hed most split thinking of it and now it is done i feel a grate releef.

then old Francis sed well Herbert this is prety seriua. you taik a seet with Elbridge on the woodbox a moment and peraps i can afford you moar releef. i will try to. and Ticky went to the woodbox and set down beside Beany and he and Beany looked prety cheerful and grinned at us when old Francis wasent looking.

then old Francis sed it looks as if vigorus measures are necessary. then he asted if there was enny moar fellers who wanted to do sum rong things that they dident want to do, but nobody did ennything. then he called up Skinny Bruce and gave him his gnife and told him to go out and cut a good thick swich that wood stand hard wirk. so Skinny went out and Beany and Ticky stopped grinning and begun to look sick and we cood heer Pop and Pewt moving round kind of uneezy in the woodbox.

then Skinny come back with a big thick swich and give it to old Francis and he tride it 2 or 3 times by swiching it in the air, and evry time he wood swich it Beany and Ticky wood gump as if they had set on a tact. then he maid Beany come out and then he waled him good and maid him yell and dance and then sent him to his seet.

then he done the saim to Ticky only wirse becaus he dont like to be maid fun of in a poim. i am glad he dident know i rote it. well while he was tanning Tickys hide we cood see the cover of the woodbox come up 2 or 3 intches and see Pop and Pewt peeking out with their eys sticking out like a doodlebuggs and wishing they hadent done it.

then he sent Ticky to his seet and then he licked Pewt and Pop good and sent them to their seets and sed the ferst class in grammer will now analize and parse

the curfew tolls the gnell of parting day
the lowing herd winds slowly oar the lee
the plougman homeward plods his weery way
and leeves the wirld to darkness and to me.

Carter what is the subjec nominative of the ferst sentence and old Moog Carter sed curfew is the subjec nominative modified by the deffinite article the.

then they went on jest like enny other day.

Editor's Note—This is the sixteenth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

Types of The Old Home Town

Our Oldest Inhabitant. He Had Fought the Indians—and Had Been in the Mexican and Civil Wars. Some Folks Said He Had Been a Drummer Boy in the War of 1812, But That Was Laying it on Pretty Thick. Anyway, He Built the First Log Cabin in Our County, Struggled With the "Unyielding Soil," Wolves, Panthers, Grasshoppers, Crows, Gophers, Chinch Bugs, Frosts, Floods, Installment Agents, Mortgages, a Large Family, and Had Years Enough to Prove Anything. What's More, at 96 He Could Dance the Virginia Reel "With the Best on 'em"

The big thrill will come a year from now

There's a bigger thrill in looking at a set of tires that has been on your car a year or two than any new set ever offered.

Then you know you have enjoyed a greater economy, by spreading your original investment over the greatest number of miles, than the man who saved a few dollars on "first cost" but has bought several times since.

There is the soundest kind of reason why car owners are swinging to Generals everywhere . . . because General is the kind of tire you can check up on a year or two years from now and prove to yourself that your cost per mile of service has been considerably less.

That is the basis of true tire economy and the reason for General's policy of not tampering with quality, regardless of rubber prices or regardless of manufacturing expediency.

It's the second 10,000 miles that makes the big hit

The Mark of Leading Tire Service Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

BOUGHT FOR A TURN

Continued from Page 17

"Don't worry about her, Mr. Farren," said Bobby, giving the young lady a vicious scowl. "If you were as deep as that one, you could comb your hair at that mirror while you were doing a two-step down in the cellar at the same time."

Ivy went to the mirror when they had gone. She looked at herself casually, then soulfully, then merrily and flirtatiously, tipping her head aside to get the effect of the semiocculted eye across her snub nose. She leered at herself, tried out a suggestive wink, and then widened her eyes in outraged propriety. She went back to casualness, and dismissed her image with approval. She turned about and saw a stout and slovenly man of middle age in the doorway.

"But won't you come in?" she said, smiling a warm invitation.

"No," said the man, opening and closing a tight mouth, and emitting a sound like a cow's bellow, but briefer. "I'm the feed man. Where's the boss? I want to talk about my bill."

"We'll come to that if everything is satisfactory," said Ivy, indicating a chair. He pondered the idea, and sat down.

She looked at him directly, considering him. Her air was prim. "Are you married?" she said. "If so, are you living with your wife?"

"Well, what—well, no, I ain't living with her, but what's that got to do with my bill?"

"We like to know whom we are dealing with," she said, smiling and nodding coaxingly. "That's business, you know. We ask references and we give them. Sometimes gentlemen surprise us by having wives when we think they are single, and a woman is certainly a dreadful nuisance around an apartment."

"Ain't she but?" said the feed man heartily. "You hit the nail right on the beezer that time, ma'am, though it ain't many women you'll hear admit it. Say, do you know my wife? You talk about her as if you knew her from so high up. You sound to me like a good sport, a man's woman. Well, you ain't hardly what anybody would call a woman yet, but you got good ideas. Yes, me and the wife didn't gee. She was one of these blamed refined women, always pulling down the shades, and throwing a blue fit if I walked a pal home to supper without giving her a ring. I said 'Oh, to blue blazes with the neighbors! They ain't paying my rent, and they ain't going to tell me how to live in my flat. And what's good enough for us is good enough for the President of the United States, and if I was to meet up with him I'd walk him right in here and sit him down to the wieners.' I'm rough, and I admit to it, but, ma'am, I'm ready. There's no hooks on my money. Say, if I was to let my whiskers grow in cold weather people would take me home for a Christmas tree."

"You don't look like a man that would be mean about money," conceded Ivy. "You haven't got mean eyes, mister. Maybe your wife didn't understand you and try and be congenial."

"Touch again," said the feed man. "Listen, ma'am, what is a man's first duty in the world? It's to make a good living for him and the wife. And a woman's first duty is to make a good home, ain't it? Well, now, this is how it was with me and the missus ——"

He lifted an arm to gesticulate, and drew a breath to fill a chapter, but his apologia was stayed. Two gentlemen and a lady in riding costumes had appeared in the doorway. The riding costumes were brand-new; the gentlemen were thirty-five to forty years old; the lady could have been twenty-two. The lady wore a soft gray felt hat, a shaped coat of slate color that fell to the middle of her thighs, écru breeches and red-leather boots. The gentlemen were topped off with brown derbies, drawn down against their ears. All three sported silk neckties of a rattlesnake check. They were short people, dark and foreign-looking—if we may call any people foreign-looking while our body politic is yet so largely a conglomerate. But they would be foreign-looking in the rangy West, and on the bridle paths of Central Park, and where else men are men on horses. The gentlemen were frankly tubby, and the lady's present attractive sleekness suggested that she too would become roly-poly when marriage made her jolly and carefree.

"What do you charge for a horse, lady?" demanded one of the gentlemen.

"Do come in," said Ivy. "You wish a horse—just one? Will that be enough for the three of you?"

"Three horses, Abe," said the other gentleman.

"Oh, three horses," said Ivy brightly. "I was just going to say. Though, of course, all our horses are very large and comfortable. Well, now, let me think, mister, you know about these things—which is most, a horse or a cow?"

"Do you rent out cows too?" asked the first gentleman incredulously.

"Might it is a new fad," suggested his companion doubtfully. "I seen a lady on Fifth Avenue last week with a bear on a leash for a pet—can you imagine this? But I wouldn't want to ride on a cow. Ruth, would you?"

"Certainly not," said Ivy. "I was just thinking. We had a cow in the family one summer in the Catskills, I mean. So I know about cows. Would a horse be more than a pretty good cow?"

"It depends on the horse, ma'am," said the feed man, reflecting.

"Oh, now I know you're joking," laughed Ivy appreciatively. "What does a horse know? Well, would twenty-five dollars be too much?"

"How much is that an hour, lady?"

"Oh, you wish them on time. Though, really, you know, it's just as much trouble to ready a horse for an hour as for a day. Well, we could let you have them for twenty-five dollars an hour. And Mr. Farren might make you an allowance if you brought them back."

The trio consulted in a whisper. "Couldn't you shade that, lady?" asked the first gentleman. "We'd take very good care of the horses. We only want to take some pictures, and walk up and down the block."

"I'm sorry," said Ivy sympathetically. "Of course, if the money is important, I wouldn't want you to exceed what you felt you could afford, because that always makes trouble in the end. You must consider the neighborhood though. This is Riverside Drive, you know, and that's a very swell address. And we have such a very select and high-toned class of horses here; we don't cater to the other class. But I know just how you feel, and I'm sure I'd be the same if I needed the money, and maybe I can get you cheaper accommodations somewhere. It wouldn't be the least trouble, I'm sure."

"We could afford the best, lady," said the second gentleman. "Keep your mouth still, Abe, you hear me? On a cow I wouldn't ride for nothing, style or no style. What? Did I say you wanted to ride on a cow? I only said this is a swell place, and you go bargaining around you would land up in some dump where they would give you a goat to ride on yet. Three horses, lady—and the best."

"In advance, please," said Ivy, giving him a smile that was worth the difference.

Jack Farren came upstairs to get a step-ladder, carried it down, and returned after a few minutes. He saw the feed man, and his drawn face tightened. "About the bill, was it, Mr. Oates? I know I told you to come in today, but the fact is, you know, just at present, what with people out of the city and slow collections ——"

"Don't fret, my boy," said the feed man bluffly. "I know how it is; if you don't get yourn I can't get mine. That's all right. I had a chin with your young lady about the account, and I guess we understand one another. Never squeezed you yet, did I, Farren? I'll drop in in a couple of weeks."

"You talked to him about the bill?" said Jack when Mr. Oates had left. "And you got twenty-five dollars out of those three people for an hour's ride?"

He considered her frowningly. "Miss O'Brien," he said, "I don't quite follow your methods of thinking, but you seem to get results; and that's what counts. The position is sixteen dollars a week, if you want a try at it."

II

TART October was biting on the stones of New York, trying to draw such red blood from them as she had drawn from the trees in the suburbs, when Mr. Hagan, sitting in the breakfast room of his palace of pinkish brick, drew the cork from his morning bottle of Hispaniola water.

His five-year-old grandson sat at the table with him. His grandson's governess sat there, too, smart in blue-and-white uniform. His cat sat on a chair at his right hand; this was a conciliating and compromising creature, wise as a politician, at which Mr. Hagan had cried "Scat!" when it was first brought in from its native ash cans by the grandson, and which Mr. Hagan had finally adopted as a boon companion.

His daughter was breakfasting with elegance upstairs in bed, getting what she had bargained for when she had accepted this business proposition from her father—"Mamie, if you'll kick out that no-good husband of yours, I'll take care of you for the rest of your life!"

Mr. Hagan poured himself a bubbling glass of Hispaniola water, sank his iron-gray mustache in it, drank it off, and said "Ah-h!" from a deep and gratified interior. He poured a smaller glass for his grandson and passed it to him with a confidence that a long series of rebuffs had not shaken. The little lad lost color as he looked at the impregnated and fortified water, and he looked to his governess for help.

"I don't think Robert likes it, sir," she suggested.

"Of course he likes it," said Mr. Hagan, with a demonstrating suck at his limp mustache. "Can't help liking it. I like it, don't I? Come, sir, drink it off, and no nonsense."

"Will you get me the pony, grandpa?"

"I'll get you the pony."

The lad gulped the nauseous drink. Mr. Hagan opened a bottle of buttermilk and a bottle of sweet milk, emptied the bottles into a common pitcher, and filled out two glasses of the compound. "Could I have mine poured over the oatmeal, grandpa?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Hagan. "You only want to play with it. This is the way to eat oatmeal, sir."

He took a spoonful of his porridge, dipped it into his milk, and lifted the dripping spoon to his mouth, following it up with the glass for economy and neatness.

A maid appeared. "A Mr. Spear to see you, sir. Shall I tell him to wait?"

"Yes," said Mr. Hagan. "Tell him to wait in here."

Mr. Spear came in and sat down by request. He sat on the fore part of his chair, and stiffly, conveying by his alert posture that he was ready to bolt in any direction at Mr. Hagan's command, disavowing mutely any right to be comfortable in the presence of a man worth seven millions of dollars. Mr. Spear was about fifty-five, with gray hair combed to make a brave show, and with amiably watchful gray eyes. he was short and sinewy, tanned and ruddy; a golfer, a yachtsman, a horse fancier, and a bit of everything else that his clients chose him to be. He was a real-estate broker, and just managed to live on his net takings of fifty to sixty thousand a year.

A certain familiarity went with Mr. Spear's professional deference; it was intended to indicate, and suggested fairly well, a cheerful acceptance of subordination. So now he said, misreading the label on the green bottle, congratulating himself on sharing a fancy with Mr. Hagan, "Gasparilla Water. Perfectly wonderful stuff. I drink it every morning of my life."

Mr. Hagan accepted the tribute to his taste without emotion, eating oatmeal steadily; he knew he was right without being told. But the remark and the tone explained to him something of Mr. Spear, and the information found its own pigeonhole in his mind.

"I sent for you, Mr. Spear," he said, when he had finished his coffee, "because I understand that you were the broker who sold Farren that property next to me here."

"That's right," said Mr. Spear. "Do you know, Mr. Hagan, I was just thinking about that property. Why don't you buy it? You ought to have it, and square out your plot. He has a hundred feet on the Drive, running back to Claremont Avenue, just like you have. Say, you would have a wonderful piece of property there. Two hundred feet on the Drive, two hundred feet on Claremont Avenue, and one hundred and eighty-six feet through."

"Who is this Farren? What kind of a deal did you make for him?"

"I'll tell you the deal. When I met Farren in 1916, he was just out of school, and he talked like ready money. He said he wanted to operate in real estate. I made some inquiries about him before bothering too much with him, and I found out that somebody had died and left him a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and that was what he had. So I looked around for him, and I found him this piece here, improved with the old Parkside Riding Academy. He paid two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for it, giving sixty thousand in cash and a purchase-money mortgage for two hundred thousand."

"And he has it yet," said Mr. Hagan.

Mr. Spear moved his shoulders and drew down the corners of his mouth, registering polite regret.

"You told him you'd turn it for him," said Mr. Hagan.

"You've been talking to him."

"No."

"I told him that I would try to turn it for him," amended Mr. Spear. "It's a fine piece of property; an excellent site for a hotel, or a big flat, or an institution. I wouldn't have been surprised if I could have offered him a twenty-five-thousand-dollar profit on his buy within a couple of months. But it didn't happen that way. The war sent building prices kiting in 1916, and all the builders quit cold. The result was that land went down, and not up, and he has had to carry the plot for four years."

"What does it cost to carry?"

"Let's see. That mortgage is six per cent—that's twelve thousand a year; the city assesses the plot at two and a quarter, making the taxes about six thousand—a little more; then there's water. Between eighteen and nineteen thousand a year would cover his fixed charges."

"And what does he get out of it?"

"Well, the riding academy was paying seven thousand a year when he took it, and there was two thousand more from that repair shop back on Claremont Avenue, but the riding academy quit on him in 1918, and Farren opened up the business again himself in 1919, when he got out of the Army."

"The stable was closed for a year, was it?" said Mr. Hagan. "You know, I bought this place only last year, and the riding academy was open then. But it was closed for a year, was it?"

"Not a year. About three or four months. Well, what do you think of it? Let me have an offer on it. Let me offer Farren the

(Continued on Page 132)

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(Continued from Page 128)

assessed value. He's been paying into the property for four years, and he must be about ready to let go."

"When is that mortgage due?"

"It's overdue and running open. The former owners would like to get their money out, but they don't feel like pressing Farren under the circumstances."

"Can't he replace it?"

"Not up to two hundred. You know people don't like to lend on unimproved; he could probably get a hundred and forty from an institution, but even that would be a full loan. And that would mean he'd have to pay another sixty thousand cash into the plot. If you ask me, he simply haan't the money. Well, what do you say? Make me a bid on it. Will you do two ten? You can't get it for that, but I'll submit it if you say so."

"No," said Mr. Hagan; and he sat in thought. Then he shook his head with decision. "No, I won't bid on it."

"You're not interested?"

"No."

Mr. Spear, wearing a fixed and cordial smile to hide his anger at having been milked of information without benefit to himself, surveyed Mr. Hagan. He was sure that Mr. Hagan hadn't asked questions to hear himself talk; he was quite sure that Mr. Hagan was interested in the Farren property. He rose, saying, "I'll run along. Glad to have had this talk with you, Mr. Hagan. Give me a ring if anything else occurs to you that you'd like to know."

Mr. Spear went about his business. Mr. Hagan went upstairs to his daughter's room.

His daughter—Mrs. Nolleys Baird, in her ejected husband's right—was reclining in bed with a tinted letter from the morning's mail pressed against her rose-point-lace bosom; her large black eyes were dim with regret, repining, understanding arrived at too late. Over her lap extended a wing of mahogany inlaid with maple; on this board were a silver coffeepot and a tasty breakfast on English bone china. The eggs were glazed of eye; the bacon was cold and stiff in grease; no warmth and fragrance rose from the neglected coffee. And there was no life or warmth or fragrance in Mrs. Nolleys Baird's grass-widowed heart.

"Who's the letter from, Mamie?" said Mr. Hagan guiltily.

"Never mind," said Mamie, stifling a sob. It had been a beautiful letter, mournful as the cry of a loon in waste spaces, beautiful as the iridescent play of light in a paste diamond, repentant as a man with his neck in a rope. The sort of letter that a man writes with sincerity, straight from the heart, at four o'clock in the morning, after he has whooped it up all night, when the drink has died down in him and he perceives with awful clarity that nobody loves him and that nobody honestly could and that it's nobody's fault but his own. A gift for letter writing was not to be denied to Noll Baird.

"Don't cry, Mamie," said Mr. Hagan, sitting down on the bed and petting her awkwardly. She was his only child.

"Go away from me," wailed Mamie, shuddering at his touch. "Don't touch me. Oh, I hate you!"

"Mamie," he said desperately, "I've been thinking things over, and maybe I will give that loafer another chance. If I had him here under my hand he'd behave or I'd break his back. But live in the same house with him I won't, not for love or money. So maybe I will tear down this old stable next door and put you up a nice house where you can live as you should, and he will live as he should or I'll know the reason why. It'll be a fine improvement to the neighborhood anyway."

"Oh, dad!" she cried, flashing into life and laughter and love.

Mr. Hagan went downstairs. He called up his lawyers, Pierce, Murphy & Abendstern.

"Mr. Pierce," he said, "this is Henry A. C. Hagan speaking. Do you know that ramshackle stable beside my home here on Riverside Drive? Yes, it belongs to one Farren. Well, there's a two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage on it, and the mortgage is overdue and the owners would like to have their money. Buy that mortgage for me. Buy it as cleverly as you can; you ought to be able to save enough on it to pay your fee at least. Take it in the name of the Nemo Corporation—that holding company you formed for me last year. I don't want to appear in the matter at all. And when you get the mortgage, demand payment at once, and begin foreclosure.

"Here's another matter, Pierce. I'm told the stable was closed for several months last year. Then it never should have been opened up again, if I understand the New York zoning law. My understanding is that the law doesn't interfere with such objectionable uses if they existed in 1916 when the law was passed, but that if they are once discontinued they can't be revived. Take it up with the Board of Standards and Appeals, and see if you can't drive that riding academy out of business. And meanwhile push ahead for the foreclosure."

Mr. Hagan hung up gently; his broad hand caressed the instrument. He sat for several minutes in reverie, luxuriating in sentiment. His black eyes widened and were plaintive; the grim set of mouth that Mr. Hagan had acquired while acquiring seven million dollars was relaxed and dissolved away, so that out of its strength came sweetness. He loved his daughter; he loved her boy. He would build them a home to be lit by happiness.

But at once he became crusty with himself, reassuming the business front behind which was cloaked a warm humanity, muttering gruffly, "Pshaw, that property is a mighty good buy at two hundred thousand dollars!"

III

AND now it was sere November, month of melancholy days. Deciduous trees in the latitude of New York had given their leaves to the wind to play with; on Riverside Drive—the rock-bound coast of the city—the wind had taken what leaves were to be had and was eking out its starved allowance with detritus and straws from Jack Farren's academy, and with tabloid newspapers from the nursemaids, and other forms of trash.

With the wind came rain in gusts; the dismal rain of November that presages not springing green growth but dissolution; rain that told unfortunate humanity to look to their roofs and coal bins. Old King Winter was on the march from the teeming north, coming with his howling and fleece-clad storm troops, trampling fertility from the blackest loam, imposing on pleasant lands his barbarous northern rule, so that water would turn to stone and the very clouds would fall down and lie upon the earth like cotton.

To Jack Farren, sitting at his decrepit roll-top and watching the blowy rain that was keeping his customers by their own radiators, it seemed that these days were the saddest of the year. He was feeling groggy; he had just opened two letters, and had promptly received two hefty wallops.

The thing to do when one is heftily walloped is to clench one's undershot jaw like a bulldog and wade in for more; so we're told by people who, no doubt, have our good at heart.

A noble plan, and one to be remembered when one is called on to fight a bulldog; but for financial problems, not so good. It is better to unclench the undershot jaw, putting a cork between the jaws if necessary to prevent convulsive snapping, and to use the upper part of the head for something besides butting a stone wall. A man who fights to extinction when terms of surrender are to be had is a primitive, and is marked for elimination, and that, by the first law of Nature, is defeat.

Jack Farren would have clenched his jaw gladly, and gone downtown and pommeled the writers of those letters until they cried enough, but such procedure would have got him nothing but an official ride in a police patrol.

One letter was from a city department, and it told him to come downtown and give an overwhelming reason why his riding academy should not be closed as a violation of the city zoning ordinance adopted in July, 1916.

The other was from the prominent law firm of Pierce, Murphy & Abendstern, had been dictated but not read by the senior partner—such things were then done, and thought smart—and rambled on in this unpleasant way:

—— Our client, the Nemo Corporation, is the present owner and holder of said mortgage for two hundred thousand dollars and accrued interest. We have been instructed to call it, and we do hereby call it for December 5, 1920, being the next interest day.

Be good enough to let us know in advance whether you wish us to be prepared with an assignment or a satisfaction.

Ivy sat at an antiquated and balky typewriter, and practiced two-finger exercises. She wrote, Ivy O'Brien—Ivy O'Brienne—Ottilie Brienne—the last name pleased her, and heartened her for more daring experiments. She wrote, Mrs. Iva Ottilie Brienne—Mrs. O. Brienne Farren—Mrs. John O. B. Farren. She was writing without thought, functioning through her subconscious, and a psychoanalyst of overnight training could have told her exactly what she was not thinking of. She was not subject to reproof for this experimentation; her employer was there behind the Japanese paper screen that hid his desk from the merely curious, and she had been hired to mind the office while he took customers for a gallop in the park.

A shabby man with a white beard entered the room and limped to her stand. He said, "Can I see the boss, madam?"

"Not from here," said Ivy. "What was it?"

"I want to offer him a club subscription to six leading magazines for one dollar a year," said the old man. "And he doesn't need to pay the dollar if he changes his mind. We also ask the privilege of presenting him with the complete works of Shakspere and of Dickens as a token of our regard, free and for nothing. We also give you ——"

"What college are you going to?" asked Ivy.

"I don't want to go to college, madam," said the agent. "I'm just doing this work so as to get a commission on the subscription. We also offer you ——"

"Oh, no, you're not," said Ivy knowingly. "You just say that so as to get people to subscribe, and you are really trying to go to some college. I'm not so green, you know. I've seen plenty of you college men before. I don't see why you can't be honest about it. It is no disgrace to want to go to college. No, the boss can't see you. Good day."

But then she took pity on the weary old man, and she called aloud, "Mr. Farren, would you like to subscribe to six magazines and get a free set of ——"

"No," said Jack Farren.

She came from behind the screen ten minutes later bearing a small, sleazy and gaudy rug. She draped it over the top of his desk.

"A colored fellow in one of those monkey hats just came in and wanted to see you," she chatted. "He had these rugs that he stole somewhere, and I thought it would brighten the office. Of course I feel perfectly frightful about buying it, but what can you do when people don't bring anything into offices to sell except what they stole somewhere? They don't say it right out, but if you listen carefully they will give themselves away. A red cap with a tassel on it—I was going to send him in to give you a laugh. I told him he stole those rugs out of some millionaire's window on the ground floor, but he said he got them from Ben Harris. But when I gave him a good cross-examination he didn't know Ben Harris' telephone or his address, and got all mixed up. All he could say was 'Ben Harris, lady—Ben Harris—in the East—the Orient!' So I took a rug and gave him two dollars—he wanted twenty—and I told him when the police caught him and Ben Harris and put them in prison they could tell where this rug was, and we'd give it up to whoever owned it. So he said he would go see the police right away, and he didn't want to take the two dollars. But he won't go near the police. I told him not to make any noise in this office. Did he bother you?"

"No," said Jack.

She watched him covertly from under long black lashes.

"Sometimes two heads are better than one, Mr. Farren," she said in a level voice. "You said once that I generally know what to do, though I don't know why I do it—maybe I shouldn't remind you if you were just talking. But if it was anything that I could do, you know. I was just thinking."

She put her hands together and sighed lightly.

"Not at all, Miss O'Brien," said Jack.

She went to her own place, but she moved the screen a bit so that she could keep a protecting eye on him. He stared dully at the rug from Benares.

He heard her talking to someone, and then a large blond man in shiny blue serge and with an expensive English pipe in his bearded mouth walked to Jack's desk.

"Afternoon, Farren," said the big man, taking Jack's hand and shaking it with enough vigor for two. "I'm Schwager—Ted Schwager. You've heard of me, I suppose."

"Just lately," said Jack, waking to sarcasm at the man's impudence.

"Right," said the man, satisfied. "I'm in the city only two months. I've got something up here, Farren, especially for you, and I'm going to sell you on it right now. Fight me off if you can. Throw an eye over that, Farren, and tell me it's rotten. That's my work."

He whipped an oilcloth cover from a large colored drawing on architect's paper backed with cardboard, and set it on the rug for Jack to feast his eyes upon. The drawing was a front elevation of a fifteen-story building, with a central tower rising another ten tiers.

Jack laughed in dreary amusement. "An Old Master?"

"Masterly, but not old," amended Ted Schwager. "One jump ahead of the very latest, Farren. There's a lot more in that picture than you see with the unaided eye, Farren. Use your mind's eye! Every window there lights a room that is a complete apartment in itself, with a sunken bed, a collapsible dining table, disappearing chiffonier, revolving kitchen cabinet and recessed bathroom complete. Living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom all rolled into one. Is it good?"

"It's a new form of art," said Jack. "Does a book go with it? How much will it cost?"

"Less than two million dollars," said Ted Schwager. "That's because I'm using my own ideas throughout. I've used the upper-arch form, exposing the beams beneath, and that lightens the steel a lot. I'm using a partition of my own invention too. But, I say, Farren, there's no doubt about Claremont Place here being a legally opened street, is there?"

"You can cross it, if you're going out that way," said Jack.

"Because I've faced Schwager Towers toward the south, with its gable walls on Riverside Drive and Claremont Avenue," said Schwager. "So you're familiar with my work, are you? Yes, I've designed some wonderful buildings in my time."

"You're an architect?" said Jack slowly.

"I claim to be."

"And this is a picture of a house that you plan to erect on my property here?"

"Naturally. How about going down and talking to the promoter? He'll want to arrange the terms of purchase from you."

"He wants to buy my property?" said Jack in a half shout.

"Well, naturally. You don't think we'd build this house here and make you a gift of it, do you?"

(Continued on Page 137)

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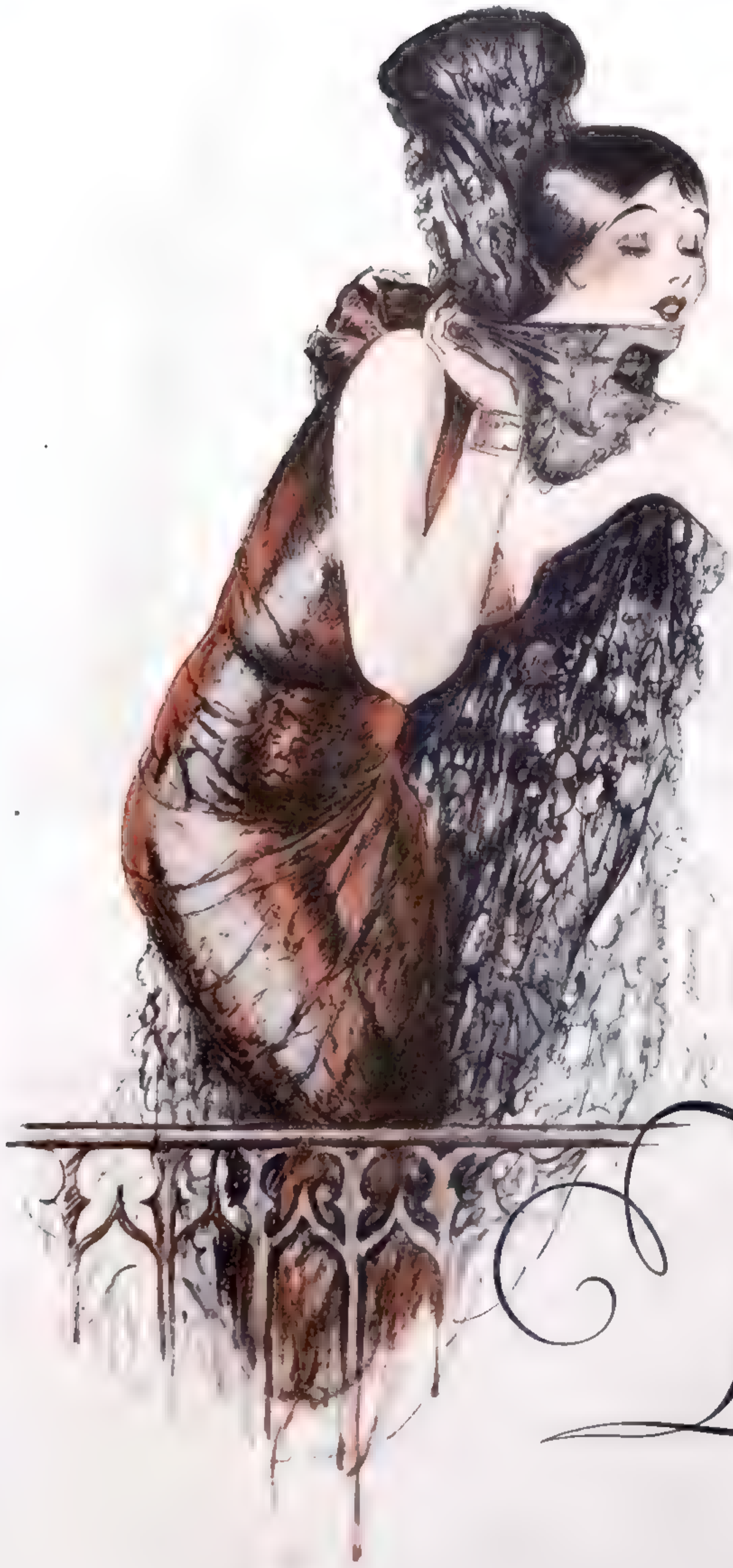

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They have it—those ravishing women of Spain, the golden daughters of Castilla, of Andalusia, of Majorca. It lies in the savage grace of their feline bodies, their proud gesture, above all in the matchless radiance of their luminous firm-fine skins! And do you know how they preserve this priceless gift? Castile Soap! Nothing else! Six hundred years ago in Castilla they learned how to make this incomparable toilet soap, and for six hundred years the beauty and aristocracy of Spain have used it. And so—what could be finer than a finer Castile? That is to say Doña Castile! Exquisitely shaped for your hand; "hard-milled," therefore amazingly lasting; giving you a generous lather, instantly, even in lukewarm water—and rinsing instantly too. A delicious, truly feminine Castile! You can buy it anywhere. Armour, U. S. A.

CASTILE

10 Cents

Shut up in a book, the loveliest flower *fades*

PLUCKED in full bloom from the garden and placed in a book to fade—to become a memory, with only a wistful hint of its former loveliness.

The fate of a rose? Yes, and of many a woman you know. So fresh and lovely in honeymoon days, and then—The most dismal pages of life's book close in upon her. Household duties, drab and endless, bear down, wearing, withering, crushing out youth and happiness and hope . . .

But no, not hope. For a thoughtful world has provided a dozen means of escape. For example, you can phone a modern laundry—in an instant the dreariest day of the week becomes the brightest. Washday and all it symbolizes—a steamy house, the worries of supervision, an aching head and reddened hands—all this is gone—vanished. In its place is a holiday, a day for doing, not the things you *have* to do, but the things you *want* to do. A day for youth, a day for living!

And every week this holiday comes 'round—52 of them every year! You can't afford them? Why, today's laundry offers such a wide variety of services that no matter what your budget, you'll find the washday help you need, at a price within your reach. Now, this minute, phone the nearest laundry and have them describe the services they offer.

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

How three women are using their "holidays"

Laundry service has released me for other far more pleasant tasks. I am able now to attend lectures, to belong to a Literary Club and to take an active part in city welfare work. By carefully planning my day, I find time for all these activities—and the laundry has been my side partner.

Mrs. A. L. Starke
Edgewater, N. J.

No longer is my home torn up from top to toe on washday! Now when I wake up on Monday morning, I know I can devote practically the whole day to my painting. I paint everything, my friends say—lamp shades, candles, bean jugs for flowers—for I am deeply interested in decorative art.

Mrs. A. W. Sherman
Burlington, Ia.

As my daughter grew older, I found that more of my time was required keeping pace with her, being young with her, and seeing things as she saw them. So, to gain extra hours, I started sending my clothes to the laundry. And I was so well pleased that I've been sending them there ever since.

Mrs. Carl F. Bullerdick
Richmond, Ind.

(Continued from Page 132)

"Let's go," said Jack, jumping up and seizing the architect's arm.

They caught a cab outside. "The Mid-Town Building," called the architect. "And step on it, brother, because while you keep us here you're chocking the wheels of progress."

They found Mr. Vanderberg Browne in his magnificent suite on the twenty-third floor of the Mid-Town Building. Mr. Browne paid at the rate of fifteen thousand a year for his office room and five hundred a month on account for his ten thousand dollars' worth of furniture.

He was a broad and fleshy man, gray-haired, with sharp and friendly brown eyes, speaking a precise English in a deep and leisurely voice, smiling infrequently but pleasantly.

"I see our friend Schwager has found you," he said, with a humorously appreciative glance at the architect. "We wish to separate you, Mr. Farren, from that magnificent piece of property on Riverside Drive."

"I can be coaxed to let go," said Jack, accepting an excellent cigar.

"We shall coax you," said Browne. "We have considered about every available site in New York, and I am frank to tell you that we like yours best. It's all a question, now, of price and terms. Will you consider two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for your plot?"

"No, sir," said Jack, gulping back an exclamation of joy.

"Good," said Mr. Browne. "You know your mind. Did Mr. Schwager explain the deal to you—tell you my relation to the matter? No?

"I'm going to finance it, Mr. Farren. I'm going to find two million dollars wherewith to build the Towers. Finding money in large chunks is my business. I haven't been long in New York, but I have several excellent things under way, and when I have taken hold of Schwager Towers I'll be booked right through the 1920 season.

"If you've examined Friend Schwager's plans in detail, you'll find that he has provided for nine hundred apartmentettes—rooms, between ourselves. Those telescoped apartments should rent for fifty dollars a month, don't you think? Good. Taking that as the base, we'll have a gross annual rent of five hundred and forty thousand dollars. Something to nail to, eh? Very well. I'm going to float a bond issue against land and building for two million dollars."

"What do you get out of it?" said Jack.

"Ten per cent," said Mr. Browne with equal frankness. "A living wage, I admit."

"And Mr. Schwager here?"

"Just an architect's fee—five per cent. We're taking in a big real-estate firm to handle the renting, but they'll get merely a five-year contract for three per cent on the collections. But let us settle on the price. We must be expeditious, as the sums involved are so great that the interest eats up the profit while we delay. Don't let us attempt to hurry you, but keep the time factor in mind. Can we set your price at two seventy-five?"

"I'll take three hundred thousand dollars," said Jack, calmly for a young man who had contemplated taking nothing only an hour before. "That gives me a hundred thousand dollars for myself, after the mortgage is paid off. I give you my word that the property costs me just that. I paid sixty thousand cash for it, and about forty thousand more to carry it during the last four years."

"Accepted," said Mr. Browne. "The only change we shall have to make is to raise the amount of the bond issue to twenty-two hundred thousand. Any objection?"

"Not from me," said Jack, not seeing wherein he was concerned.

"Good. Then we shall write you down for a hundred thousand dollars in bonds. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Farren. I dare say there will be a premium on the bonds before the house is roofed. Our Ted here has surpassed himself this time."

"What's that?" said Jack. "I'm to be paid with bonds? I don't know that I'd do that."

"Let us have our fuss here then," said Mr. Browne easily. "That's the program, Mr. Farren. That feature cannot be changed. Perhaps you'd like to think it over until tomorrow? Take your own time about it. Examine Schwager's plans and talk to our realty experts, and assure yourself that the operation will be a brilliant success before you tie into it. Can we agree, however, as gentlemen, that the plot is ours, pending your final decision?"

"I shan't sell it to anybody else, if that's what you mean, before deciding on your offer," said Jack. "Tell me, Mr. Browne, whom am I dealing with? Who's going to buy the property? You're finding the money and Mr. Schwager makes the plans, but ——"

"The holding company has not yet been formed," said Mr. Browne. "That's a mere detail for the lawyers. I dare say you can arrange for a block of the stock as a bonus. That will not delay us when we have the bones of the matter. . . . You're admiring our view. Come over here where you can see it right."

He led Jack to a window, and showed him the city of New York spread out like a blanket. He showed him the silver rivers that hug Manhattan about, the monstrous buildings, with their myriad windows shining in a momentary flash of sunlight like gold and colored stones.

He said "Ten million," he said "twenty-five million," and he said these words casually; so that when he said again "two million" it sounded paltry, lost its unnerving astronomical ring.

"Schwager," he called over his broad shoulder, "you settled that matter of Claremont Place, I suppose?"

"Farren tells me it's a legally opened street," answered the architect.

"That's an established fact, Mr. Farren?"

"Oh, I have a policy from the title company," said Jack. "Are you familiar with the lay of the land up there, Mr. Browne? I thought perhaps you had seen the place. Well, Riverside Park cuts in beside my plot and runs over to Claremont Avenue. So that my plot fronts on Riverside Drive to the west, on this park to the south, and on Claremont Avenue to the east. Get it?"

"That's how we understood it," said Mr. Browne. "You have three fronts. But Schwager tells me that there does not seem to be a real street between you and the park on your south. That is to say, this street you call Claremont Place doesn't seem to be there; it seems to be just part of the park."

"Oh, no," said Jack positively. "It's been cut through and graded, but it hasn't been paved and curbed. It's possible to drive a car up it from Claremont Avenue to the Drive; I know that. I don't know why the city doesn't go ahead and finish the street for traffic, but I can assure you it's legally opened, because I have a policy of the title company that describes my property as fronting on Claremont Place."

"That seems to settle it," said Mr. Browne cordially. "What are you doing this evening, Mr. Farren? Since we are to be associated in this operation we should get acquainted. I'm giving a dinner tonight at the Ritz; will you join us? Just a little affair of a dozen places. A get-together meeting for my sales heads, in fact; but you won't find us dry people."

"I guess I could make it," said Jack.

"And will you come stag? Or shall I attend to that detail? Ha-ha—all work and no play makes Jack dull. The name is Jack, too, isn't it, by crikey! Ha-ha . . . have you heard this, Schwager? Jack Farren thinks he can be with us tonight. That's really fine."

His sly geniality vanished, and he was once more the driving executive. "Well, Mr. Farren ——"

They shook hands ceremoniously, and Jack headed for the elevator.

"In case I can't be there," said Schwager, following Jack to the door to shake hands. "I'll have to burn the midnight oil over those plans. Promise yourself the time of your life, Farren. Van's a spender when he's on a party. You've made a fine impression, my boy!"

Jack rode back to Riverside Drive in a cab. He had patronized the traction companies exclusively of late, but he had just been breathing the atmosphere of easy and ready money.

He found Mr. Spear waiting for him in the office over the stable. In the course of four years of suffering under his cross, Jack had accumulated quite a dislike for Mr. Spear.

But his antagonism was not functioning well just now. He was neither rude nor cordial, saying, "Hello, Mr. Spear. Quite a stranger." And he looked away to guard his eyes.

"Still holding on here, Jack?" said Mr. Spear wonderingly. "I thought you sold out long ago."

"I didn't," said Jack. "All my experience in real-estate speculating has come to me right here." He halted himself when about to add, "and darned well you know it."

"Why didn't you give me a ring?" protested Spear. "Do you want to sell it, Jack? Why, I tell you, I thought you were out. What'll you take for it?"

"The property is not for sale," said Jack.

"What?" ejaculated Spear blankly. "Oh, you've sold it?"

"No."

"Got a deal on?"

"Well, yes."

"Can you talk about the plot? Will you take an offer?"

"How much?"

"I can get you ten thousand over the mortgage."

"Refused."

"Now, listen, Jack," said Mr. Spear persuasively. "I know how you feel about me. You're sore on me because I put you in here, and that's only human nature. But Jack, every speculator makes a mistake once in a while, and it was just your luck to make it the first time, and go in over your head.

"Listen, Jack. I have an apartment house that you can pick up with a ten-thousand-dollar bill, and there's positively a twenty-thousand turn in it. It's an estate that wants to cash out, and they leave it all to me. Now, Jack, nobody heard me say that but you. I put you in here; let me pull you out. Why sit on a dead horse? This is a wonderful plot, and it's worth all you have in it, but just now you can't give it away."

"Suppose I told you," snapped Jack, facing him, "that I've just been offered a hundred thousand dollars over the mortgage for this property?"

"By whom?" said Spear with a note of friendly raillery.

"By Vanderberg Browne, the big promoter," said Jack. "Now go to it, Spear, and bid against that!"

IV

CAME December—month of deepening gloom and sharpening want to Nature's myriad dutiful children; month of mounting merriment and of largess to Nature's changeling, man.

Came December—month of free calendars from the butcher, the baker and the electric-light-and-power company; month between days numbered in significant red on any proper calendar; month wedged in between the last day to pay the second half of New York City real-estate taxes and the first day to manufacture excuses for collectors of Christmas bills.

Ivy looked up from a book of etiquette. "Mr. Farren," she said, "I was just thinking. Perhaps I shouldn't ask you this. Do you think it is proper for a girl to give a Christmas present to her employer?"

"Well, that depends, Miss O'Brien. Circumstances, you know."

If *he could only find such chair comfort in the house!*

AND that's exactly what he could do if there were a Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair in the living room. For this chair provides "porch-comfort", plus. The seat and back tilt to just the angle a man's tired body craves. And from head to waist, his back is supported.

But that's only the half of it! What this chair gives to the man in comfort it gives to the living room in beauty. Made in period styles, it will harmonize with the most handsome furniture—add just that touch of homeness which every living room needs.

Visit your furniture dealer's today, and see the Beautiful Streit Slumber Chair. Or mail the coupon for the booklet "Rest in Beauty" which shows just how this chair will look in your living room. THE C. F. STREIT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"That's what the book says too. It says it depends on the circumstances, and whether the employer takes a personal interest in the girl, and within the bounds of good taste and refined instincts. Take, for instance, my case here, for example; it has really nothing to do with it, but it just so happens that the horse business is the only one I know all about and understand the circumstances. Would it be proper for a girl like me to give a gentleman like you a Christmas present?"

"Why, Miss O'Brien, I don't—I'd rather you considered some other example, if it's just the same."

"But no other example is just the same, Mr. Farren. Of course you understand that I have no notion of giving you a Christmas present, but I was just supposing. How much would be enough of a personal interest? Well, then, taking the case of some other girl—if you walked down the Drive two evenings with some other girl on her way home, would that indicate a personal interest in the other girl within the bounds of good taste and refined instincts? Of course, I understand that you don't expect a present just for walking down the Drive with a girl. And just supposing you told some other girl that, on account of being so much older, you felt it your duty to warn her against men who came here to hire horses and hung around. Though, I was just thinking to myself when you said it, 'My goodness, my dear, if this is temptation ——'"

"Take your book, Miss O'Brien," he said curtly. "Your notebook, please. Get me out an original and copy of the following:

"'In consideration of one hundred dollars in hand paid, an option is hereby given to'—leave the name blank, Miss O'Brien; they'll tell you what to put in—'to purchase premises on Riverside Drive and Claremont Avenue now belonging to me for a price of three hundred thousand dollars. Regular contract to be tendered to me for execution within twenty-four hours.'

"They'll be up to get that this morning, but I have an appointment to take out a party, so you can give it to them if I'm not back. And be sure to get the hundred dollars."

He marched to his desk. She brought the copies in to him; he corrected them without comment, signed them and put them by.

He was downstairs seeing to the mounts when the telephone rang; she called him.

Architect Schwager was on the wire. "Hello, Jack! Did Van send up for that option yet? He wants it to use to get binders on some preliminary financing. Everything going fine, Jack, along those lines.

"But say, Jack, here's something else. I'm down here at the building department giving them a flash at the plans. They're tickled to death with them, Jack, and say they'll shoot them right through; but they raise another point, and I guess you'll have to come down with the first aid. They say there is no street there on the south. Come down here and talk to them, will you? Well, we're all waiting for you now. You have a policy of title insurance, haven't you? I know there's nothing in it; it's just a flash they got from the bureau of street openings, and what do they know, compared to the title company? Coming? Fine. I'm waiting for you."

Jack pushed the telephone instrument aside with an ejaculation of disgust. "Miss O'Brien," he said, "call up Mrs. Holliday and tell her I'm called away and can't give her that lesson this morning. It'll take me no time to straighten this thing out downtown, but I have to go down there. Back before lunch."

He went to the safe, selected his policy of title insurance and left the building.

He was not back before lunch. One o'clock came and was gathered to its uncounted ancestral hours. Two o'clock bobbed up for its edged instant of being, and tumbled unmarked into the bottomless abyss of past eternity. Three o'clock had a fruitless try at bringing him. Came four o'clock.

Ivy heard his slow and heavy footsteps on the stairs, knew that he was bowed down, and ran to help him; he climbed the stairs against resistance, like a man carrying a stepladder, like a man carrying saddles, possibly like a man struggling up against the effort of a bale of hay to throw him down and fall on him; but Jack bore no visible burden.

"Mr. Farren," said Ivy, standing behind him when he sat down at his desk, "the gentleman called for that paper."

"What paper?"

"The paper you wrote out. I told him you were downtown about selling the property, but he said he would take the paper. Here's the hundred dollars."

He took the bills. He glanced at her, uttered a sudden snort of laughter and handed her one of the twenties. "There's your salary, with a bonus, Miss O'Brien. Take it while it's going."

"I always say," said Ivy, folding the money away with satisfaction, "that when people put up real money they mean business, and all the rest is just hot air. And besides, that Mr. Schwager kept looking at me all the time he was back here talking to you about millions of dollars; and I always say if a man has not got his mind on business he is nobody to go in business with."

Jack was not listening. "Mrs. Holliday is coming for her lesson tomorrow," she said.

"Tomorrow, Miss O'Brien," he said then in a tone of correction, "is the fifth of December."

He looked about the familiar room with an anticipating indifference, as if it were already disassociated from him.

"Some people are coming in," said Ivy, watching the street below.

Three gentlemen ascended the stairs, mounting with an air of grim resolution, like soldiers climbing a breach in a beleaguered wall, like a city marshal's men coming to put the furniture of an evicted family on the street. The leader of this determined band was a short man with long and heavy face, and with the confident bearing of a person used to standing in the public eye. The rear guard of the group was a lanky youth in spectacles, with a lumpy law book under each arm, and a bulked-out brief case dangling from the last joints of fatigued fingers.

"Mr. Farren, I believe?" said the leader. "I am Mr. Pierce of Pierce, Murphy & Abendstern. This is my client, Mr. Henry A. C. Hagan. Robinson, put those things down, and let me have the option and proposed contract."

They seated themselves. Mr. Pierce, of Pierce, Murphy & Abendstern, put eyeglasses on his nose, glanced at the papers handed him by his clerk, and coughed prefatorily.

"I have here, Mr. Farren," he said like a man who had to say a certain thing in a certain way, giving not a hoot for his audience, "an instrument in writing signed by you under today's date, and purporting to be an option for the purchase of real estate, giving to Henry A. C. Hagan, here present, the right to purchase certain real estate described therein with certainty, though not by metes and bounds; the said Henry A. C. Hagan engaging by inference to tender you for execution and delivery a formal contract."

He put aside the option and picked up another paper.

"I have here," he said in the same inhuman tone, "a contract in blank, made on the standard form, containing the usual provisions of a sales contract and no others, describing the realty named in the option, and in the language used therein, and nominating as purchaser and party of the second part the Henry A. C. Hagan mentioned and described in the said option.

"If the execution and delivery of the option is contested, we engage to establish them and either or both to the satisfaction of any legal tribunal. If any term of the said contract be matter of objection, we ask that the objection be stated now in good faith. I respectfully call to your attention that we are here during business hours, at ten minutes after four in the afternoon, being less than an elapsed twenty-four hours since the execution and delivery of the option."

He snapped his fingers. "Robinson!"

The clerk jumped forward with an opened law book.

"On the question of *bona fides*," said Mr. Pierce, looking at the fascinated Jack Farren over his glasses, "I call your attention to this case in 45 New York—the well-known case of Lene against Wall, setting forth the now undisputed doctrine that a delivery in blank entitles the holder in due course to fill in with any desired name. Robinson!"

The encumbering book was whisked away. He rose to his feet and shook a forefinger at Jack.

"Let us suppose," he said, smiling to indicate that he was making this whimsical conjecture just for fun, "that you did not contemplate selling this property to Mr. Henry A. C. Hagan. Let us go farther, and imagine that you had in mind the sale and transfer of the property to a certain corporation which planned to build thereon a species of apartment house. Are we then to be asked to abdicate our undoubted legal right?

"But I go a step farther. I concede all. I shall be guilty of supposing that the learned Court of Appeals will rule against us in the last instance. Consider, Mr. Farren, as a cold business proposition whether you care to wait until that ruling is handed down several years hence. Do not let me influence you.

"Perhaps you are financially equipped to wage an exhaustive struggle. Perhaps you are financially equipped to pay off that mortgage which is now an overdue lien on the property. I can tell you that if you do not sign this contract forthwith, there will be a *lis pendens* on your property at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, and no apartment house will be built here, nor a brick of this old building disturbed until the matter is settled.

"If you care to call your attorneys at once, we'll wait here for them. I tender you for execution this contract. I tender you also certified check in the sum of thirty thousand dollars, being 10 per cent on the whole price of three hundred thousand. The balance of seventy thousand, less any accrued liens, will be paid to you on closing within thirty days."

He put the contract and check on Jack's desk, and stepped back to watch the fireworks.

Jack looked dazedly at the contract. He picked up the check and made it rustle.

"Did—did I hear you say your name was Pierce?" he said in a small dry voice.

"That's my name, sir."

"Mr. Pierce, would you please let me have that fountain pen there in your vest? Where do I sign—right here? Miss O'Brien—hold the desk, please; it seems to be jumping."

He signed. Mr. Hagan had signed already. Mr. Pierce snapped his fingers—"Robinson!"

The executed contract disappeared in the brief case. The invaders fell in line and strode off to the stairs and to their waiting cab.

"Oh, what a shame," blubbered Ivy, putting an impulsive hand on the young man deserted at the desk. "If I thought that Mr. Spear was going to send all those awful men here I never would have let him have the paper. Mr. Spear came in after you went downtown ——"

"Miss O'Brien," said Jack; and stopped breathlessly.

"Miss O'Brien," he tried again, "there is no Claremont Place. That's what Schwager wanted to see me about. The building department told him so, and wouldn't accept his plans. You see, he couldn't front his building on a street that wasn't there, and instead of covering 90 per cent of the plot—but never mind that. I went with him to the title company, and they said they weren't liable, even if they bounded the property on Claremont Place. They said it was only matter of description, and they didn't insure it. It seems that Claremont Place was opened in 1896, and closed in 1897, and incorporated in the park; and the title company missed the closing proceeding. So it was all off. They wouldn't buy the plot, even though their bonds were probably no good. And the mortgage was called for tomorrow."

He took her hand from his shoulder, and held it.

"You told him I was downtown selling to the other people; and that made them snap. And you knew the other people were no good, without seeing their bank statement. Miss O'Brien, I've wanted to tell you for some time that I take a personal interest in you. You're out of a job, Miss O'Brien, and so am I, and we ought to sympathize. Will you come to dinner with me tonight in the Ritz, and we'll talk over the best thing to do?"

"I'll love it," she said, breathing deeply. "I've a silver dress that's a dream. But, Mr. Farren—no, I'll call you Jack, since I'm not employed here any more—Jack, why don't you tell me now what we'll talk about at the Ritz, and I'll be thinking it over? I always say that two heads are better than one, so why don't we put our heads together right away? . . . Oh, Jack!"

Dentist: "Do You Want Gas?"
Motorist: "Yes, Fill 'er Up, and Change the Oil in the Crank Case."

AMERICA selected these chocolates and confections . . . . every one!

Whitman's Sampler

THE OLD MAN OF THE MILLS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Were you down there at Five Scales, Steed?" demanded Beelzebub. "Haven't you got enough grief at the open hearth to keep you busy there? Ten to one, while you were fussing around helping out the railroad some son of a Bolshevik in your loading yard was slipping a can of nitro into a scrap pan; and when your charger upsets that dose onto a furnace hearth the whole works will hop out into the middle of the river!"

How old Beelzebub was now enjoying himself! Here was one of the few men left on the plant that he could berate and not have him walk out with a few well-chosen directions as to where beraters, one and all, could go.

Here was someone that he could ride without a fear that he would quit; and it put new life into Beelzebub.

As to Sam Steed, Sam ordinarily went to the mat instanter with any man, no matter what his size, who climbed his frame unjustly. But two weeks after this strike had started, much as he liked a fight, Sam had had a plenty.

Whatever fighting he indulged in now was out of sheer necessity, not for the pleasure of it. So instead of looking mad, Sam looked disgusted.

"I had to have that hot stuff, didn't I?" said Charger Sam; "that metal was on the way over to me when it got wrecked. First heat the blast furnaces got out tonight. Last, too, I guess. I had to have it. Green men on the scrap-yard crane. Green men on the chargers. Want me to make steel out of cold metal at a time like this?"

Beelzebub snorted. "I may want you to make it out of baled hay before we get this mess straightened out."

"Well," yawned Sam, "tonight, at least, they won't have to do it at the open hearth. I got the pig. Stayed at the switches personally till a track got open, and saw to it that my hot metal was the first stuff through. They're sitting pretty over at the open hearth for the rest of this night anyhow."

Beelzebub indulged in a second snort.

"Sitting pretty, eh? And I suppose you're going on your vacation now. What you doing over here in my office now? Think we got time for conference whangling nowadays—and at two A.M. at that? Right out on the plant is where we need every ounce of loyal brain and muscle power we got left. What do you want in here?"

"You told me to come in," said Sam.

"I told you what?" roared Beelzebub. "I came in here to grab off forty winks; and listen, Steed—help to do it is the last thing I need. I could sleep the Seven Sleepers groggy right this minute with absolutely no outside assistance. And I don't want to see you or any other open hearther. I'd like to know what lame-brain told you I wanted to see you tonight!"

"I said you told me," answered Steed. "You—B. L. Sebo. Ten years ago exactly, to the day. I've been working like a galley hand all day trying to get out a hatful or so of steel for you, or I'd've dropped in earlier. This is the first half hour I've had to spare. It's important or I wouldn't bother you at this time of the night. But you promised me ten years ago that if I called on you today you could tell me much more certainly than at that time whether I was a quitter or not!"

Beelzebub heaved a great sigh of boredom. That was the one great trouble with Sam Steed. He would never cease to be an undergraduate. A full-grown man. A whacking good man too. But always Charger Sam, the football man, applying football ideas and ideals to a grown-up, cold, heartless, unsentimental job. Forever pulling off some undergraduate theatricals such as this.

Beelzebub stretched his legs.

"Did I say that?" he inquired sleepily. "Well, then, I'll tell you, Steed: The day the Lord made you he had used up every can of yellow in the shop on an Italian sunset. You didn't get a drop. Now get out of here and le' me go to bed!"

He put his folded arms down on his desk and laid his face upon them. But he couldn't go to sleep. Somebody talking. Steed? Hadn't that fellow gone yet? What was it he was getting off his chest?

"—— quitting now ——"

But he couldn't be hearing right. He tried to drive sleep out of his sodden brain.

"—— what I've taken the rawhide ten long years to hear ——"

That was Steed's voice all right.

"—— to make you say I'm not a quitter. But I'm quitting now, believe me, Mr. Sebo. Tonight. This minute. I was due to walk out on you and this filthy grind at six. So I figure you owe me about eight hours' overtime; but I'll not stand out for that."

That was his open-hearth superintendent talking, sure as fate. That was the man he had marked up for one of the vice presidential jobs in Mid-Penn Steel as soon as this row was straightened out and they took over Maryland Ferrous, the ambition of his lifetime. Sam Steed, yes, sir; with his fine undergraduate loyalty and unspoiled ideals; he would have picked out Sam to lay a bet on ahead of any other super on the works. Sam was the one sure boy to help him see this present grief through to a finish.

"I'm through!" that man was saying. "Done! Feenish, Walyo! Me. Sam Steed. Ketch'm time! Get it, B. L.? I figured you a man beater from the very first minute I ever talked with you; but I served my time under you, worked out that sentence, just to show Sam Steed, and incidentally you, that I could do it. Gave you the best ten years I'll ever give to any man. 'Snough! This minute, now, I'm starting on a two months' jag of sitting in a well-cushioned rocking-chair. After that I got a date with a canoe and three hundred and fifty miles of river. From the Glimmerglass to the Chesapeake. After that, I don't know what, and just now do not give one tinker's whoop. Maybe I'll punch type keys; maybe I'll peddle hair nets. But this minute is what demands my great enthusiasm now, and this minute, B. L., thank you, I am leaving the mighty industry of steel flat on its back, and you can join me, if you wish, in singing the doxology!"

Practice makes perfect. Beelzebub had snorted twice before. Third snorts are best. With a performance no rhinoceros could have bettered, B. L. Sebo dissipated sleep.

"Listen," shouted he. "Do I look like the interlocutor? Do you think this is a nice time to be cracking funny jokes? I'm twenty years older than you are, and a hundred years tireder; but if you don't tell me, Steed, that you're practicing for a minstrel show or something, I'll bust you for a row of coke ovens right here and now, you simple freshman!"

Simple freshman! That was good! Maybe ten years ago today; but not today. Sam Steed smiled at that through the weathering marks of ten stormy years in steel. Sam reached across the desk and put a gentle hand upon a weary shoulder there. Beelzebub, prince of devils, went kerplunk down on his throne.

"Stay put," said Sam. "Here's one oration—by a freshman, if you say so—that you're due to enjoy from the receiving end. I know what you were going to tell me anyhow. You were going to tell me what kind of a slinking hound I'd be to walk out on you now. Bannerson didn't walk out on you, did he? Nor Daleigh, nor Marquette? Where are they now? They're planted; worked to death, literally; the three of them. Where's Hodman, Minniger, Denet? Worse than dead—out on the funny farm—one from monoxide, two from the squeeze, the drive. Where's Hughby? Selling scented soap. Where's Stormer, Willing, Ramadan, Gorhall? They didn't walk out on you, did they? They stuck. And after steel had sucked the juice out of them, your boot on the seat of their pants for a reward, and the garbage wagon waiting for them at the company gate. Old men at forty-five. No longer any good for steel; and so beat up as not to be much good at any other thing.

"But you won't get me, Sebo. I'm young, and through, thank God. Six months with the Old Man on my back and I was ready to quit. Worse than my collar bone was busted. But I set ten years as my time, and I stuck. Made up my mind that if I made good in those ten, at the end of them, to a day, I'd give you one grand snootful and quit you cold as a corpse, no matter what. Made good, I did, and well you know it. With a little bit more care in picking my grandparents I'd be production chief here right now, instead of young Dan Crooke of the Orehill Crookes. And doggone well you know that, too, B. L.

"So I'm done—out—free. Strike or no strike, my time is up. Today's the day. Ten years, eight hours and forty-seven minutes. Steel be damned! Serve men? It rides 'em dead. Look at you. Dead on your job right now, and don't know it. A week more of this strike, two days more, if it keeps on getting worse, and they'll be lugging you off the plant feet first. But steel won't get me. I gave steel its last chance at me today; good measure, too—eight hours' overtime. Good morning to you, Mr. Sebo, and many pleasant dreams."

But strange to say, instead of making for the door Sam Steed stood in a sort of puzzlement, watching Sebo's face. Into it, strangely, there had come a kind of softness, tenderness, as though, inexplicably, a great pity were the emotion uppermost in him; as though he looked at something very sad which he had seen a hundred times in his hard life before. And when he spoke at last, the man spoke verse. The Steel Age, you would think—the Steel Age and the Ferrous Metallurgical Review would mark the extent of B. L. Sebo's excursions into *belles-lettres*. But now he went to poetry, as many a man has done under emotions grown too great for prose. His voice was very quiet; the storm gone out of him.

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds?"

he asked. "Good luck at punching type keys, Steed!"

He was fast asleep when Sam Steed quietly shut the office door.

A striking mob came milling through the gable end of Sam Steed's open hearth next day—came milling through, and halted. Menace was in that gang of men—mob menace, which is terrible; steel-mob menace, which is most terrible. Polyglot. There Magyar fire flamed. There Bulgar savagery. There the slow-smoldering but unquenchable purpose of the Slav. The quick blood of the Latin darkened one hot cheek, the stubborn set of Austro-German jaw thews bulged another. Menace seethed in that mob, but just the same it halted. The devil blocked its path

Beelzebub stood swaying in its way. It was Sam Steed's open hearth; but Sam Steed, on whom Beelzebub would have bet his last shred of strength, had gone away to sit in a rocker, to keep a tryst with three hundred and fifty miles of lovely river, to punch type keys or peddle hair nets. Somebody had to fight for Sam Steed's open hearth. So B. L. Sebo, walking on his heels, was there to fight for it.

Beelzebub was licked. Perhaps he knew it. Perhaps the mob knew it too. But just the same it halted.

The pummelings of thirty years in steel had hammered all the resilience out of Beelzebub at last. Fatigue like the fatigue of a fine metal under constantly recurring shocks was in his bones. This was the final round. In this one they would count him out. Weeks of prodigious work and worry had pulled his shoulders down, made his knees sag, unstarched his spine. But before him groggy there, before him hanging on the ropes, scores of hard men came to a halt, fearing something. Fearing the very thirty years of battle that had worn him down. For in those thirty he had learned the racket—all the holds, all the blows, low and fair. Infighting was his dish. Savate, jiujitsu, pancratium—he knew them, every trick. Better start no butting, gouging, kneeing in the clinches with that tough old hellion. So scores of men who weeks ago had laid aside all rules of fighting paused before him, fearing the craft of thirty years, fearing that in that swaying figure there might still remain the power of one knockout punch. More than all else they feared the fearlessness of him. Before him, mob, which men face with the blood of them turning to whey. But fear? Why should he fear? Before him, mob. But back of him! Back of him stood his mills. Back of him steel, the biggest thing—very religion to that hard-scorched old Parsee! One man with steel a majority, his stout pagan creed!

He swung an arm up toward the charging floor where still, through cracks at doors and ports, a few in that long row of furnaces showed gleams of steel in making.

"Men are at work up there," he growled. "Men. Steel men. Men with crust, keeping a few hearths hot. Think yellow mutts are going to stop 'em?"

He reached his right hand into his coat, under his left arm. The Little Corporal once prescribed a sovereign medicine for all mob ills. He named it "whiff of grape." Beelzebub jerked out the nearest substitute for this at his command.

"The carcasses of eight of you are in this thing," he said. "Which eight? Which eight of you would croak for steel? I would. Get out of my open hearth then, before I start to make a morgue of it!"

Beelzebub was licked for sure. The flourished automatic. Thespian speech. That was not Sebo, general manager of Mid-Penn Steel. Sebo, with wits unaddled by utmost fatigue, would have known better. Threats of grapeshot, or substitute for grape, never yet cured mob fever. There is always the pressure from the unendangered rear. They keep on milling, pushing, until actual whiff of grape mows the front ranks away. And B. L. Sebo did not plan that, surely. If he did, then it was time that his defeat arrive. It did arrive, in drab and unheroic wise, in form of half a fire brick.

A red blotch sprang on B. L. Sebo's temple. He crumpled limp as any dead man toward the ground. Down and out, Sebo, general manager of Mid-Penn Steel Down and out for good. The Old Man of the Mills had ridden him to wreckage. Steel had him!

No?

No! Not down and out! Not Sebo! Not that hard hombre! Out and down, maybe that; but out first, then down. Out vertical! Out straight up on his two hind legs, still fighting! Then, maybe, down!

But not down even then, by all the warrior gods! Halfway to earth his crumpling stopped. Arms dangling, legs a-drag, head lolling, blood dripping, there he hung, half upright. Steel had him, but steel did not have him down!

An arm was round him. An arm. No half-male thing, that whip. Sam Steed, ten years and fourteen hours in steel; Sam, who had put off selling hair nets one more day. Sam Steed was still boss of the mighty open hearth at Mid-Penn Steel.

There he stood a moment, his long mill back of him, Beelzebub draped over his thick forearm. Then he lowered his unconscious burden gently to the floor, and when he straightened up again there gleamed in

(Continued on Page 145)

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LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

(Continued from Page 140)

one thick fist that ugly short blue substitute for whiff of grape which had fallen from Beelzebub's limp hand.

Men know the meaning of the grisly word "despair" who have ever faced a mob. Men know it best who have faced a steelworks' mob. A steel strike is the most terrible of strikes. Devices fraught with horror, processes terrible enough even under duress, forces gigantic, fearful past description, preserve in steel so delicate a balance between control and chaos. So small a disturbance of that balance can bring on catastrophe. And a steel mob knows this well; feels a great iron bludgeon called Destruction swinging from its wrist, and so tramps arrogantly, powerfully, pitilessly. This was the thing that Sam Steed stood athwart—Sam who had served his time. And because the body of a fighting man lay limp at Sam Steed's feet a devil looked out of Sam's kindly eyes. He brought the automatic to his waist, the barrel of it level, the muzzle of it a cockatrice's eye. Menace with menace then. Against mob, whiff of grape. Near enough substitute for grape, at any rate, to whiff eight men alive into eight things sprawled stark. No mere threat of it to bluff men down. No doubt of it, Sam Steed was in the mood to kill.

And so, before that look in Sam Steed's eye, even the Old Man of the Mills faltered a moment. A moment only. What were eight lives more or less to the Old Man of the Mills? The Old Man dealt in thousands. He had slain his tens of thousands. Through the long corridor of the open hearth a shot reverberated. No streak of fire jumped from Sam Steed's waist to herald it. Instead, Sam swayed. Then he spread wide his legs. He steadied. Then he stepped forward.

"Nitcheffski!"

The evil eye beside Sam's waist glared at the stomach of a huge, high-cheek-boned man.

"You didn't throw that brickbat, Steve; you wouldn't have the nerve. You'd get someone to do it. Someone might see you; somebody might get something on you. You didn't put that bullet in my shoulder. But ten to one the man that did it got the gun from you or one on your committee. You and your committeemen working for the Cause are at the bottom of all this mess. You are willing to die for what you call your Cause then? Sebo lying behind me was. Maybe I am too. We'll find out, you and I. If I am, it's not because I'm big. It's because what I and Sebo stand for is.

"What you stand for is just yourself, Nitcheffski, and is therefore cowardly. I'll prove it. You've killed one man, I guess. Two maybe, for the germs of gangrene may be in my shoulder now. All right then. Listen to fact, Nitcheffski. Unless this gang moves out of this mill now, and marches for the pike, I'll kill you deader than a weasel. And if this strike leads to one more deed of violence or destruction, I'll hunt you up—you, Steve—and shoot your belly full of lead. Sure. Sure as sunset. When, in ten years, have I promised my men anything that they didn't get? You know I'll do it. The men here with you know I'll do it. They know that if a man of them steps forward one small step I'll snuff you out. So they'll not do it. Not unless you tell them to. And you'll not tell them to. Not so much because you're little, but because the thing you stand for is."

Silence a second. Nitcheffski tried to speak. Words would not come. Sam Steed went on:

"Steel is worth every man that goes down for it. All of you men, then—if your strike, or what you're striking for, is worth this one small cowardly life that's sweating here in front of this gun's muzzle, you men come on. If not, then out with you! Out on the pike and send an honest, real committee in to me tomorrow. Men ten years on this plant. I'll guarantee the big boss talks with them as man to men. Out now, or I'll drop Nitcheffski in two seconds down with Sebo there!"

If the great charger rolling up the long aisle of the open-hearth charging floor carried a body only, it was a funeral carriage fit for any fire-world archangel, fit for Beelzebub. With roll of wheels on rumbling steel-beamed floor, with drone-bass growl of gears, with a high coronach of whirring motors, that mighty Juggernaut car, spanning the wide mill floor from side to side, marched the mill's length. Stretched on the charger's peel, that terrible arm that had a thousand times reached deep into the seething furnaces to feed them their huge rations from the scrap yard, lay a still broad figure.

Sam Steed stood on the charger's truck and steadied that still body on the peel. With that same limp form hung across his unhurt shoulder Sam had climbed the steep steps from the pouring pit up to the charging floor at the south end of the mill. On that upper level at the north end of the mill, almost a quarter mile away, was the little first-aid laboratory of the open hearth. Toward it the charger rolled. No emperor's body ever made a more tremendous progress. A long row of steel-belching behemoths squatted deathly quiet at B. L. Sebo's feet as his huge funeral car, drawn by a thousand magic unseen horses, went rumbling past. Colossal building columns stood at stiff attention in a stupendous rank at his head as a hearse no emperor could match lumbered along. And, far above, the vast roof trusses looked down on that noble cortège out of cathedral shadows. And for bodyguard there stood at the fallen captain's side one who loved him not a whit, yet who was loyal, and who had an ugly wound, taken in his defense.

The company surgeon who had sped over from the plant's main laboratory to the open hearth in his roadster made the final adjustments to a sling and finished with his second patient. He sat down now to await the arrival of the ambulance, which had been out when the open-hearth call came in, gathering up broken heads from a row down at the Frog Shop gate.

"Yours might be worse, Sam," said the surgeon. "The bullet didn't get inside. It broke the clavicle, but that diverted it. A little farther down, a little farther in, and that gang would have busted more than your collar bone today."

Sam smiled palely.

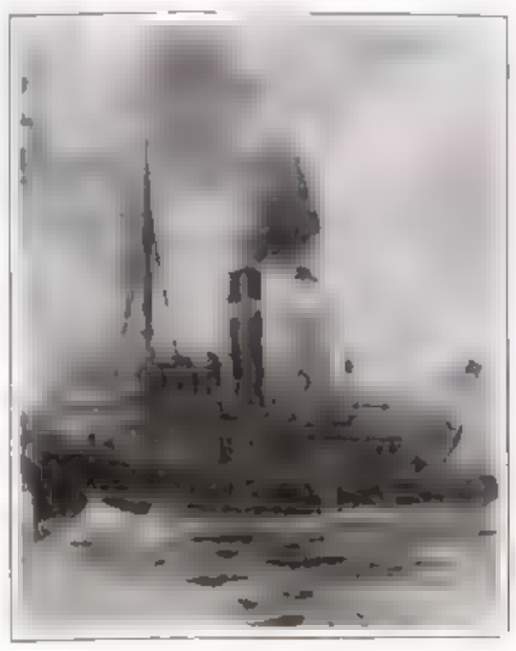
"What about B. L.?" he asked.

"He got a killing knock. He'd live through it ordinarily, that tough devil; but he's got himself torn down to shreds and ravelings. There's not much of him left for life to cling to. It's hard to say just how ——"

Outside, down at ground level, there arose the clatter of a gong.

"Come along over to the hospital, Sam," the surgeon ordered. "I'll drive you home then. Forty-eight hours' perfect rest for that shoulder. Give Nature that much start and I think you can abuse it from then on with my permission. You will without it anyhow. But two days' rest first. Come along."

"I'll rest it, doc," said Sam. "I'll rest it good. But we got a strike on here, you know, and we got no captain now. So I'll just keep on sleeping on the plant till he gets well." Sam cast an eye down at his sling. "I'll rest it good," Sam reassured the doctor. He winked in burlesque slyness. "Steel busted it. I'll rest it right here on the company's time, by gosh!"



A window of the little first-aid laboratory at the open hearth gave out, across a maze of shifting yard tracks, to the broad river. At the other end of the little room was the door through which the surgeon and the stretcher bearers had just gone. It still swung open. Through it Sam Steed could see a gang of laborers making bottom. Across this opening the file of loyal helpers staggered, weary, sagging, each in his turn stepping up to a seething furnace door and flinging his scoopful of dolomite across the blistering hearth to the far slope that they were building up. One man, for sheer fatigue, missed the door opening entirely, his shovelful of stone scattering as it hit the door-frame cooler. He turned to a giant black-browed Bulgar next in line to him.

"This is twenty-four hours straight for me, Maranoff," he said. "If no relief comes on at six I quit!"

The big Bulgarian shot his scoop of dolomite straight and true to the burned-out spot on the back slope.

"Kvit hal!" he growled. "No kvit not'ing! Dey kill dot dem Beelzebub—me, I no give it dem. Aber dey shoot dot goot boss Charger Sem. Und dot boss Sem, she's no gon' home. Awright, by gar, I no gon' home. So long dot boss Charger Sem stay for job, dot's how long I'm stay. Me, I shovel dolomite for dot Sem Steed when I mus' shovel him im sleep!"

Maranoff spat on his hands. He buried his scoop deep in the dolomite pile. He stumbled, fell, rolled over. His mouth dropped open. He was snoring. Maranoff had finished a fifty-one-hour turn.

Sam Steed was standing at the riverside window of the little laboratory when Maranoff went to sleep. Sam had been watching a canoe. Out from behind an island it had come, two men in it, swinging rhythm in their paddles. The mile-wide river sparkled. Trees on its emerald islands swayed and beckoned. From Mid-Penn Steel on down to the Chesapeake, a hundred miles of fascinating names issued challenge to that pair shoveling water out there on the stream. Not fifteen miles below them were the Conewagos. Then Wild Cat, Chickies, Cresswell, Star Rock, McCalls Ferry, Conowingo. Names to conjure with. Names to make real canoemen's fingers ache for the feel of maple. White water, bad water, man-eating water; scalp chill of primal danger to be had in them right in the very midst of crowding civilization. Sam Steed could see a broad back swinging to the paddle just ahead of him, a head thrust forward eager for the battle, white water rushing, curling, up the stream to meet him.

Sam Steed turned from the window, walked through the door into the mill, walked over to the pile of dolomite and picked up Maranoff's scoop.

With right knee back of right fist he drove the shovel deep into the refractory. But when he tried to break it up through the pile with the arm that he was resting on the company's time, he could not. A little blood came through his shirt. He knelt by Maranoff and scooped a little hollow in the crushed rock and rolled the sleeping man's head more comfortably into it. The laborers filed past, shoveling doggedly. Sam glanced away from them through the little laboratory door again. Through the window at the far end of it the river kept its golden sparkles glancing. The tiny canoe, far out, crossed the last pane of glass—was gone. A wind, the same one that had but lately swayed the beckoning island trees, puffed into the mill, hot now, dust laden, mixed with producer gas. While Charger Sam stood looking through door opening and window to the sunlit water, that wind swirled past, across the charging floor, and blew the door shut.

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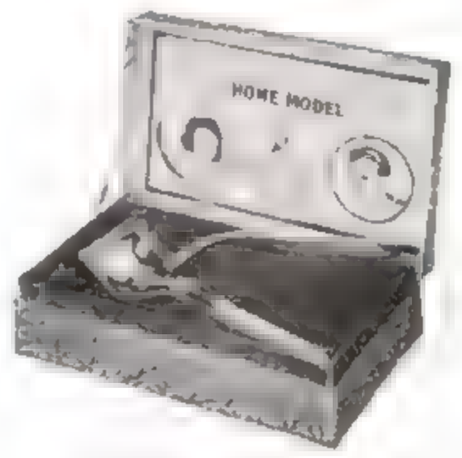

And out of many of these homes come letters telling of the lifelong service and satisfaction rendered by Brown & Sharpe clippers. A woman in Cleveland trims her whole family. Another in Bangor, Me., loaned her clippers to a neighbor who appreciated them so much they were never returned.

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Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Sauer Kraut
Tomato Soup

Milk
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Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon
(Partial List)

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat-wich Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
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NEW THINGS AND BETTER ONES

(Continued from Page 12)

of two and five-eighths inches and carrying 2424 wires.

The fiction of Jules Verne has become fact. New knowledge has come so fast that we have not had time properly to digest it, so it is no wonder that some of our institutions have been shaken and certain of our morals slightly bent. Our consumption of drugs, cosmetics and cigarettes has increased from three to thirty fold. But for each new evil that has come up to threaten life, a still greater menace has been removed. The outcome of our battles with yellow fever and other ills has been an increase of 12 per cent in the average span of human existence. If we are spending more money for bunk, we are also spending more for toothbrushes and soap. If women are buying more paint and powder, they have done away with long trains, useless petticoats and armored corsets. No longer is it considered essential for a lady to have a sixteen-inch waistline. The neck chokers men called collars have gone the way of the wooden Indian.

Underground Quarrying With a Derrick in a Big Marble Quarry at Proctor, Vermont

The new inventions of each succeeding day establish additional links between nations. Though it is true that the average individual is possessed of a natural desire for personal achievement, we have unduly stretched the notion that the handicraftsman is happier than the operator of a mechanical device. The automatic apparatus, by multiplying productivity, increases the worker's earnings and releases his time for other activities. It is a silly idea that lightening the burden of living will cause us to degenerate physically and mentally. The notion that pictures will supersede print and that the inrush of jazz will leave no time for sober thought is an unjustified assumption.

We suffer from a tendency to laud the virtues of yesterday and decry the practices of the present moment. We forget that science really leads to simplicity. Primitive picture writing was far more complex than our present alphabetic method. Both our clothes and our architecture are tending to simpler forms, and there is not the least evidence to show that our passion for quantity has blinded us to the merits of quality. To say that we are becoming more insensitive to the delicate values of life, and that we measure success only in terms of dollars, is to add insult to the crime we have already perpetrated in having our historical records present pictures of the past that were untrue and totally misleading.

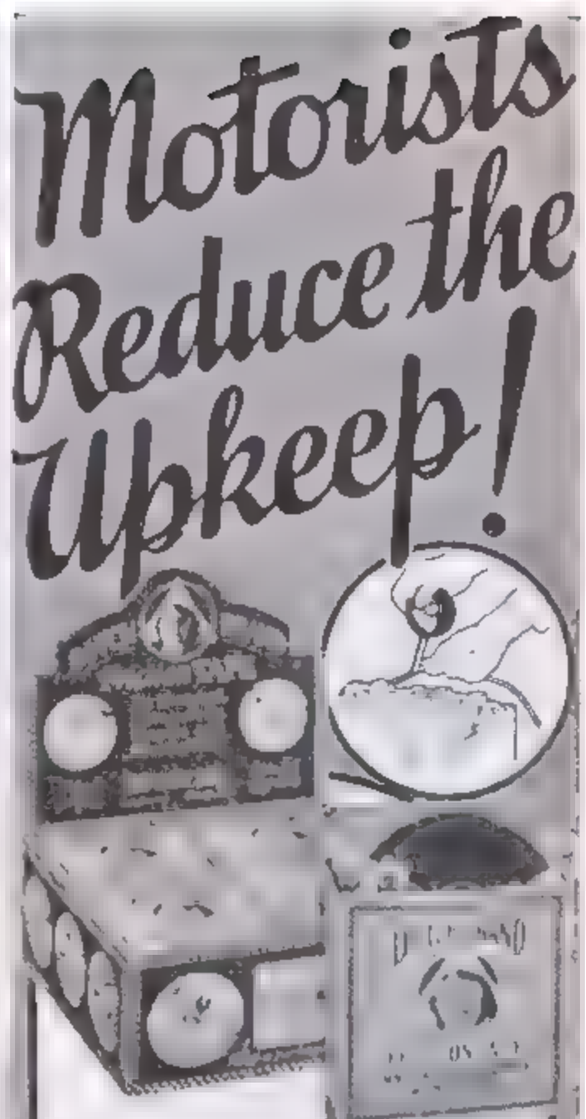
America is a land of engineers, and there will always be a conflict between the philosophies of the engineer and the social theorist. The machine civilization we have built up is under control, and eventually it will give us a dollar independence that will make it possible for us to send an army of people into nonmaterial fields. Those who insist that our ideals are submerged in materialism overlook the fact that the first duty of a young nation is to make itself economically secure. After this end is realized it will be time to build something in the nature of a leisure class that can devote itself to things other than life's stern necessities. Even now our leaders of industry are showing the world the way in employing automatic methods for the purpose of raising wages, shortening hours and lowering prices. It is absurd to assume that we must smash our machines in order to develop art, culture and statesmanship. Those who shower us with censure and assert that our conception of success is shoddy are too often prompted by the difficulty in keeping pace with America's stride.

Instead of doing less in the fields of science and research, we must prepare to do more. No matter where a great discovery is made, or by whom, the entire world shares in the benefits. Germany gave us marvels in chemistry. England contributed the steam engine. No country can reserve to itself the advantages of invention. Our lack of understanding of this entire question is largely due to the fact that the slaves who serve us are invisible. Some bring us water and light and heat, while others carry our messages and lift our loads. Civilizations in the past were built on accumulations of human slaves, and when the number of slaves started to decline, the civilizations commenced to topple. The same thing would have happened to us if we had not learned to build our servants of iron. It is interesting to note that while our population has increased 40 per cent, the increase of food products has been 58 per cent, mine products 128 per cent and factory products 95 per cent. In this we find a

(Continued on Page 150)

The Whittier, an Air-Propelled Boat for Shallow-Water Navigation, Draws 3 Inches of Water and Travels at 25 to 30 Miles an Hour. It is Hailed as a Solution to Explorers for Navigating Uncharted Rivers and Waterways Such as the Florida Everglades and Shallow South American Rivers. It is Powered With a 90-Horse-Power Airplane Engine and Measures 26½ Feet Long

Motorists Reduce the Upkeep!



MANY dollars are needlessly spent on upkeep of automobiles that a ten cent roll of Dutch Brand Friction Tape would save.

A short circuit is easily prevented or a leaky radiator hose made tight with a few turns of this "Extra Service" Friction Tape, the kind big industries use.

Dutch Brand is handy around the house too, for insulating electric wires, mending tool handles, bicycle tires, garden hose, etc. In four sizes, 5, 10, 20 and 35c.

Sold at all leading Electrical, Motor Accessory or Hardware stores.

FIX-IT with DUTCH BRAND

1000 Miles for 50c

You can easily add hundreds to thousands of miles to your casings by using Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Cut Filler to seal up cuts and holes. Oil, gravel, mud and water getting in the holes quickly ruin the casing by rotting the fabric.

As soon as your casings are cut or punctured take a nozzle-pointed tube of 2-in-1 Cut Filler, fill up the hole, let it stand over night and the job is done—water-tight and permanent. No need to take the tire off the rim. A large tube for 50c.

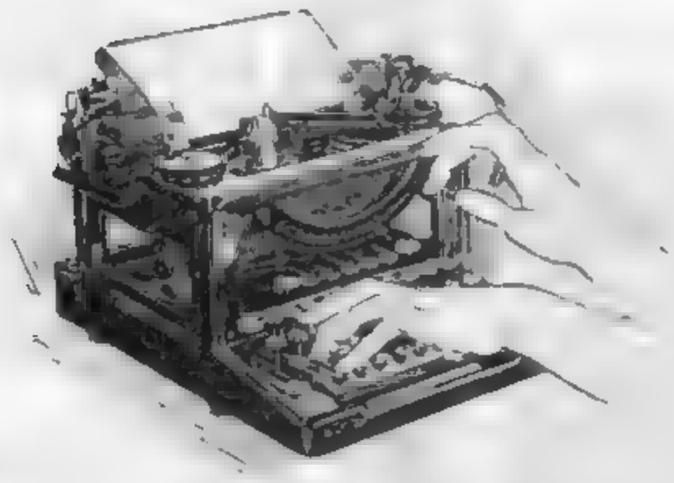
Sold at leading Garages and Motor Accessory stores.

There are twenty other Dutch Brand Motor Aids that will keep down the upkeep of your car.

VAN CELI BROS., Inc.

Manufacturers

Rubber and Chemical Products



Try our Type-Bar brand of ribbons and carbons

A TIRED stenographer makes mistakes —but the girl who operates an L C Smith is fresh and accurate at quitting time. Put in an L C Smith on free trial—see how its easier, speedier, quieter action improves the work of the girl who uses it. Simply ask a representative to call.

L C Smith

THE BALL-BEARING OFFICE MACHINE

MORE college men use Corona than any other make of portable typewriter. If your son is going to college, get him a Corona now. Look for "Corona" in your phone book, and ask to see our standard keyboard model.

L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

711 E. Washington St., Syracuse, N. Y. [Established 1901] Sales offices in principal cities of the world

CORONA

THE PERSONAL WRITING MACHINE

Rakish and distinctive is this new Milano, Smart, what?—It's No. 1780

The Sweetest Pipe In The World

The sunny hills of Italy produced Milano's briar root. And a century of time mellowed it. Skilled craftsmen fashioned the bowl.

No wonder Milano's sweet as a nut, cool as a June breeze—soothing, stimulating, tranquil. Milano is sure to be the favorite pipe of your collection,—the natural mate for your choicest tobacco.

Milano comes in 37 smart shapes, smooth finish, $3.50 up. Rustic models, $4.00 up. All are "Insured" for your protection. Look for the White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Fine Pipes
230 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

"It's a W D C"

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definite cause for the present high standards of living and record earnings.

No effort in the realm of statesmanship has greater potentialities than the plan of Secretary Hoover to raise millions of dollars to finance a program of pure research for a decade. This certainly represents a step forward from the time when Charles Goodyear, unable to procure help, was compelled to pawn his umbrella and other personal belongings in order to carry on his experiments. The kind of research that Secretary Hoover is urging is that which has no really definite commercial aim in view. It was an experiment in pure research that Faraday presented for the consideration of the English Parliament. When asked by a member to explain what value attached to the discovery of electrical induction, the great scientist answered, "Some day you will be able to tax it." The present taxable property in the United States based upon this discovery has a total value of more than $20,000,000,000.

Pure research means safeguarding the future, and this policy, of course, is opposed by those who think only of today. They are like Mose, who got put in jail and found his friend Sam in the next cell.

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?" said Sam.

"Two weeks," replied Mose.

"What am de cha'ge?"

"No cha'ge; everything am free."

"Ah mean what has yo' did?"

"Done shot my wife."

"Yo'-all killed yo' wife, and only got two weeks, while I got six months for stealin' a chicken?"

"Dat's all—den I gits hung."

Modern Miracles

American manufacturers are now spending about $40,000,000 each year in scientific research, and it is estimated that as a result of this investigative work the saving to the nation totals not less than $500,000,000 annually. The yearly expenditure for operating our state-supported agricultural research stations is now in excess of $10,000,000, and the saving to the country is beyond calculation. Research on the Irish potato started thirty-seven years ago, and one result—the change in the requirements of seed certification—has brought about a gain in yield of from 30 to 50 bushels an acre. In other words, the farmer who will replace his common seed by the certified product may reasonably expect such an increase in his crop. In view of the fact that the success or failure of the potato crop of our country is a serious matter to 3,000,000 farmers who grow potatoes, it is evident that such research pays large dividends.

Agricultural investigations are going deep down to the very source of life itself. Doctor MacDougal, in his studies of plant physiology, has actually succeeded in producing a working model of a living cell. More wonderful yet, the cell grows and absorbs sodium and potassium selectively in a manner similar to the absorptive action by plants. This does not mean that we have succeeded in producing life artificially, but we are getting closer to the answer of the question, What is life? Doctor MacDougal's artificial cell cannot commence to function or operate until someone has thrown the switch. In other words, man must upset the balance and start things going. In the case of a natural living cell this is not necessary, for Nature has provided some unknown mechanism that functions automatically.

Hardly less amazing are the experiments of Doctors Smits and Karssen, of the University of Amsterdam. They have succeeded in changing base lead into mercury by subjecting the lead to the influence of the electric current in a quartz lamp. In proving that he had produced synthetic mercury, Doctor Smits passed iodine vapor through a tube containing the product produced by the electric current, the result being the appearance of the familiar red coloring of mercury iodide. These experiments render more plausible the assertions of German and Japanese scientists that they have succeeded in changing lead into gold.

Light Without Heat

The subject of cold light has come in for discussion many times in recent years. Doctor Harvey, of Princeton, has been hot on the trail of the secret of the heatless light that occurs in certain animals such as the firefly. We now believe that ordinary light is produced by oxidation. But the puzzling thing is that in luminescent animals the production of light is unaccompanied by the generation of any appreciable amount of heat. By discovering the principle Nature employs, it is possible we might save much money in our industrial lighting.

Doctor Harvey is getting closer to the chemical composition of the light-giving material in animals. The substances appear to be protein, but he is not certain of their exact atomic structure. Experiments showed that the fluorescence of dead fish is of the same color as that in living fish, indicating that the chemical reaction is the same. He noted that when certain animal forms were exposed to light the luminosity disappeared, but when restored to darkness, light was again emitted in fifteen minutes.

One conclusion is that the reaction which changes the luminous material is similar to the synthesis of substances by the use of light as exemplified by the direct combination of hydrogen and oxygen in the production of hydrogen peroxide. Here is a clew that may permit someone to make the discovery of the age.

The introduction of fused quartz into commercial fields now makes it possible to focus light, without any appreciable heat, directly on an object. The common method is to use rods of fused quartz which are fed light rays at one end and pour this light upon an object at the other end, very much as water is poured from a pipe. The quartz rods carry the light rays with very little absorption just the same when they are curved as when they are straight. Rods one-half inch in diameter and having a ninety-degree bend in them are used for cauterizing tubercular spots in the larynx. New uses for fused quartz are appearing daily, the most common now being for the manufacture of thermometers and for lenses for moving-picture machines.

A new development of much value is the discovery that short wave lengths can be employed successfully in long-distance wireless telegraphy. Captain Round, in association with Marconi, recently revealed the existence of certain qualities in the ether that may be so utilized that wireless communication can cover the earth at a low cost during the business hours of the day. In the past, transoceanic communication has been carried on only at night, with wave lengths of from forty to sixty meters. The proposal now is to use fifteen meters, thereby reducing the power needed for transmission.

The recent high prices for rubber caused us to recognize our dependence upon other lands for this essential material. It is clear that the world demand for rubber in a few years will far exceed production, and America will be hit hardest, for we consume 90 per cent of the entire output. In order to safeguard the future of our industries Congress appropriated $500,000 to find a means of relief. Shrubs and weeds that can be made to produce rubber are under observation.

Of even greater interest are the experiments calculated to get rubber from that class of hydrocarbons which, when left in gasoline, form gums and stick up the valves of our automobiles. The petroleum industry spends millions to get rid of this useless substance, so it is gratifying to learn that the effort to get synthetic rubber from oil has progressed to that point where it is a realized fact in the laboratory.

Vulcanized Kidney Beans

Rubber may be obtained also from the soy bean and even from the kidney bean, if we are to credit the experiments of English chemists. The beans are partly dried, broken up and treated with chemical solutions until they are reduced to a substance that not only looks like rubber but also can be vulcanized.

Developments in the field of transmission by wire are bringing us many marvels. Apparatus is now installed so that the public can telegraph pictures from New York to Chicago or San Francisco. This art of translating an electric current into light and shade is an accomplishment of the telephone people, who have supplied the world with many useful discoveries. In the New York telephone offices, where 3000 engineers and executives are employed, it is not economical to supply each boss with a stenographer or secretary. In solving this problem about thirty stenographers are

(Continued on Page 153)

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Bursting a Hand Grenade to Disinfect a Tree

Extra chairs?

quick as a flash Stakmores are ready

STAKMORE Folding Chairs have become a necessity in every home. Sturdy, rigid construction, tilted backs and upholstered seats give a new experience in comfort. They open noiselessly with a touch of the hand. They fold just as easily. When folded, six Stakmore Chairs can be spanned by your hand.

Stakmore Folding Chairs fill an important place in your home just like your telephone or vacuum cleaner. You will be surprised how often your Stakmores are called into action. How you will depend upon them when guests drop in and how proud you will be to have these smart, stylish chairs ready for any emergency.

They make housekeeping so much easier. Whisk your chairs out of a closet. Set them up for a card game or extra seats at dinner with not a single piece of heavy furniture disturbed or a rug rumpled. When you need an extra chair in the kitchen or bathroom, the white enamel Stakmores are ready. There are 17 uses for Stakmores in every home. Stakmores make your guests feel doubly welcome. They appreciate the new note of hospitality that Stakmores extend to them.

Serve meals anywhere

For small apartments or bungalows, a Stakmore Set is all the dining room furniture you require When not in use, you tuck it away in a closet

Those extra chairs

For radio or telephone, for porch or lawn, you'll appreciate Stakmore Folding Chairs and Tables a dozen times a week

Folding Tables that don't wobble

STAKMORE Folding Tables like Stakmore Chairs are built with Stakmore Rigidity. Unique and patented "Corner Anchorage" eliminates wiggly wobbly legs.

Stakmore Chairs and Tables are finished in a variety of beautiful stains and colorful lacquers that will grace any setting wherever they are placed. They are also made in children's sizes for the nursery room or play house

If you're looking for the *perfect* card table, you'll be interested in the new Stakmore Automatic. Open one leg and all open together. Close one leg and all close together.

Stakmore Folding Furniture is extensively used in Hotels, Clubs, Offices, in fact everywhere that comfortable, durable, and quickly handled auxiliary chairs are required. Stakmore Chairs trim down repair bills, cut down handling time.

We should welcome the opportunity to have a Stakmore Chair act as its own salesman. Use the coupon below for a sample chair. If you desire additional information we shall gladly supply it.

Six STAKMORES folded

STAKMORE CO. INC.
(Formerly The Buffington Co. Inc.)
New Offices and Showroom
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

STAKMORE CO. INC., Dept. H2, 200 Madison Ave., New York City
Gentlemen: Send me [illegible] and $4.50 for which send Parcel Post, one Mahogany, Ivory [illegible] Chair.
I am interested in Stakmore Folding Furniture for [illegible]. Send information and prices for the to [illegible]
Name
Address
My Dealer's Name

STAKMORE

TRADE MARK

ARISTOCRATS OF FOLDING FURNITURE

Hylastic

TANGIBLE PROOF OF GROWING POPULARITY

In daily serving the motoring public, the retail tire merchant constantly keeps pace with what motorists want. Thus, the fact that the number of dealers selling Mason Balloons has doubled in twelve months, can mean only one thing: *more and more motorists are appreciating the greater comfort and longer wear given by tires built with Hylastic Cord*—an exclusive Mason advantage!

* Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton. It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills under Mason's directions and to Mason's standards. It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum comfort and yet is so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 150)

now equipped with telephone headpieces and much time is saved by giving them dictation directly over the phone. When an executive wishes to dictate he is immediately connected through a private switchboard with one of the typists. The letter is dictated and frequently is back on the desk of the executive ready for signature in twelve minutes.

Telephones on railroad trains will soon be a common feature. Notwithstanding that the train covers about three miles during an ordinary conversation, the audibility leaves nothing to be desired. The connection is made quickly and the page boy gets one to the phone as easily as if it were a hotel lobby. In German express trains a competent hello girl handles the calls while the train is racing ahead a mile a minute, and the charges are but little higher than for ordinary long-distance calls. Telephones are in service also on German liners and are operated through a switchboard in the ship's radio room. Passengers can talk to friends on other ships within a radius of several hundred miles.

Telephone research has given us apparatus to help the deaf; a new device which produces talking movies; a public-address system that enables a vast audience throughout the country to hear a speech clearly when given in an ordinary conversational tone; phantom circuits which enable a single wire not only to carry three conversations at the same time but to convey a number of telegrams as well; and the use of carrier current by means of which the lines of electric light and power companies can be utilized for communication purposes. It is even possible to cable pattern designs for silk from Paris to New York.

Work of Ice Engineers

The oil of Persia was carried across the burning desert on camels. Now the caravans have ceased and the precious fuel runs through pipes over lands made famous by the text of the Old Testament. Out West we have our own desert lying in the shadow of Mount Whitney and heretofore disclosing a desolation hardly less than appalling. Although the near-by mountain is nearly three miles high, the valley below is 200 feet below the level of the sea. There is an old Arab saying that "the date likes its head in a fire and its feet in a pool." It was perfectly plain to those who knew the desert that no difficulty would arise from a lack of fire, but the question of water was not such a simple matter. At any rate, engineers got busy, the water was brought in and the date palms have started to grow. Even the isolation of the spot is an advantage, for it would take a plant pest of courage and endurance to make the weary journey over sizzling sands to the baby palms. The desert now promises to become a winter paradise. The heat in the summer in the sun has never been measured, but observations showing 137 degrees in the shade have been recorded; which means that the population in July will certainly find business elsewhere. But the palms seem to like it, and since the offshoots from a single healthy plant are worth more than $200, the opportunities are enticing.

Age-old mysteries are being dispelled. The riddle of the Polar ice packs is being solved. For centuries people have discussed the secret of the aurora and have speculated concerning the origin of the hurricanes that sweep out of the north. Even if our hardy adventurers in modern airships fail to uncover new knowledge of value, we can at least be happy in the certainty that the polar regions hold no problems of momentous importance.

Man's fight with ice has been a never-ending struggle. Science now tells us this enemy is not impregnable. From a small and timid beginning, we are now witnessing the development of a new art—ice engineering. The purpose is to employ methods of ice control to save lives and property, cut the cost of handling snow in cities and permit more efficient development of our water powers. Our bill for ice and snow each year totals hundreds of millions of dollars. Rivers and creeks are choked, causing disastrous floods. One remedy is a new substance which gives a self-contained heat reaction with later effects that work on indefinitely. The intense heat developed by thermite causes an ice pack to heave and shake from shore to shore. The effect on the ice is similar to the spread of a point of infection from a wound. The new science still has a long way to travel, but results so far justify hope.

The fact is that the average person today finds it practically impossible to keep step with all our new technical developments. When we turn in one direction, something bobs up elsewhere, necessitating a change in our point of view. We are in the hopeless position of Mrs. Murphy, who, in exchanging a morning greeting with a neighbor said, "Sure, an' I'm havin' one grand time of it between me husband and the furnace. If I keep me oye on the wan, the other is shure to go out!"

The motion picture was created chiefly to amuse people. Now it is being adapted to a variety of other uses. A few years ago medical students were required to be in actual attendance at surgical operations. Now the operations are filmed so that the students may witness the details later.

Electric lights are cutting the cost of food. One owner of a private trout hatchery in Wisconsin utilizes electric lights in the nighttime to feed his fish. Wires have been strung over the pools and the lamps drop to within three inches of the water level. The lights attract great swarms of flies and moths at night and the trout not only catch the insects that fall to the water but get many more by jumping for them. This scheme reduces the cost of feeding and improves the flavor of the trout.

Electric arcs and quartz mercury lamps are being experimented with in the hope that these forms of artificial light will stimulate plant growth at night in indoor farming. The purpose is to eliminate the hazard of outdoor agriculture and grow crops under automatically controlled conditions analogous to factory production. Tulips under artificial light have been forced from tight buds to full bloom in less than an hour. Gassing fruit to give it a ripe tint is fast becoming a universal practice. The fruits are not harmed by this treatment, provided they are ripe inside. Grapefruit can be colored in twenty hours, oranges in forty-eight. A common plan is to use the exhaust of motors in an air-tight compartment.

Excavating for Eleven Miles of New Subway in New York

We hear much concerning the peacetime uses for poison gases. Some object for humanitarian reasons, fearing the effects on civilization if another war should find nations equipped with great poison-gas industries. They say that only 1 per cent of the cost of the war was spent on gas, and yet this weapon caused 28 per cent of all the injuries. They overlook the fact that only one man in 2300 of those gassed was permanently injured, which compares with one in fourteen of those injured by other weapons. Our first conception of poison gas was such that immediately following the Armistice about 300,000 American soldiers were led to believe that they had been permanently damaged by gas and applied for government aid. The records show that only 70,000 of them really needed attention.

The case for so-called poison gases in peacetime is strong indeed. Chlorine gas purifies our water, bleaches our clothes and can be employed to keep our noses, throats and lungs free from bacterial infection. Tear gas is far better than machine and riot guns in the handling of mobs. Its effect quickly disappears when the person reaches a clear atmosphere. Jewelry stores equipped with a tear-gas apparatus that can be released by the pressure of a foot renders bold bandits as helpless as babes in arms. The use of airplanes to lay clouds of poisonous smoke over infested farm areas will save tens of millions of dollars.

The preservation of foodstuffs and other materials is an ever-present problem. Research showed that oxygen was the cause of decay in perishable goods packed in tins. This brought a new process that leaves carbon dioxide in the can in place of oxygen, thus preserving the food without any admixture of chemicals.

A new refrigerating method in Canada will preserve fish for six months. The secret is to freeze food very rapidly instead of slowly. After being wrapped in waxed paper and packed tightly in cans, the fish are submerged in a circulating bath of brine kept near zero temperature. Haddock dipped in liquid air froze instantly, but this method is too expensive at present. Liquid air, however, is the answer if we can get it cheap enough. Down in South America they have a new process for preserving meat without refrigeration. The product is dipped into a hot liquid made from a secret formula. This forms a tight skinlike covering over the meat when it dries, and all the consumer need do is to strip off the covering before cutting up the carcass. Meat so treated kept fifty days.

Beets and strawberries have provided the canners with a problem. In ordinary shiny tin cans, the beets lost their rich red color and the strawberries developed an acid that soon perforated the cans with holes. The solution was found to be a process of giving the tin plate a coat of enamel on the side that came into contact with the beets or berries. The enamel is applied in liquid form and baked hard in immense gas-fired ovens.

Short Cuts in All Fields

Short cuts are being introduced everywhere. Huge vacuum cleaners now unload cargoes of dried coconut meat at the rate of forty tons an hour, replacing the hand labor of twenty-five men. Weeds became troublesome alongside a railroad, and the difficulty was overcome by attaching a sprinkler arrangement to the front of a locomotive, making it possible to direct a bath of steam against the track, killing the weeds by cooking them. This same plan clears snow and ice from switches. On a famous scenic highway in the West motorists have had a lot of tire trouble. An electro-magnet was suspended to the rear end of a motor truck in such a position that it cleared the highway by about four inches. Storage batteries supplied current for the magnet and the equipment was sent over the road, gathering up 150 pounds of nails, bolts and scrap metal. Most of the articles picked up had been covered with dust and were invisible. The newest thing in cleaning buildings is to substitute live-steam cleaning for the present methods of using sand, acids and soap powders.

Chemistry is giving us more new discoveries than any other line of activity. When logs were first converted into silk, no one realized what an immense industry had been started. Cellulose synthetics are now used not only for dresses and hosiery but even for transparent candy wrappings and the colorless windows in the envelopes that bring us letters. A new argument in favor of artificial silk is the fact that the ultra-violet rays of sunshine will pass through synthetic fabrics more easily than through real wool or silk, and this is a point of

Continued on Page 157

Mary Pickford

AFTER ALL—there is but one Mary Pickford—the brightest name in Motion Picture History.

Now—as though to add emphasis to her leadership, Miss Pickford has produced "Sparrows." The same lovable Mary with her wistful smile, her gay, hoydenish, laughable pranks—but striking a deeper note. This time you see her in a story of tremendous dramatic strength that thrills and stirs with terrific suspense and power.

The Mary Pickford you have always loved is here—but in this picture she is a glowing dramatic figure you have never met. See her as Molly in

"SPARROWS"

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

SOON AT YOUR THEATRE—WATCH FOR IT!

Douglas Fairbanks

Pirates! Buried Treasure! Pieces of eight!
Fairbanks! The salt tang of the Rovers' sea!
The rollicking zest of Doug himself! ✕ ✕

—Here is a film that will fill your lungs with the adventurous air of Pirate Days. The story of a bold buccaneer's love for a beautiful lady, told against a background of the sweeping sea, armed galleons and the black flag of piracy ✕ ✕ ✕ ✕

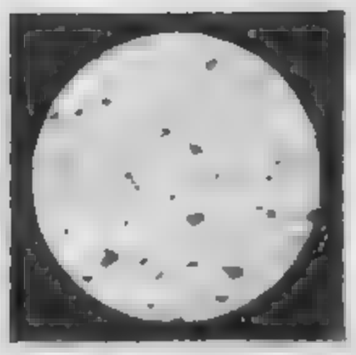
Only Douglas Fairbanks could make such a picture.

In glorious natural colors [*Technicolor Photography*]

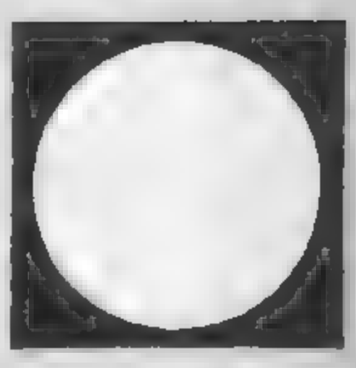
THE BLACK PIRATE

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

SOON AT YOUR THEATRE · · WATCH FOR IT!



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

The microscope tells you why Barreled Sunlight washes like tile

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. Each paint was magnified to the same high degree. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Its surface is smooth, unbroken and non-porous. It resists dirt and washes like tile.

Spotless.. Lustrous.. and lasts for years without repainting

Not only a handsome paint surface, but the most permanent and the easiest to keep clean!

THIS unusual combination has made Barreled Sunlight the favorite for painting walls and woodwork in thousands of fine homes, hotels, schools, hospitals, office buildings.

Its white finish is so smooth it washes like tile—and so durable that repeated washings will not injure it.

Its beauty is such that it replaces the finest enamel—at a lower cost!

And due to the exclusive Rice Process of manufacture, Barreled Sunlight is *guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.*

Even on the largest interior surfaces, Barreled Sunlight's superior qualities are an *actual economy.* Application costs less, because Barreled Sunlight, containing no varnish, flows on freely with brush or spray—and covers remarkably. Once on the walls and ceilings, washing takes the place of frequent repainting.

For use in places that do not require a full Gloss finish, Barreled Sunlight is also made in a washable, handsome Semi-Gloss and an attractive durable Flat finish.

You can get Barreled Sunlight in cans from ½ pint to 5 gallons, and in 30-gallon and 55-gallon steel drums. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat first. See coupon below.

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.

Factory and Main Offices: 26-C Dudley St., Providence, R. I.

New York —350 Madison Avenue
Chicago —659 Washington Blvd.
San Francisco —156 Eddy Street
Philadelphia —[illegible] Chestnut Street

Distributors in all principal cities
Retailed by over 6000 dealers

A pure lustrous white —easy to tint any shade

By simply adding colors-in-oil to Barreled Sunlight white, you can obtain exactly the tint you want to match any scheme of interior decoration. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors, in handy tubes. These colors are almost liquid, blending easily and quickly with Barreled Sunlight. In quantities of 5 gallons or over we tint to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Barreled Sunlight

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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(Continued from Page 153)

considerable value when viewed in the light of public health.

The Dead Sea contains more than 30,000,000,000 tons of mixed salts from which the chemist now plans to obtain potash, magnesium bromide and other values. Germany needs helium and her chemists are making progress in getting a fair quantity of this rare gas from monazite sand—the same sand that is now made into gas mantles. An Illinois undertaking proposes to salvage for fuel purposes the gas now wasted in the treatment of city sewage. In one small town of 50,000 people, 90,000 cubic feet of gas is given off daily from treatment tanks. The gas has a high heating value and burns without odor.

Coal tar continues to be a source of wonders. A German is now able to employ a direct method in getting from the tar essential oils that yield perfumes, dyes and extracts.

But this achievement has been equaled by a group of American scientists in producing important biological stains necessary in the diagnosis of disease. Certain germs have an affinity for certain dyes or stains. When treated with the dyes the germs become colored and can be recognized under the microscope. Microscopic studies, even of milk and water, are practically useless without these stains, and in the past we have been dependent on Germany for them. Gas chemists have converted a nuisance into a useful product. Naphthalene that clogged up the gas lines can be used successfully as an insecticide. Two hundred pounds of it worked into an acre of ground will keep the area clear of insects and worms. Sprinkled in dusting boxes, it keeps poultry free of vermin.

The seismograph and the torsion balance have taken some of the guessing out of oil drilling. Six of the eight major pools located in California since 1920 had no visible structures, and would never have been found by former methods except through accident. Now a charge of dynamite is set off and delicate instruments record the subsurface resistance to the shock occasioned by the explosion. The resistance records tell the geologists whether the location has a liquid content.

Light That Casts No Shadow

Dozens of other developments touch practically every phase of life. Doctor Patrick, of Johns Hopkins University, says that a new product in one test increased the output of steel 10 per cent and decreased the cost 15 per cent. Doctor Mueller, of Berlin, has produced sheets of steel so thin they are transparent. An inventor in Ohio has succeeded in combining iron and carbon in such a way that the resulting steel will bend practically double and still keep an edge of razor sharpness. This duplicates the process of the ancient makers of Damascus swords. A young Viennese scientist announces the discovery of a method to increase twelvefold the amount of electrical current now given off by the average storage battery.

A new light that casts no shadow is finding an immediate welcome in the important field of surgery and in other work where close application is necessary. A Philadelphia waiter has given us an interesting lamp consisting of a small bulb with a reflector which is attached to the nosepiece of a pair of glasses. This invention will benefit surgery also, for it casts light along the line of sight instead of at an angle to it. Think of a torch that can melt and cut steel at any depth under water, and consider what an aid this device will be to the Navy in making it possible to cut through the steel plates of sunken submarines in an effort to raise the vessels and save lives.

A new subsea telephone makes it possible to transmit dot-and-dash communications under water in absolute secrecy. Heretofore the dots and dashes scattered in all directions and could not be interpreted correctly. Now the marooned crew of a submarine can talk with the people above. The sensitiveness of various new instruments is almost unbelievable. A balance scale recently perfected will tip under the weight of the lead deposited upon a piece of paper in making a period with a pencil. A spherometer registers variations as slight as one-hundred thousandth part of an inch in the curvature of lenses for spectacles. Time-measuring instruments will detect variations of a second a week, and a cup micrometer will disclose the change in position of a coal seam that moves only an inch in 100 years.

The Indian scientist, Sir J. C. Bose, has demonstrated the heartbeats of plants, giving us an answer to the question of why sap flows upward. The experiments indicated that each cell, while expanding, absorbs water from below and expels it upward during contraction. Bose says that the heart of a plant is similar to the elongated organ in lower animals like the earthworm. Chloroform applied to a plant first stimulated it and then brought on a death spasm, proving that plants have a life mechanism similar to that of living creatures.

Getting Something From Nothing

Perhaps the most important contribution to criminology since finger printing was discovered is a new instrument that reveals the identifying marks of a bullet. The idea for this invention was supplied by an actual disclosure which came just in time to save an innocent man from the electric chair.

An English invention records every detail of speech, making it possible for us to see our speech as others hear it. The utterances of nervous people show definite characteristics, so doctors may find the device useful in making a diagnosis. A phonodeik makes possible the photographing of sound waves. Another instrument developed in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will transmit voice or music over a beam of light in quite the same way as though the beam were a telephone wire. Aside from its possibilities in radio work, this device will doubtless be used to carry on word-of-mouth advertising.

A Washington inventor has just completed a radio pen that will broadcast maps, cartoons, printed matter or any kind of script. Another marvel is a relay switch so sensitive that an increase or decrease of light above a predetermined amount will cause the switch to close or open, as the case may be. This device will doubtless find a ready market in turning lights on and off in lighthouses, beacons, and even in municipal traffic control. The darkening caused by a heavy cloud will actually close the switch and turn on the light. A closely related apparatus is an arrangement that starts a foghorn going without the aid of human hands. The dimming of a beam of light by the rising of a fog closes an electrical circuit that starts the foghorn. An apparatus to precipitate fogs over aircraft landing fields consists of a corona charging screen, a transformer with rectifying apparatus and an airplane propeller and motor, all mounted on a truck. As used by the Navy, this scheme develops a vertical curtain of charged air that will clear a path 1000 feet high and 200 feet wide over the full length of a landing field.

We have had many airplanes that will take off from land or water. Now comes one that will take off from ice. This new type of machine will save the people on the islands of our Great Lakes from being subjected to the dangers of complete isolation in the winter. Explorers navigating uncharted rivers and waterways can now use a new air-propelled boat that will travel at the rate of thirty miles an hour and draw only three inches of water. A gyroscopic eye for army tanks permits the crew to travel safely through fire, fog, rain or hail. As the tank moves, the gyroscopic eye marks its exact path on a map so that the crew need never be in doubt concerning their bearings.

So fast are we being supplied with new and valuable materials that the industrial executive today can never be certain that tomorrow will not mean a scrapping of machines and a revolution of methods.

A new bullet-proof glass is finding a wide use for windshields and for windows of tellers' cages and pay cars. A new colored ground glass mixed with cement is being substituted for tinted stuccos and plasters. The glass-cement will outlast the older materials and will not bleach out. A textile closely resembling silk is being made from the fiber of long tropical leaves, and a similar development is the use of sunflower fiber in the manufacture of panama hats. The Germans are getting a synthetic substitute for cocaine from products obtained in the manufacture of artificial rubber, and even a waste product like grape seeds is being made to yield an oil that can take the place of castor oil in the lubrication of delicate motors, especially airplanes. This discovery is giving the French a new industry, for castor oil is imported from India and is expensive.

Getting something from nothing is the popular sport of the modern scientist. Teamsters in Texas stopped at a spot where an oily substance seeped from the ground and greased the axles of their wagons. Now it appears that this oil comes from a fossil-fish deposit covering 2000 acres. The oil not only yields ichthyol, a curative agent for skin diseases, but the shale in which it is found can be made to supply fertilizer and a base for paints and varnishes.

Now all this may seem to be a rather lengthy discussion. The truth is it is merely a scratching of the surface of the scientific news of the moment. Though we cannot stop the speed of scientific progress, we can control the direction of the movement. So far as coöperative effort is concerned, we are only groping in the dark. A small-town band had just finished a selection more distinguished for vigor than harmony. As the musicians sat mopping their perspiring faces, after acknowledging the applause, the trombonist whispered hoarsely, "What's the next one?"

"The Maiden's Prayer," replied the leader, after glancing at his program.

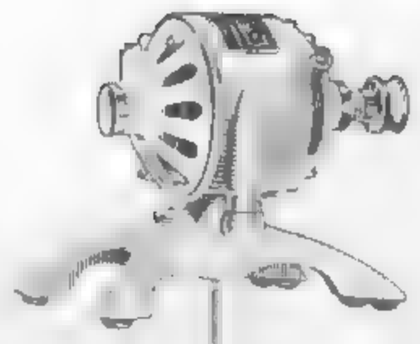
"Some mistake!" exclaimed the trombonist. "That's what I've just been playing."

So it is with us in our research work. Not only do industries work independently of one another but even corporations in the same industry pile up costs and waste effort by carrying on investigations in entire ignorance of what the other fellow is doing.

Improving the Ancient

It must be clear to all that we have plunged headlong into a new age. The more tools we get, the more products we produce. The more problems we solve, the more we find pressing for solution. As a nation we have lived primarily by exploitation. It is capital we have been spending, not income. Now come the work of conservation and the development of our biological resources. Vital questions cry for attention. How can we stop the manufacture of things we don't need? How can we bring about the speedy development of superheat and power transmission? How can we quickly set science to the task of overhauling and simplifying our creaking governing machine? How can we best turn the hot light of concentrated research on our health, food and industrial problems? Finally, how can we banish fear of a progressive civilization, do away with sentimentality and bring people to realize the magnificent future that awaits us and our posterity?

It is but natural that we should love the things of yesterday. But this does not mean that we should be without reverence for the far better things of today. The great clock on the tower of Old Trinity in New York City has stood for seventy-eight years as a regulating timepiece for the watches of Wall Street and lower Broadway. For seventy-eight years someone had to climb the tower and spend three hours cranking the clock. Recently the hands stood still long enough to permit the installation of an electric winding system that



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Simply place the motor against the hand wheel. No bolts, no nuts, no screws. The touch of your toe to foot control pedal gives you any desired sewing speed—fast, slow or any intermediate speed with never a broken thread. Costs less than one cent an hour to operate.

This same motor with attachments mixes cake batter, whips cream, beats eggs, mixes and bears dressings, sharpens knives and tools and polishes and buffs silver. It surely cuts kitchen work.

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...in the world's largest hotel!

When the bellboy opens your windows in the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, notice how easily they operate and how neat and substantial they look. That's because the sash and frames—almost 5,000 of them in this, the world's largest hotel—are made of durable Douglas Fir

The architects, Holabird & Roche, specified Douglas Fir for this purpose, knowing from past experience that the selected, fine grained, heartwood stock of which these sash and frames are made would stand weathering and operate smoothly for years to come.

Fifteen years ago, these same architects used Douglas Fir sash and frames in the North American Building, Chicago. Today these sash and frames are in good condition. They have withstood the attacks of Chicago's winters and summers, smoke and gases. They have held their paint. They haven't rusted, warped or checked and the hardware is attached just as firmly as the day the carpenters put it on.

In many other well-known buildings Douglas Fir sash and frames have been rendering good service for years under widely different climatic conditions. Countless homes also have Douglas Fir window sash and frames as well as studs, joists, rafters, siding, gutters, interior and exterior trim, floors and doors.

Douglas Fir is an all-purpose construction wood whose strength and durability are matched by its light weight and beauty.

In the great forest region of the Pacific Northwest, due to natural reforestation, there is a perpetual supply of this remarkable wood, Douglas Fir.

Your lumber dealer can supply you quickly with Douglas Fir in any size or shape you need; clear heartwood boards three or four feet wide; great timbers up to five feet in diameter and eighty feet long; dainty mouldings; handsome doors. Your architect will be glad to specify Douglas Fir; your contractor will be glad to use this easily-worked West Coast wood.

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costs but a few cents a week and that releases human energy for work that is more constructive. Should this make us sad?

Runners of ancient Rome and Greece, living on a simple diet, breathing unpolluted air and being free of the nerve strain developed by subways, taxis and movies, should have been far superior to the athletes of today. But their records have been surpassed, and the simple answer is—spiked shoes. It would be just as foolish for the business man of the present time to refuse to employ an accepted automatic device to save time and labor as for a modern runner to discard the spikes that lend wings to his feet.

Our trouble is our lack of preparedness to get aboard a new idea the moment the gate is thrown open. We overlook the truth that innovations do not arrive on any prearranged schedule. Many of us are like the fellow about to take a train who was worried by the station clocks. There was twenty minutes' difference between the one in the agent's office and the one in the waiting room. Finally he questioned the porter, who looked at the clocks and shook his head doubtfully.

Then he brightened suddenly and said, "It don't make a single bit of difference 'bout dem clocks. De train goes at 4:10, no matter what."

So in business and life generally today we must be there ready and waiting for the next new development. Actually this means that our mental attitude must be expectant and receptive. Any other frame of mind means industrial death. Great wisdom comes out of the past if we can believe the story of the emperor who called a conclave of scholars for the purpose of reducing the total knowledge of the ages to a four-word summary.

After great deliberation, the report of the ancient convention was: "This, too, will change."

VIGORINE AND THE MISSING PAPERS

(Continued from Page 9)

writhings in the chair by the window, he dragged his suffering body along the narrow dark hall toward his own room in the ell. As he came opposite the door of his late uncle's room he paused and looked in. That room had scarcely been touched since the day following Captain Ezekiel's funeral. Benijah had given it a perfunctory sweeping and setting to rights that day, had pawed over the contents of the bureau drawers and of the closet in the corner. Octavius Bills had given it a much more careful examination, but he, too, had kept away from it during the greater part of his fortnight in the house.

"Reminds me of a buryin' vault," he observed disgustedly. "Enough to give a healthy person the blue creeps, that bedroom is. Nige, you give it a good cleanin' out and then shut the door. I don't want to as much as look in it again. Clean it out and shut it up; d'ye hear?"

Benijah had heard, but as yet he had not obeyed. He, too, shivered whenever he looked into that room. During his uncle's life it had been forbidden territory for him. Captain Ezekiel had sharply ordered him to keep out of it. "I don't want you nosin' around in there," blustered the captain. "I make my own bed to suit me and I'll do my own sweepin' and dustin', if I feel like it. Keep out and stay out."

Benijah had obeyed that order, although as yet he had not obeyed his cousin's to give it a final setting to rights. Now, as a particularly sharp pang of indigestion caused him to halt and writhe before the open door, he felt a strong inclination to remain a mutineer. The room, with its drawn window shades and shadowed corners, was creepy and disturbing. In the haircloth rocker in the darkest corner he almost expected to see the form of his formidable uncle, clad in the blue Grand Army uniform.

The thought of that uniform caused him to remember again what he had remembered during his conversation with Lawyer Bradley, namely, the fact that he had not laid eyes on the blue coat and the hat with the gold cord since the day of the captain's death. They must be somewhere in the house, but where? If they were hidden in some as yet unexplored nook or closet, why—why, there might be other things hidden also. That new will which he was so certain Uncle Zeke had drawn! In The Widow's Mite the missing papers were hidden in a clock. Nobody found them until the very last ten minutes of the play. If they could remain undiscovered all that time in a clock right bang in the middle of the family sitting room, there was certainly a chance that his own missing paper might be awaiting discovery in a less public place. And now that he came to think of it, where more likely than in that very bedroom?

Timidly he stepped across the threshold. On tiptoe he crossed the musty and dusty expanse of rag carpet and raised the shades of the windows. The gray light of a cloudy afternoon made the room a little less like a burying vault, but it did not make it cheerful. It did not, however, disclose the menacing ghost of Uncle Zeke in the haircloth rocker, which was a relief. Benijah walked to the closet in the corner, threw open its door and proceeded to explore.

His exploration disclosed nothing which he had not already known was in that closet. And a thorough ransacking of the drawers in the bureau and washstand revealed no missing papers. Neither did they reveal the Grand Army uniform and hat. That mystery was as dark as ever. Benijah's dyspepsia, for the moment almost forgotten, returned to work with enthusiasm, and he collapsed upon the edge of the bed to groan and moan for five more minutes. Then, because he had so far dared, he decided to dare still further and give that room the setting to rights which had been prescribed for it and which it most certainly needed.

With broom and dustpan brought up from the kitchen he set to work. His sweeping raised a tremendous cloud of dust, for, although Uncle Zeke may have, as he said, swept and dusted whenever he felt like it, he could have felt like it but seldom. Benijah reared a miniature mountain of sweepings in the middle of the floor and then got down on his knees to reach under the bed for more. And on his knees he remained for a long interval. Then he sprang to his feet, seized the great bedstead and pulled it out and away from the wall.

Behind the bed, its upper two-thirds concealed by the high headboard, was a door—a door papered to match the rest of the wall. The door had a small wooden knob with a keyhole beneath it. Benijah dragged the bed still farther away, seized the knob and tugged. His tugging availed nothing, for the door was locked.

In the bureau drawer which he had just ransacked was the bunch of keys which Ezekiel Oaks had been wont to carry in his pocket. Not all the keys remained upon the ring, for Octavius Bills had removed such of them as were needed to lock the front and back doors of the house. The remainder he had not bothered with. "Nobody but a crank, or Zeke Oaks, would lug all that old junk around in his pocket," declared Octavius.

Benijah rushed to the bureau and returned with the keys. There were door keys and trunk keys and keys for satchels and bags and boxes. Also, at least twenty which had ceased to be keys for anything for a long, long time, judging by their rust He tried them, one after the other. The

(Continued on Page 161)

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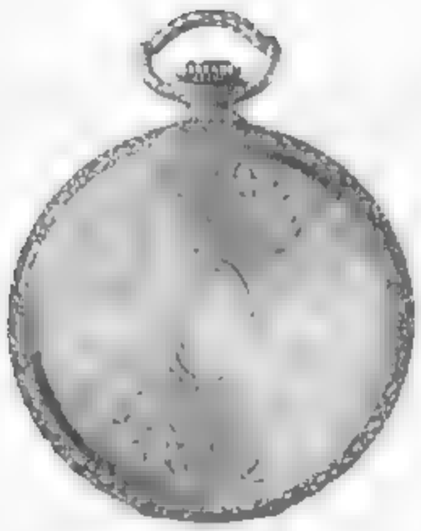

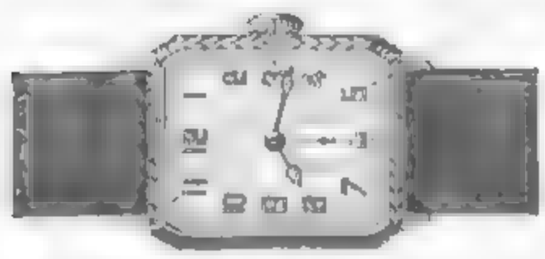

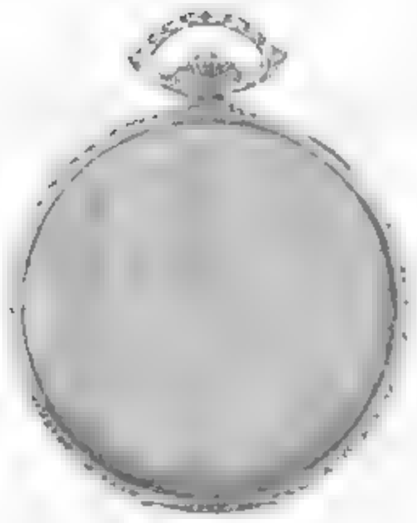

A pocket watch, of course!

—but a strap watch too

for sports and for convenience in everyday wear

THAT touch of dignity in your attire, provided by the combination of watch and chain with a vest—nothing else can supply it!

For that you need the pocket watch.

You need it, too, for correct formal dress and for evening wear generally.

But for sports, the strap is safer. No danger of its falling and suffering serious damage when you are engaged in strenuous exercise.

In summer, it answers the question of what to do with your watch when you wear no vest.

And on cold winter days, it saves the constant removal of your gloves, the unbuttoning of your heavy overcoat, whenever you wish to consult the time.

Two watches are therefore indispensable.

Since a good watch costs no more than a suit of clothes, and serves you many times as long, why not secure now whichever of these two watches you do not already have?

Select the movement you prefer, or that which your jeweler recommends. Probably you will find that it is already dressed in a case by Wadsworth, for thirty-five years the acknowledged style leaders in watch case design.

If not, ask that it be so dressed. For the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside a watch case is your assurance of correct design, finest materials and workmanship, and that exactness of fit essential to adequate protection of the intricate mechanism contained within.

Look for it when you buy. Among the many beautiful and distinctive Wadsworth creations you are sure to find a case exactly suited to your taste, and at a price quite within your means.

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(Continued from Page 158)

seventh trial resulted in success. The key turned and the wall-papered door swung open.

The closet was a small one, with a shelf above and hooks for garments below. It was filled to overflowing. The very first items which met the eager eyes of the discoverer were the Grand Army coat and hat, hanging upon one of the hooks. Benijah took them out and laid them upon the bed. Then with trembling fingers he proceeded to investigate still further.

He unearthed a high-collared black broadcloth coat, a silk vest and a pair of doeskin trousers. He had never laid eyes upon them before; certainly Captain Ezekiel had not worn them during the six years of Benijah's housekeeping. They were of the vintage of the 50's. So was the straight-brimmed, moth-eaten beaver hat hanging beside them. So was the flowered and fur-belowed silk gown on the last hook in the row. Aunt Sophronia's wedding gown, Benijah guessed it might have been. In the corner of the closet were a gold-headed cane and a heavy cavalry saber in its steel scabbard. All these he tossed upon the bed. Then he turned his attention to the shelf above. One by one he removed the articles from it. A pasteboard box full of all sorts of odds and ends, including a pair of old-fashioned gold bracelets, a pair of earrings, a breastpin of gold with a center of braided hair under glass, a daguerreotype of Uncle Zeke as a very young man, a silver ring, a corkscrew. Benijah hurriedly turned them over, but they covered no missing papers. He set the box on the floor and rummaged from one end of the shelf to the other. He discovered there four bottles, bearing flamboyant labels: "VIGORINE. The Great Family Remedy." There was a long paragraph of fine print on the lower part of the label, but he did not stop to read it. The shelf was clear; so was the entire closet, and he had not found what he hoped to find.

The excitement of his search had caused him again to forget his dyspepsia. Now he began to suffer agonizing reminders that it was not dead, nor even sleeping. Even his great disappointment was overshadowed by the misery of his physical torment. He was endeavoring to summon sufficient courage to replace the articles in the closet when his eye fell upon one of the bottles on the floor where he put them. It was a tall green bottle.

He picked it up. "VIGORINE. The Great Family Remedy." Thus read the large print on the label. Benijah began to read the smaller type below. "The Universal Cure for Nervous Diseases, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Headache, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia ——"

Dyspepsia! Why—why, this must be Uncle Zeke's own medicine, that which he had been accustomed to take during his attacks of indigestion. Benijah knew that he had a pet remedy hidden somewhere and that he swore by it; but never would he tell its name or offer to share it with his ailing nephew. And this must be it. Another pang shot through that nephew's tortured interior as he sat there spelling out the directions for its use:

"For indigestion or stomach troubles a tablespoonful or more every four hours."

Benijah sprang to his feet, the bottle of Vigorine in his hand. His intention was to rush downstairs to the kitchen in search of a tablespoon, but at the second step he doubled up with a groan. How could he ever get as far as that kitchen in his present condition? He could not. He would not try. He would risk a guess at a tablespoonful. And the directions said: "A tablespoonful, or more." If he should take a little more it probably would do him no great harm.

With the corkscrew from the pasteboard box he drew the cork, put the bottle to his lips and swallowed once, twice. Then he put the bottle down upon the floor again and rocked back and forth in a spasm of coughing, with the tears running down his cheeks. The Great Family Remedy was fiery stuff, there was no doubt of that. Bitter it was also, sickish, and generally nasty, but if there was virtue in strength it should be able to conquer any disease, even dyspepsia such as his.

He sat there upon the edge of the bed, waiting hopefully, although fearfully, for results, whatever they might be. He did not have to wait long. The effect of the dose was almost immediate. A warm glow, beginning in his throat and stomach, spread throughout his person. It was a comforting glow, a gentle tingling, which, climbing upward to his brain, caused his eyes to open wider and the corners of his lips to twitch. He felt better already; yes, he did; he felt much better.

The internal warmth developed. He began to walk about the room. The twitching of his lips became a smile, then a broad grin. He laughed aloud. Vigorine was living up to its name. It was imparting vigor to him, there was no doubt of that. And what had become of his dyspepsia? It had gone, or if not entirely gone it was now but a small matter, nothing to worry about. He was ever so much better; he felt better than he had felt for years. Even the fact that his missing papers were still missing ceased to trouble him. He danced a jig step or two on the faded carpet.

Well, he must replace the things in that closet. Never do for Octavius to know that he had found them. Especially the bottles of Vigorine. Octavius should never know of their existence. He—Benijah—would cache them carefully in some hidy-hole of his own to which, when his ailment came upon him, he could turn for sure and certain relief. And the relief would be there awaiting him; as long as those four bottles lasted it would be there. Good old Family Remedy! Good old Uncle Zeke!

He replaced the box of jewelry and knickknacks, hung up the silk gown, the broadcloth suit and the tall hat. All this time the warmth in his interior was developing and spreading. By now it was almost a conflagration. He sang snatches of song as he labored. Then he picked up the blue coat with the gold buttons and the badge still pinned below the lapel. Captain Ezekiel's pet coat, that was; he had been very proud of it. Benijah was close to tears at the memory of that pride. Good old Uncle Zeke!

The idea came to him to don that coat and see how he looked in it. He did so. Captain Oaks had been a large man and his nephew was distinctly small. The coat hung upon him like a meal sack on a walking stick. He looked at his reflection in the cracked mirror of the marble-topped bureau and laughed hilariously. A good joke this was. He put on the gold-corded hat. It descended to his ears, where it rested; if it had not been for those widespread supports it would have reached his nose. He lifted the cavalry saber from the bed, drew the curved blade from the scabbard and brandished it. A rather martial figure, that in the cracked mirror; so it seemed to him just then. He waved the saber above his head and gave his reflection a cheer.

Then it occurred to him that he must think of his dyspepsia. It had left him, apparently—that is, most of it had—but he ought to make certain that it leave him for good. If one dose of Vigorine could make such a change in his feelings another should effect a complete one. He reached for the bottle and drank—four big swallows this time. He sat down in the hair-cloth rocker in order to give the cure a fair chance. Give it a fair chance—that was it. A man ought to give anything a fair chance, hadn't he? Well, why not? Yes sir! Why not? He would like to see the fellow who dared say that was not proper procedure. Let him come along and say it, that's all. Just say it!

And then, from the floor below, he heard a voice angrily calling his name.

Octavius' trip to Bayport had resulted in flat failure. The man who had expressed an interest in the Captain Ezekiel Oaks house and land, whom he had believed an almost certain purchaser, had changed his mind and wouldn't talk on the subject.

"No; I've found a better bargain right here in Bayport," he said. "One I can buy, if I want to, and not have to hire a lawyer to make sure I get all that's comin' to me."

"What do you mean—all that's comin' to you?" Octavius had demanded, hotly indignant. "Do you dast to stand there and hint that I'm tryin' to cheat you?"

"I ain't standin'," was the unsatisfactory reply; "I'm settin' down. And I ain't hintin', I'm just tellin'. It's all off, Bills. Now, now, don't waste your breath again! Save it for the next sucker."

Octavius disregarded the advice and wasted a great deal of breath, but it was a vain waste. He returned to South Trumet in the Ellis automobile—the hire of that was another waste—disappointed, angry and ugly. He entered the door of his late uncle's house in a frame of mind which needed an outlet for expression. Mr. Bills was by nature a bully and just then he yearned for some safely pacific victim upon whom to vent his ill humor. If he had owned a dog—a small one—he would have kicked that dog. There was no dog on the premises, so, as a fitting substitute, he sought his cousin, Benijah Oaks.

Benijah was not in the kitchen, nor was he in the dining room or sitting room. Bills strode through the lower rooms of the house shouting "Nige! Here, you, Nige!" with increasing irritation at each repetition of the name. It was not until he shouted it at the foot of the stairs leading to the second floor that he received an answer. Even then the answer could scarcely be called that. Benijah, or someone on the upper floor, was apparently singing.

"Nige!" bellowed Octavus. "Nige Oaks!"

Above, and it seemed from behind a tightly closed door, the muffled voice of Mr. Oaks was uplifted in melody.

"Over there! Over there!
"Send the word, send the word over there!
The Yanks are comin' ——"

"What in thunder?" gasped Octavius. He cupped his mouth with his hands and roared through the impromptu speaking trumpet.

"Nige!" he howled.

The song broke off in the middle of a verse. Footsteps crossed the floor above. Something heavy, it sounded like a chair, fell with a thump which caused the hanging lamp in the hall to sway and its prisms to jingle. A door was banged violently open.

"Well?" demanded Benijah shrilly, but with dignity. "Who's that hollerin'? And what are you hollerin' about? Eh?"

Octavius' ill temper broke loose. Here at last was the victim it had sought. "Hollerin'!" he repeated savagely. "I've been hollerin' for a week pretty nigh. What's the matter with you? Have you been struck deef?"

The footsteps advanced to the edge of the rail in the upper hall. That hall was dark, but Octavius, peering upward, was aware that a figure was bending over that rail and looking down at him. Also that if that figure was his cousin's, there was something peculiar in its appearance. And the voice which answered and the truculence of its tone were even more peculiar.

"Deef?" shrilled Benijah. "Who's deef? Say, who you callin' names in this house? Who be you anyhow?"

This was the last straw. Octavius set a foot upon the lower stair. "Who am I?" he snarled. "Who in the devil do you think I am? What are you doin' up there with the door shut, singin' and hollerin' like a loon? Don't you know it's pretty nigh six o'clock? Why ain't you in the kitchen gettin' supper, you loafer?"

There was no answer. The peculiar figure was no longer leaning over the rail. It had drawn back into the gloom. Bills climbed one stair higher.

"Come down!" he roared. "Come down here this minute or I'll ——"

He stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. The figure which had been leaning over the rail was now standing at the top of the flight of stairs. And such a figure! It was Benijah Oaks, there was no doubt of that, although for an instant Octavius found himself doubting. The thin little bowed legs were Benijah's, and the puckered face with the scrap of chin beard beneath it. But the expression of that face was not the timid meek expression of the Benijah Oaks whom he had bullied about that house since taking possession of it. The little eyes were snapping fire and the bulbous nose was pushed forward like the bill of a bird of prey. And this threatening countenance was crowned and overshadowed by a mammoth felt hat with a gold insigne upon its front and a gold cord encircling it. The body was enveloped in a huge blue coat with shining gold buttons. And in the right hand thrust forth from the flapping sleeve was a long, curved blade which to the bulging eyes of Octavius Bills looked like the sword of Goliath.

"Good Lord above!" quavered Octavius, and descended to the floor of the hall with one backward leap. The menacing figure began creeping down the stairs.

"Good Lord!" quavered Bills once more, retreating toward the sitting room. "Why—why, Benijah! What on earth ——"

Benijah interrupted, broke in upon the frightened question with a yell; a shrill and husky howl.

"I know who you be," he yelled. "You're a Hun! That's who you be—a Hun! I'm Gen'ral Per-push-pushing, 'n'-'n' I'm goin' to wipe you up. Whoop!"

He leaped headlong down the stairs, brandishing the cavalry saber. Octavius did not await his coming. He fled incontinently into the sitting room. The retreat begun in the hall was now a rout, a panic. He fled around and around that room, upsetting furniture, stumbling over rag mats, gasping, howling prayers for mercy. And behind him galloped "General Pershing," making frantic sweeps with the saber, decapitating a lamp chimney, hewing a sliver from the back of a chair, and breathing dreadful threats in a husky falsetto concerning what was to happen to the "everlastin' Hun" when he caught him.

He did not catch him. Octavius, at the end of four record-breaking laps around that sitting room, seized the opportunity afforded by the general's tripping over a rocker to dart into the hall, jerk open the front door and rush madly down the path to the gate and safety. Benijah pursued him as far as that gate; then, as the Hun was already fifty yards along the road to the Centre and still going strong, he gave up the chase. Shouldering the saber, he marched proudly back to the wrecked sitting room, gave himself and the American Army three rousing cheers, sat down upon the sofa, sang another verse of Over There, and then, gently subsiding into a reclining posture, rested from the labors of his recent campaign. The big hat dropped upon the floor beside him, the good sword slipped from his fingers, the mammoth coat flapped open and the contents of its pockets slid out and down to the carpet. General Benijah Pershing Oaks was in the arms of Morpheus—very much so.

On a day in the following week Lawyer Bradley and his most interesting client were again seated in the former's office. Benijah was his meek, timid, diffident self once more. He sat in the ancient pine armchair and dazedly rubbed his forehead.

"I—I declare I can't seem to git a holt of it straight even yet," he faltered. "You say that will—the new will—must have been in the pocket of Uncle Zeke's Grand Army coat, and when you and Doctor Bascom came back to the house 'long with Octavius you found it there and ——"

"Wait!" interrupted Bradley. "Now listen," he added patiently, "and I'll tell you the whole thing again. I had gone out for a walk that afternoon. I met Doctor Bascom, with his horse and buggy, and he invited me to ride over to South Trumet with him; he was driving over there to see a patient. When we reached the fork of the road that leads off to your uncle's old

(Continued on Page 165)

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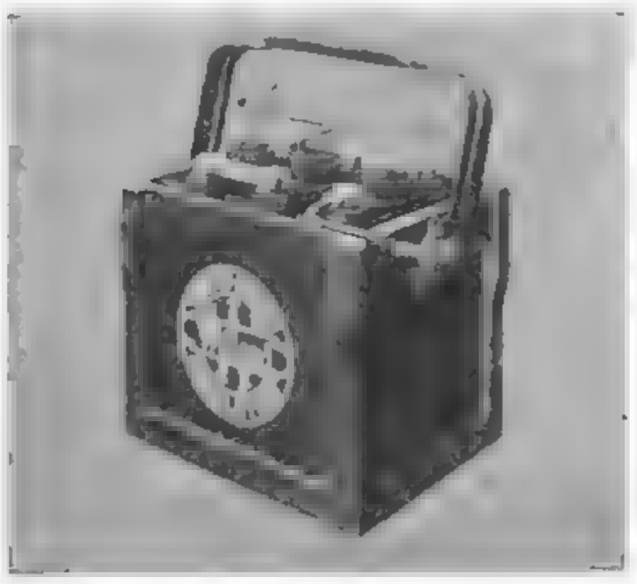

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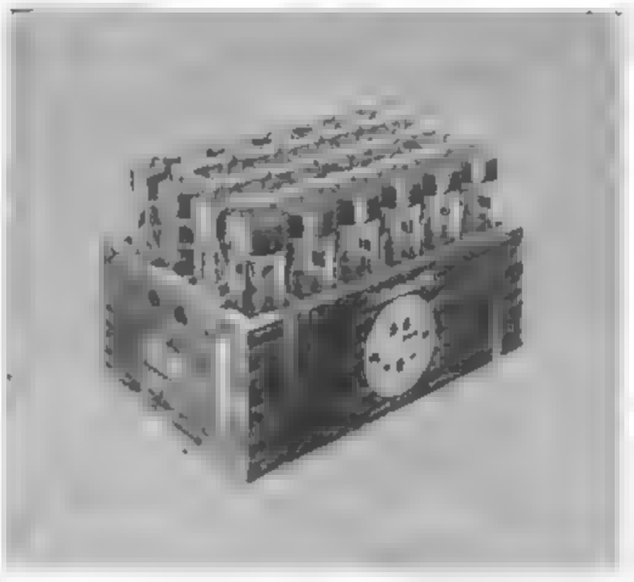

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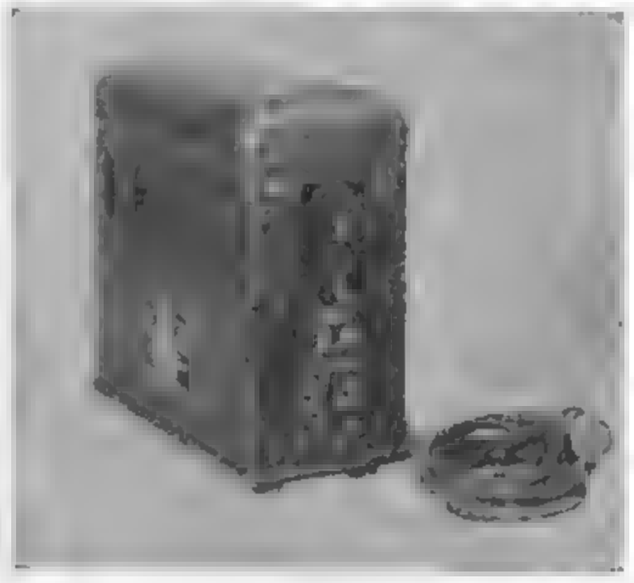

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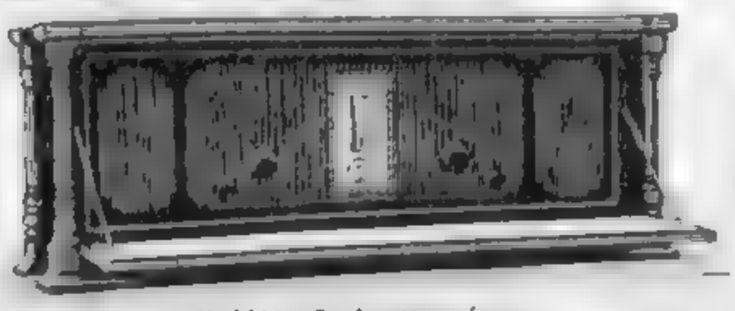

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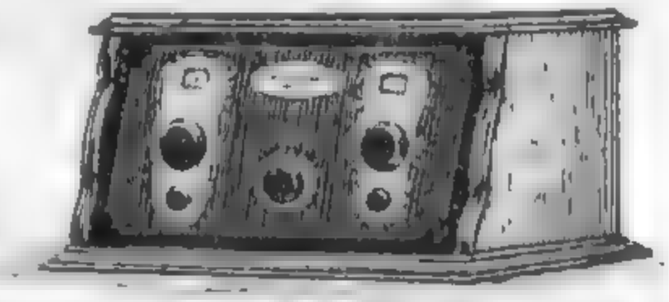


Model [illegible]—*See description above*

(Continued from Page 161)

place we saw someone running toward us across the fields, yelling 'Murder!' and 'Help!' at the top of his lungs. When this fellow came nearer we saw he was Octavius Bills. He was white, out of breath and frightened nearly to death. When we were able to calm him sufficiently to speak a coherent word he told us that you had gone crazy, had dressed yourself in your Uncle Ezekiel's Grand Army coat and hat, and had been trying to cut his head off with a sword. Naturally we were interested, so we took him into the buggy and drove to the old house as fast as the horse could travel. We found you asleep, or in a trance, on the sofa in the sitting room, wearing the blue coat and with the hat and sword on the floor beside you. The papers that must have been in the inside pocket of that coat were scattered all over the place."

"And one of them papers was the missin' papers," broke in Benijah. "I told you, Mr. Bradley ——"

"Hush! Wait! We got you upstairs to bed—that is, the doctor and I did; Bills was too scared even to go near you—and I left Bascom with you and came downstairs to ask Octavius some questions as to just what had happened. He was out in the yard; still afraid, I guess, that you might wake up and try to finish the head chopping. I noticed the papers on the floor and began to pick them up. One of them was ——"

Again Benijah interrupted. "The brand-new will!" he cried. "The one I was so sartin Uncle Zeke had drawed up. Didn't I tell you, Mr. Bradley? Ever since I see that Widow's Mite show, with those missin' papers hid up in the clock, I ——"

"Hush! This is what you must understand: The paper I found was not a new will. It was a codicil to the old will. Your uncle must have visited my father here in this office on Decoration Day, the very day of his death, and only the day before father had the shock that killed him. Between them they drew this codicil. Captain Ezekiel put it in the pocket of his Grand Army coat, went home, changed his clothes, hung the uniform in that closet behind the bed, where he apparently was in the habit of hiding his most precious and private possessions, like ——"

"Like the sword and those bottles of Vigorine."

"Yes," with a smile and a slight emphasis on the name of the Great Family Remedy, "like the Vigorine. That night he died and the next day father was taken down. Neither of them had said a word about the codicil and they were the only ones who knew of it, except Mrs. Tompkins, father's housekeeper, who witnessed it but did not, apparently, comprehend what she was signing. Now, under the terms of that codicil Octavius Bills still inherits the house and land. You understand that?"

Benijah dubiously shook his head. "I understand you to say so, Mr. Bradley," he admitted. "But what I can't understand is how it can be so. Uncle Zeke he says to me that very Decoration Day, he says, 'Nige,' says he, 'you're a poor fool, and everybody knows it, but I'm goin' to leave you the heft of my money when I die.' I remember that just as well as if 'twas this minute. 'Course there wan't nothin' unusual in his callin' me a fool. He was always doin' that, and Occy, he takes after him, seems so. But ——"

"Sh-h-h! Be still! This is the very last time I shall tell you all this; so keep still and listen. Captain Oaks did not say he had left you his house and land; he did say he had left you his money. So he had, the greater part of it. He left fifty thousand dollars in trust for you. You are to have the income from it during your lifetime. My father was to have acted as the trustee, but if you are willing, I know the court will let me so act in his place. You are willing, aren't you?"

Benijah nodded three or four times. "Gee! I'd say I was, Mr. Bradley."

"All right. At 5 per cent, which is about the average interest rate of the securities making up the fifty thousand, you will be paid about twenty-five hundred a year."

"Judas Priest! How—how much is that a week, Mr. Bradley?"

"Fifty dollars, or thereabouts."

"Whew! Fifty dollars a week! Say, I'm rich, ain't I! Well, there was one of them fortune tellers over to the Ostable Cattle Show one year, she told me my fortune and it come out that I was goin' to be rich some day. The time kept shovin' along and I got poorer instead of richer, so I began to figger I'd made a mistake in payin' her the fifty cents she charged. But I didn't. That fortune come true, just same as them missin' papers came true. Yes, sir-ree! They did, both of 'em."

He rubbed his thin knees, obviously trying to comprehend the vastness of his wealth. "Yes, sir," he repeated, "I'm rich. With all that money to spend and four whole bottles of Vigorine to keep off dyspepsy I'm going to have a good time. Whew! What a time I'll have!"

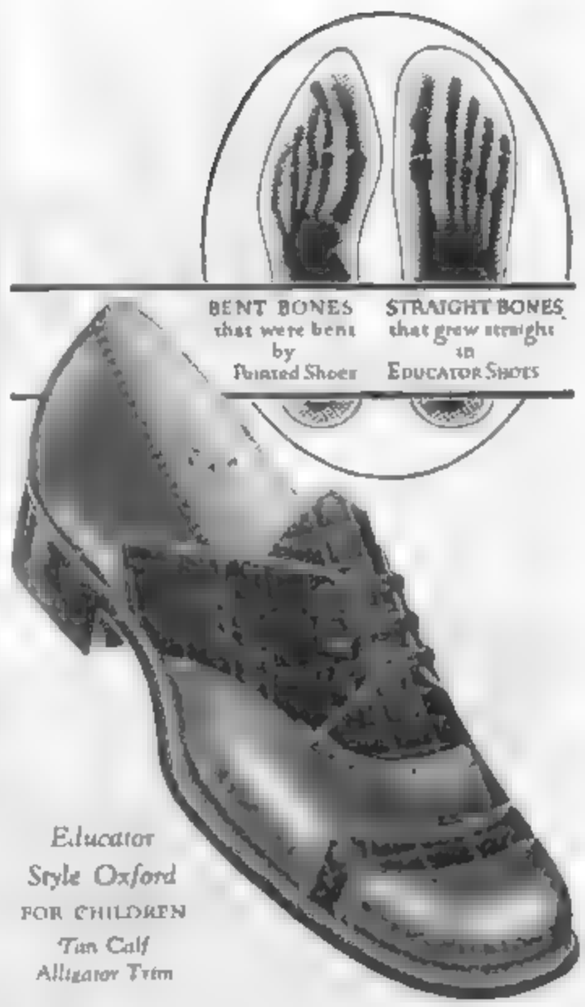
Bradley shook his head. "You will have to come to me for the money, Benijah," he said. "And I shall give it to you when I think you need it, and only then. As for the Vigorine—well, I wouldn't take any more doses of that if I were you. In fact, you must smash those four bottles at once."

Mr. Oaks stared. "Why?" he demanded, aghast. "Smash 'em and not take 'em? What kind of talk's that, Mr. Bradley? It was what Uncle Zeke always took for his dyspepsy and I cal'late what helped him would be likely to help me. I asked old Mr. Willis at the drug store about that Vigorine and he told me it wan't made no more. Uncle Zeke bought the last eight bottles he had in stock a year afore he died. It's wonderful medicine. Why, Uncle Zeke had been takin' it that Decoration Day when he drawed that new will—that coddy will—whatever you call it. He had been takin' it that very afternoon when he came home and told me he'd left me his money and called me a fool. I knew he had"—stoutly—"'cause I smelled it on him. 'Course I didn't know what I smelled then, but I do now, and 'twas that Vigorine. It made him feel fine when he had dyspepsy. Maybe if he hadn't took it that day he wouldn't have been good-natured enough to change his will at all."

Lawyer Bradley smiled broadly. "You may be right there, Benijah," he agreed. "I have made some inquiries of Doctor Brown and Mr. Willis and others concerning your uncle's dyspepsia and you may be right. Nevertheless, I am distinctly against your taking any more of it. The government authorities forbade the manufacture and sale of Vigorine years ago. Perhaps it was, as you say, a wonderful remedy for dyspepsia and bad temper in certain cases, but—well, it analyzed about 70 per cent alcohol."

Benijah Oaks did not understand; that was evident. "I don't know's I just get that Anna—what's her name," he stammered. "But anyhow," he vowed with unwonted emphasis, "I do know that that Vigorine is a wonderful medicine. It used to help Uncle Zeke's dyspepsy and it cured mine. Yes, sir-ree, it did! Why"—with a burst of defiance—"if I hadn't took it that afternoon I don't believe I'd have ever had the strength to—to stand up to Occy the way you say I done. I don't believe I would. No, sir!"

Lawyer Bradley laughed aloud. "There you and I agree absolutely, Benijah," he declared. "I don't believe you would either."



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CHIFFON STOCKINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

say too much—be very careful." She drew herself up. "Why are you asking me these questions, I'd like to know "

The man was pulling out his watch. "Where've you been this morning?" he asked suddenly. "Went out kind of early, dincha?"

"I went out early," Kathie said slowly and distinctly, "to see about getting a job. Russell's been out of work so long I thought I should."

"Get one?"

"N-no, not yet."

"Well, I guess that's about all," Maloney said, and hoisted himself to his feet. "You'd oughta get a job easy in some of them swell stores over't the Beach, a good-lookin' sister like you. Trouble is, girlie—ah—y'see—your husband's kind of got himself into a little trouble, gettin' careless about what name he was puttin' on a check and cashin' it, and I've just had to kind of send him over to jail a while till they have his hearin'. But if you've got any money or your people have, why, pro'ly you can get him out on bail just as easy till his trial time. Now just take it easy, girlie. No use to make a fuss. He ain't the on'y nice young feller that ever got in trouble, an' he ain't the last."

Kathie was not making any fuss. She sat staring at him mutely, with a face so fixed and rigid that it seemed to her she never could move her lips or lift her eyelids again.

Arrested! He was already arrested, and in jail—when she was sitting out there in the park! They had come and arrested him while he was asleep. How dreadful—oh, how dreadful! How could this dreadful thing ever have happened to her? She must know nothing about it, nothing about anything. Oh, dreadful, dreadful!

Both men were staring at her now uncomfortably. She saw quickly that they were not blaming her at all. They were actually sorry for her in a clumsy sort of way. The sight of their awkwardness made her secretly a little more secure.

Maloney looked into his hat earnestly, as if he were not quite sure it was his, put it on carefully and came over and patted her shoulder with a hand like a loaf of bread:

"There now, girlie, brace up. You're all right, you know. 'Course it's tough on you on your honeymoon an' all that, but nobody ain't blamin' you. You didn't have nothin' to do with it. Whyn't you just pack up and go right home to your ma?"

She looked up at him with great swimming eyes, helpless and innocent and pathetic. "Oh, I couldn't do that!" she gasped. "I couldn't!" Thank goodness, they were not going to blame her for anything. Thank goodness, they were just sorry for her.

She wouldn't dream of going home, facing her mother's blunt, narrow-mouthed contempt. She would do anything rather than go home to chickens and washing dishes and black cotton stockings—anything.

"Just stay here as long as you like, Mrs. Olney," Mr. Hutchins was saying, scuttling to the door behind the ponderous tread of Mr. Maloney. "Just take your time. It's too bad, I must say, I never —— Your room's paid up to the end of the week, you know, so don't hurry too much about getting another place."

The first thing Kathie did when the door had closed behind them was to snatch the fifty-dollar bill from her stocking top and wad it up in her small-change purse. Suppose it had slipped down so that they could have seen it through the thin chiffon! They might have made her give it up. It was nearly all she had, even if it were part of the check money. How could she give it up? She powdered her nose carefully and went out to the elevator, standing rigid and unseeing, with her chin up. She felt as if the lobby were crowded with people behind her, all pointing and whispering that her husband was in jail.

In the threshold of their room she paused, biting her lip, her cheeks stinging miserably. The room still glared with sun, although at a different angle, with bright bars falling across the tumbled beds, the room's disorder. Russell's clothes were gone; his suitcase, his toothbrush—everything. Except for some cigarette stubs and a crumpled newspaper it was almost as if she had never had a husband at all, as if she had only dreamed him and this month that was to have been only the first of a lot of lovely months, living in nice hotels, wearing nice clothes, being Mrs. Russell Olney. She had worked so hard to have the house nice for their wedding, with carnations and smilax and the girls in her class at school coming out in automobiles. And now—a red bar of anger burned across her mind. It was hateful, hateful of Russell to have done this dreadful thing to her. He might have thought about her a little, he might have realized ——

There was a note, in hurried handwriting, on her bureau top. The letters staggered and stumbled down the page:

Darling Little Kathie: Darling, please try to forgive me. I've been a crazy drunken fool Take care of yourself somehow, darling. I'm not fit to live. Oh, Kathie, I love you. You better go home to your mother. I'll be all right somehow. I'll try to get word to you, but please, please don't think too badly of me. I'll make it up to you sometime.

Always your RUSSELL.

Kathie read it with her soft lip curling, tore it up with defiant little jerks. That was a nice way to show how you loved anybody! "Go home to your mother." Was that all these men could think of? Well, she was not going!

She washed her face and combed her hair and powdered and rouged carefully again. She felt old and stiff and exhausted, and her eyes hurt, and what she wanted to do more than anything else in the world was to flop on the bed and stay there all day and cry and cry and cry. But there was no time for that. She had to get a job.

She spoke to Mr. Hutchins downstairs as she went out—told him in a faint, quiet little voice that she was going to try to get a job in some shop over at the Beach, and did he know anyone he would give her a card to? He looked at her with a glow of such admiration in his faded eyes that she saw herself as he saw her, being pathetic and lovely and very brave, and it made her feel much better. He was glad to give her any help he could.

Late in the afternoon, when she came back in a bus from the Beach, she had a job, or at least the chance of one for a week, to see how she did. She had gone into all the shops Mr. Hutchins suggested, and all the others too—dress shops, lace shops, shoe shops, jewelry shops, more dress shops, hat shops, gift shops, more dress shops. Outside them, in the wide road, bright automobiles flashed and smart women passed on the sidewalk and the sun was brilliant and there was the heady air of wealth and leisure on a holiday. Kathie had rejoiced in that, as if it were a new universe, even as she was steadily refused work in any of the shops, among the lounging, sleek-headed shopgirls.

But at the last, near the corner of the road, Kathie found a plain little gray-and-white dress shop decorated, not with exotic birds or Chinese embroideries, but only with the bright colors of dresses on long racks. There was a brisk air of good business about it and two girls trying to wait on three customers at once. In the corner a huge woman, as solid and unmoved as a great black satin sack of cement, listened to her with hard little eyes that did not flicker, under an iron-gray pompadour that might have been hand-wrought. Kathie did not altogether like this woman, this Mrs. Grady. She would not care if she did not get a job here.

(Continued on Page 169)

THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER TWELVE

From the beginning John Maxwell purchased his insurance according to the Ætna Plan. Time to keep his protection always up to date and all his assets properly covered.

"That brings your protection up to date"

All policies in full force . . every rate correct . . business, home and family adequately covered in the most economically possible way . . no chance for a slip-up . . a new serenity of mind. . . Are you taking advantage of this new scientific method which insures, year by year, that your insurance is what you need?

CHANGE the circumstances under which a policy was originally written, and you may be over-insured or under-insured. You may be paying too high a premium, or changes made may entitle you to more protection for the same premium.

You may have made additions and improvements to your property or extensions to your business operations which are not adequately insured by your present policies. Your personal forms of insurance protection which you have provided for yourself and your dependents may not have kept pace with present-day requirements.

The new Ætna Plan has been designed to correct these conditions. Briefly, this plan includes:

FIRST—A thorough investigation, or survey, of your general insurance requirements

SECOND—A careful examination, by experts, of the insurance carried

THIRD—The preparation and presentation of a permanent record—an *insurance chart*—setting forth what the survey and investigation have disclosed.

FOURTH—A written report showing how the requirements—as disclosed by the chart—can be met

FIFTH—Continued attention to your insurance needs, and the keeping of the chart up to date.

This service is offered—gratis—both to business and professional men of large responsibilities and to those who are just starting to build a program of insurance protection.

The Ætna affiliated companies are foremost, among multiple-line companies, in the number of lines written and in financial strength. They have dealt in protection for many years. They have facilities for covering any risk, regardless of size, and they maintain service offices in every section of the country. Let us tell you about the Ætna Plan. The coupon is for your convenience

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Name

ÆTNA-IZE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY [illegible] STANDARD FIRE [illegible] INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN

GONE... *the 8-hour cleaning day*

GONE—those all-day endurance contests. Those weary fall and spring household upheavals. And in their place, a light couple-of-hours' cleaning with a Premier Duplex.

Its regular use keeps your home fresh the year round. And with it spring and fall cleanings lose their frenzy—fatigue.

Double action is the secret of Premier Duplex speed and thoroughness. Two actions going all the time. The motor-driven brush swirling up threads, dislodging grit. The strong suction drawing up all the dirt.

And the Premier Duplex never needs oiling. Its motor and brush are ball bearing. They are ready, throughout a lifetime, to accomplish 8-hour results in but a fraction of the time.

Premier Duplex

Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc
Dept. 8207 Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

(Continued from Page 166

"Tomorrow morning at nine," Mrs. Grady said, in a dry, breathless sort of voice. "Try you for a week." So Kathie had a job.

The afternoon had lightened a little that heavy weight of thinking that she was a woman whose husband was in jail. But as she turned in at the hotel lobby it all came back to her, like a great hand crushing her heart. She dreaded to cross that lobby, as if there might be more shock waiting for her. But there was only a young man with blue protruding eyes under thick glasses who had been speaking to the telephone girl and who snatched his hat off as she passed him rigidly.

"Mrs. Olney?" he said. "May I speak to you, please? I am"—he was holding out his card—"James A. Swig, attorney at law." She read it slowly, cold fear clutching at her again. "Perhaps we can sit down over here." She followed his brisk step mutely, sitting obediently where he turned a chair, waiting dumbly while he sat down, leaned to her and tapped her knee cap with a confidential forefinger. "Now, Mrs. Olney," he said, and his voice was low and husky, as if he had a chronic cold, "I'm mighty sorry to hear you and that nice young husband of yours have got in such trouble. I was over to the jail this morning when they brought him in, and I told him then I'd do what I could for him and you both. Now, of course, the first thing is to get his bail. It isn't fixed yet, but a thousand would do it easy, and you'd want as much as that in any case. Mr. Olney tells me he hasn't any folks this side of California, so of course you'll want to appeal to yours. If you can get a thousand here in a coupla days ——"

"Did Russell tell you to come and ask me that?" Kathie said abruptly, through stiff lips.

"Why, not in so many words, Mrs. Olney. Fact is at first he didn't want me to talk to you about it at all, but I told him you'd never stand for that. You couldn't go and leave him in that jail until his trial comes up—maybe two or three months. Jail's jail, you know, and no place for a nice young feller like Mr. Olney. Kind of crowded and it won't be getting any cooler toward spring. Anyhow I said I'd step around and see you, and he wanted to know how you were going to manage. I'll say he's certainly crazy about his little wife, and I can't say I blame him now I've seen her. But now about that thousand ——"

"There's no use talking about that, Mr. Swig," Kathie said, in a low voice. "I haven't any money and I can't get any. I don't think Russell ought—I don't think you ought to expect me to get any either. It's hard enough ——"

Kathie's face twitched suddenly and she choked a little. Mr. Swig leaned back with pursed lips, looking at her through the thick lenses like a fish through ice.

"Well," he said, "no bail, hey? That's kind of tough on a guy, leaving him in a cell like that, all through hot weather. If he was out, he could be working. Don't you think maybe ——"

"No," said Kathie clearly, looking him in the eye, "I don't. Russell got himself into this mess and I don't think you or he has any business to expect anything from me at all."

"Oh," said Mr. Swig shortly, "I see. You're quitting."

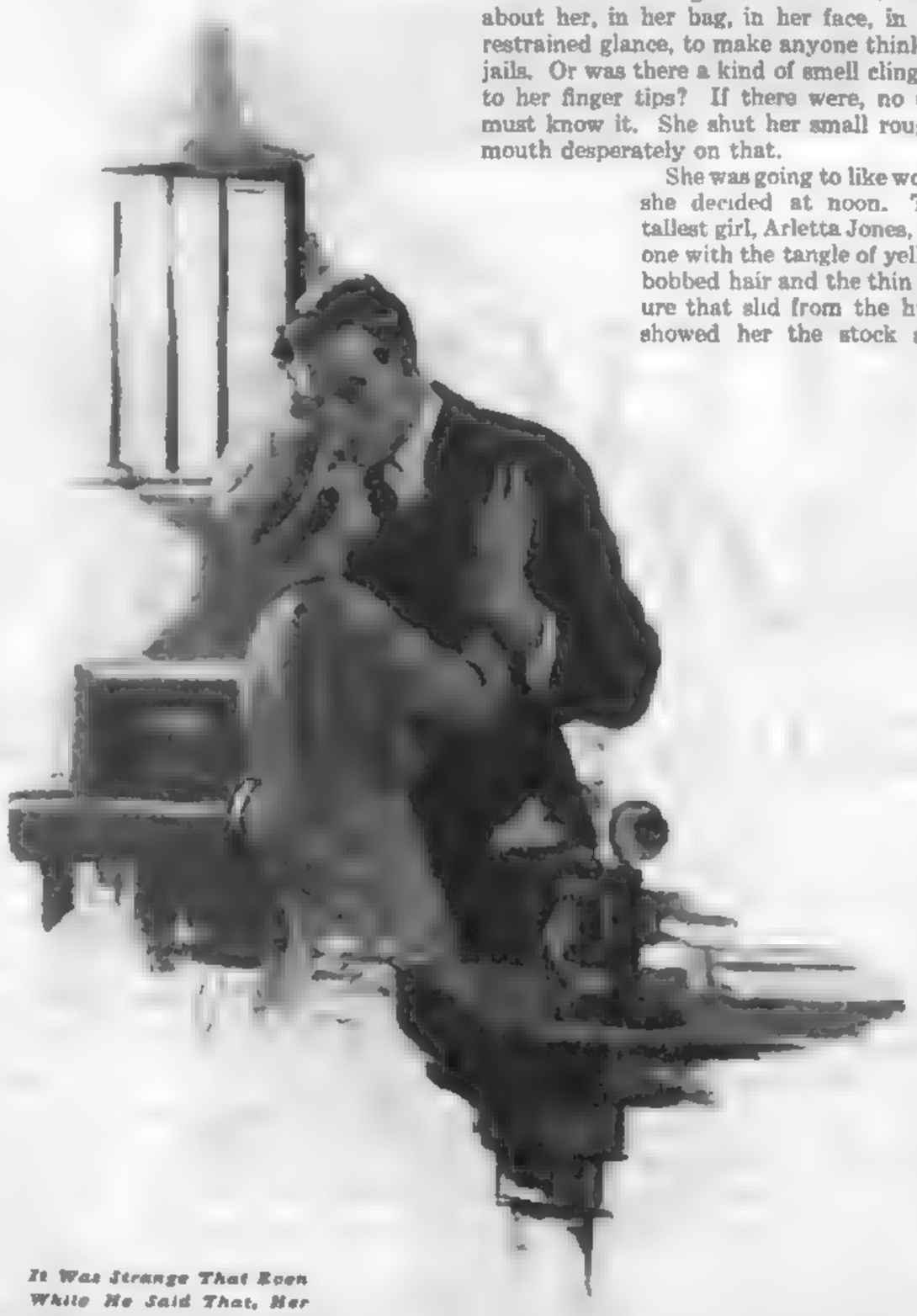
Kathie did not at all like the way he was looking at her. It had none of the pitying admiration of Mr. Hutchins. This man looked as if women like Kathleen Olney were always getting their husbands out of jail, as a matter of course. She rose stiffly.

"Well, won't you come over to the jail tomorrow with me and talk to him about it?" he persisted, keeping at her shoulder.

"No, I won't," Kathie said. "I wouldn't go near it for anything. I have to go to work tomorrow. I should think you'd know it was bad enough without ——"

The elevator door rasped open and she fled, choking with shame and anger and self-pity. That night she went to bed early, feeling as if she had been beaten with sharp sticks and falling instantly into exhausted sleep. But she woke up with a start four times before twelve, thinking she heard Russell's key in the lock. Once it seemed to her as if he had come in and that it was all a terrible mistake. But when she woke the room was empty and quiet and tidy, and she was alone. She cried then until her jerking sobs strangled her and her eyes were stinging and swollen shut. She stopped because she remembered the little hard eyes of Mrs. Grady, taking her on trial. It would not do to go to work with such eyes in the morning.

In the morning, stepping out of the elevator in her best pale-green crêpe-de-chine and her white hat, to be smart for her first day of work, Kathie found a letter in her box as she left the key. She read the pencil



It Was Strange That Even While He Said That, Her Hands Had Crept to His and She Felt His Grip Tighten on Her Wrists

smudges on cheap ruled paper hurriedly on the street, glancing down from one jumbled line to another. She had to walk fast to get her coffee and catch the bus so as to be at Mrs. Grady's by nine o'clock. Of course it was from Russell:

I can't bear to think what I've done to you, darling. Nothing but a crazy fool —— Don't let this man Swig worry you. I wouldn't want you to try to come and see me here. It's no place for you, honey. There's colored prisoners and a man in the next cell that they think killed somebody. He keeps moaning and shouting. Try to write me when you get home. Please, please, try to forgive me. We will be happy sometime yet, dearest little Kathie. I never meant to spoil your life like this ——

When she came to the end she crunched the letter up hastily and jammed it into her bag and walked faster. Spoil her life—she'd show him if he could spoil her life! His helpless, impotent pity made her furious. He might have thought of that first. The phrase was like a tune running through her mind, to the sharp setting down of her heels. He might have thought of that first. It carried her defiantly over the Causeway on the bus, under a marvelous sky, between the two planes of water stretching on either hand the color of pigeons' feathers, gloriously burnished.

It was like passing over into a new life, leaving all that ugliness behind. It helped her to crowd out of her mind the sudden sharp picture of Russell's bony young face, with untidy hair and desperate eyes, waking in that place, that place he wrote of, with colored prisoners and a man moaning who'd killed somebody. He might have thought of that first. At least he didn't have to go out and get work, did he? In a sudden passion of bitterness she tore up the letter and threw it to the wind in flashing white bits.

When that was gone there was nothing about her, in her bag, in her face, in her restrained glance, to make anyone think of jails. Or was there a kind of smell clinging to her finger tips? If there were, no one must know it. She shut her small rouged mouth desperately on that.

She was going to like work, she decided at noon. The tallest girl, Arletta Jones, the one with the tangle of yellow bobbed hair and the thin figure that slid from the hips, showed her the stock and what she had to do, under the motionless cold eye of Mrs. Grady, in her corner. Kathie adored the long racks of dresses, colored like sunsets and gardens; the thin silk sport dresses, apricot, peach, pink, ashes of roses, beige, old rose, lavender, purple, mauve, orchid, pale yellow, daffodil, temple orange, flame color; the afternoon dresses, printed chiffons, georgettes, flat crêpes; the lovely lace dresses, clotted and cobwebby; and the evening dresses, emerald, royal blue, lipstick red, black, white, all crusted and shimmering with sequins and brilliants; dresses like flowers and dresses like jewelers' windows and dresses like filmy wisps of clouds, tinted all colors by an exquisitely designed sunset. It was no time at all before Kathie was handling them deftly and reverently, always with that grim eye of Mrs. Grady like a needle at her back.

She could understand the reason for the brisk air of business which hung about the plain white-painted shop whose wide glass windows looked out to the flashing motors and sunshine and bright awnings and parasols of the smart road. No girl lolled in her chair between customers at Mrs. Grady's. No girl sauntered in late from luncheon. No girl spent an extra fifteen minutes gossiping with the fitters in their little loft upstairs. The fitters themselves never lost any time making their needles flash, secure as they were up that narrow stairway, which Mrs. Grady's bulk never in the world could have accomplished. Mrs. Grady would have known. Under that eye, also, no one let a customer slip out the door until every dress remotely like what she had been looking for had been shown, without regard to tired arms and aching feet. Yet Mrs. Grady would not stand seeing a customer hounded. It was all Mrs. Grady. The shop was popular, prosperous, busy, because of her.

Kathie liked the crisp, orderly efficiency of it. She threw herself into it with a single-minded devotion that was partly the eye, partly her determination to have the job and partly the passion to beat down every memory of the Kathie who was the disgraced wife of a man behind bars. Deep down in her—deep, deep down where the shame of that was burning sullenly—a blind urge to be cool and successful and superior lifted in her like a grinding ache. She would not let her life be spoiled—she would not. The first customer she had that day bought three dresses, surprised into it by an intensity, like a quivering flame of will, which somehow underlay Kathie's carefully lowered voice.

After her early luncheon Kathie found herself left alone in the shop with Mrs. Grady. Kathie was replacing an armful of delicately colored dresses on their hangers, after Arletta Jones' last customer. Mrs. Grady had left off writing with a scratchy pen and was reading the morning paper with occasional abrupt, impatient crackles. Sometimes she snorted loudly. The soft silks slipped pleasantly through Kathie's fingers, and she moved gently, relaxed and forgetful. Suddenly, so suddenly she almost dropped an armful of orchid chiffon, Mrs. Grady said, "Kathleen, c'm'ere a minute." She was pointing with an enormous stubby forefinger at a small paragraph.

With her heart thumping, Kathie read:

Russell Olney, aged twenty-two, of San Diego, California, was arrested yesterday morning charged with forgery. Unable to supply bail, he was remanded to jail to await a hearing before Judge McDonald.

She clenched her teeth, read it twice, to give herself time to choke down the sick feeling within her. His name—right out in the paper. She had not thought of the paper.

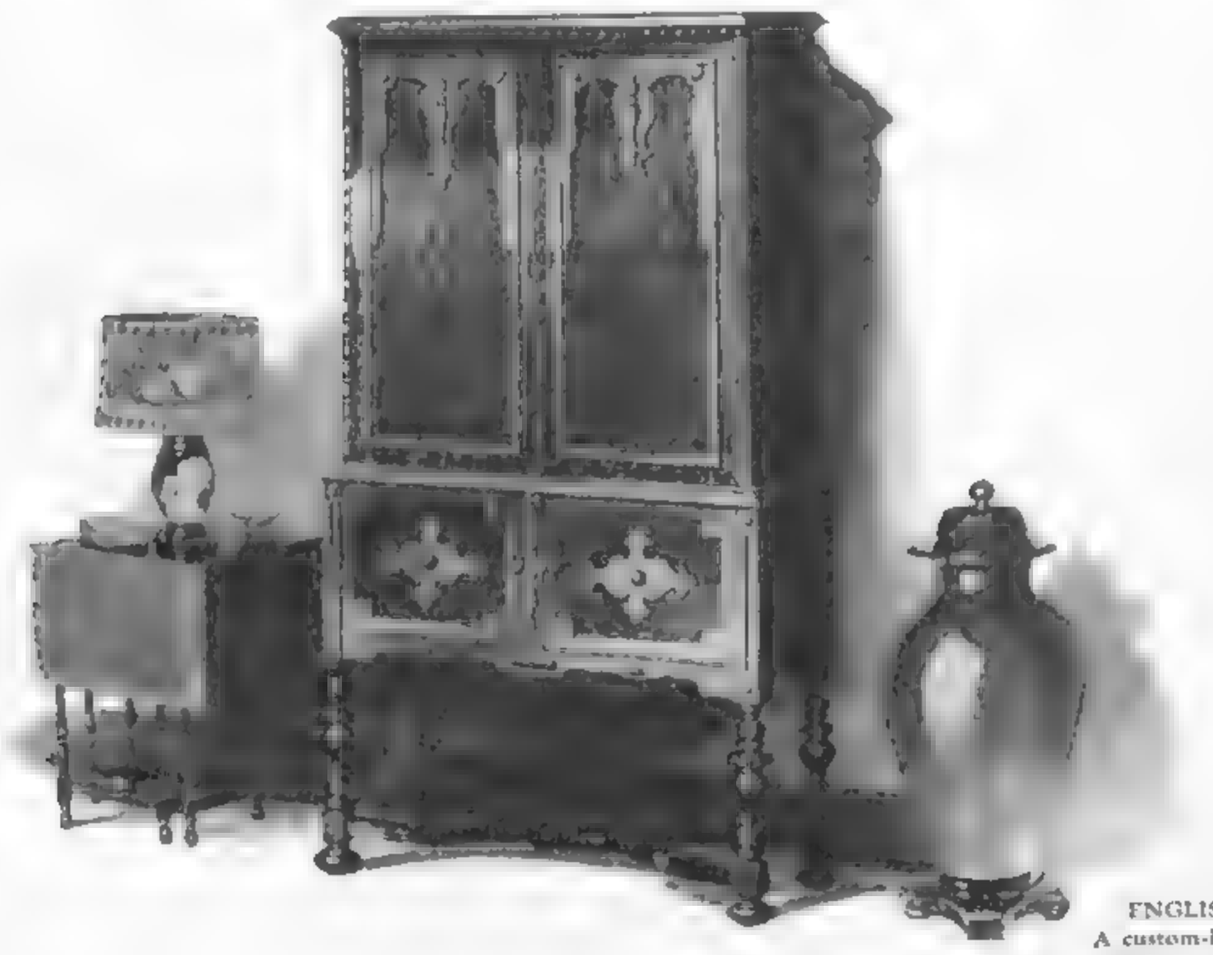
"That your husband?" husked Mrs. Grady abruptly, fixing her with that hat-pin glance.

Kathie would have given anything in the world to have been able to lie about it At that moment it seemed even true that this was no husband of hers. Yet there was the name. She had called herself Mrs. Olney because she had loved the name. If she could only have denied it! But the eye saw too much.

It saw her miserable flush, the desperate shrinking of her glance. She bit her lip hard to keep her face from twitching and nodded dumbly once.

"Well, don't you never have anything to do with him again," Mrs. Grady burst out violently, striking the rattling paper with the back of her huge hand. "How in the world d' you ever come to marry him in the first place? I suppose he thought you was easy. I suppose he got around you with his smooth lying ways. I suppose he was thinking how this time he'd picked a soft one, until they caught him red-handed. That's the way you girls are with the first handsome lying devil that says a few sweet words to you. I've got no time for the way you act. Don't you never go near him again, hear? You can divorce 'em after they've been in jail a while, easy enough."

(Continued on Page 173)



ENGLISH ART MODEL
A custom-built Ortho-sonic set
Without accessories, $600.00

ORTHO-SONIC *ANNOUNCEMENT*

New beauty in the Federal line

WHEN the Federal Radio Corporation introduced Federal Ortho-sonic Radio, a real sensation was created.

Ortho-sonic tone, brought in by the exclusive patented Federal Ortho-sonic circuit, was unlike anything hitherto produced in radio. For it was unusually true to life. Music critics and radio experts alike marveled at it and quickly accepted it. It at once set a new standard of radio-tone perfection.

Now comes another Federal achievement. Sets enhanced by designs whose graceful contours, handsome inlays and hand carvings, and duo-tone wood effects have united in a new standard of beauty and artistry.

Here, we believe, is the ultimate in radio. Here, with beauty and individuality, you get the super-selectivity of sets shielded by the improved Federal method and giving remarkable freedom from interference.

You get super power and super range—the surety of bringing in far distant stations clearly.

You get the ideal one-dial control perfected by Federal engineers and enabling you to bring in clearly any station you want, by the mere twist of the wrist—a control remarkable for its simplicity and effectiveness.

And you get also extreme durability, with dependability. In reality every Federal Ortho-sonic Set is a precision instrument built by craftsmen whose reputation for wireless, telephone, and navy radio reaches back over a quarter of a century. Radio built by makers who are responsible and here to stay.

THE Greater Federal Line includes many models, ranging in price from $75 to $400, and four de luxe custom-built models retailing at $600 to $1000. B and C models have space for all batteries, also for current supply devices which operate from electric light sockets. C models are completely self-contained and portable.

No furniture you can put in your home will ever be more decorative, more enduring, more fruitful of pride and joy.

No radio you can buy will ever serve longer or more satisfactorily. Yet Federal prices are conspicuously moderate. And there's a model for your own particular pocketbook.

Note on opposite page Federal's 14 Points. Then go to your Federal retailer or phone him for a free, non-obligatory, home demonstration—listen in with closed eyes. You will then be thrilled into a complete understanding of the enthusiasm of every Federal owner. And Federal owners are legion.

FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo*, N.Y.
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Operating Broadcasting Station WGR at Buffalo

Federal ORTHO

★ The fundamental and exclusive circuit making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

E-10

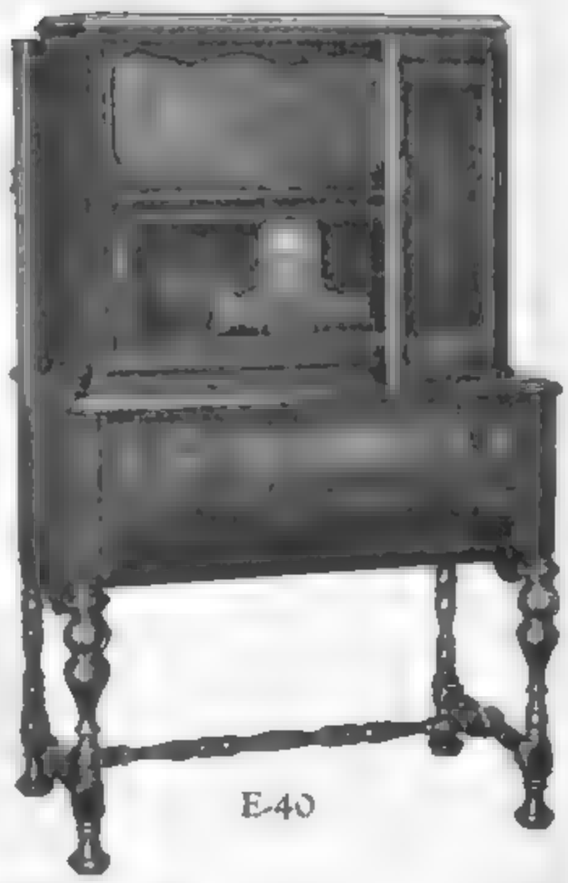
E-10—Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful brown mahogany cabinet—rosewood inlay. Well finished. Satin texture. Without accessories . . . $150.00

E-5—Console as Illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match E-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders . . . $40.00

A-10

A-10—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Rich brown mahogany finish Without accessories . . . $75.00

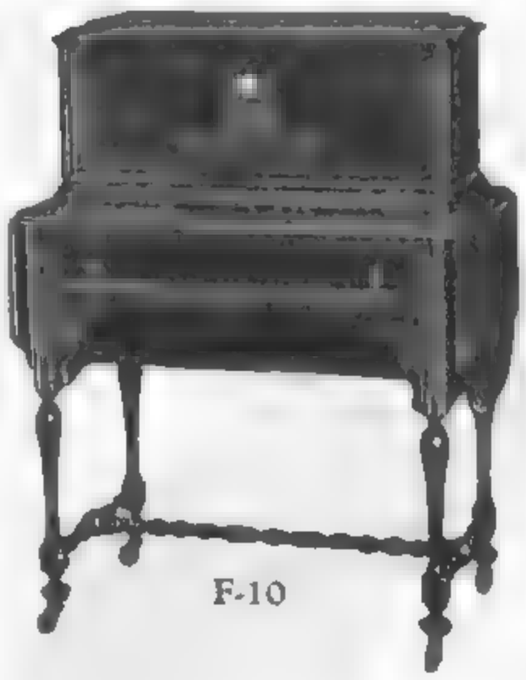
E-40—Six tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Single control. Extremely selective. Maximum receiving range. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Built-in speaker. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet, antiqued and inlaid with rosewood. Ample battery space. Without accessories . $300.00



E-40

F-10—Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with loop only. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Perfect control of volume. Beautiful mahogany cabinet. Vermilion inlay. Finish rich brown—satin texture. Without accessories . . $250.00

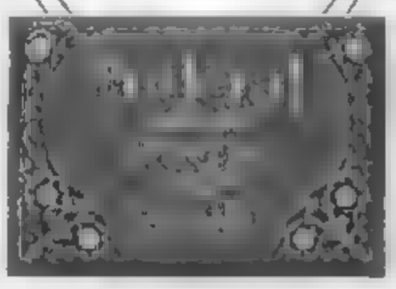
F-5—Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match F-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with special rubber-tired casters . . . $50.00



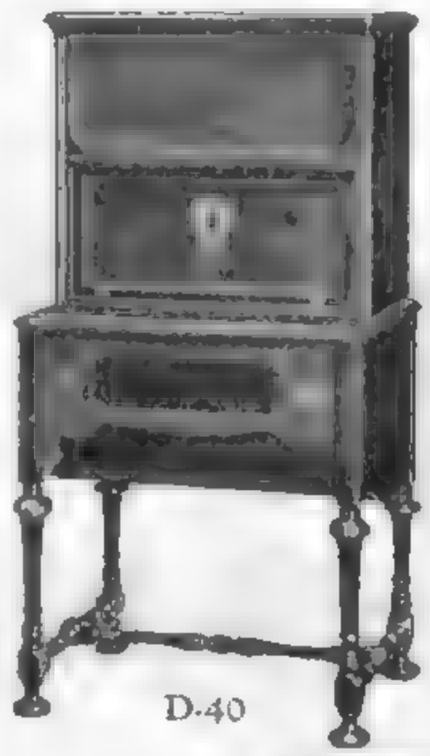
F-10

Federal's 14 Points

1. Orth-sonic receiving sets made complete in Federal factories assures perfect matching of parts.
2. Built around Federal's own patented circuits.
3. Ortho-sonic tone quality—the result of years of acoustical research.
4. Rugged, all-metal construction—will last a lifetime.
5. Cabinets of carefully selected mahogany and walnut.
6. Multi-shielding. Provides isolation of all circuits from one another and from extraneous influences.
7. Simplified control with the maximum efficiency.
8. Razor-edge selectivity; allowing reception of distant stations through locals.
9. Illuminated, self-indicating scale, acting as pilot light.
10. Uses dry battery tubes, also standard tubes, without adjustment.
11. Re-radiation proof—does not interfere with your neighbor's receiving set.
12. Includes a model for every purse and a design for every setting.
13. A precision instrument built by Federal telephone and radio experts.
14. Backed by a solid, substantial company—can never become an "orphan."



The sign displayed by all designated Federal retailers. Wherever you see it feel free to enter, and listen in.



D-40

D-40—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Built-in speaker. Deep, rich tone quality. Receiver compartment slides out. Walnut cabinet. Ample battery space. Without accessories . . . $200.00

D-10

D-10—Five tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. Centralized control. Very selective and sensitive. Mahogany cabinet, mahogany lined. Finish, rich brown. Without accessories . $100.00

D-5—Console. As illustrated. Specially designed and finished to match D-10 Ortho-sonic. Ample battery space. Equipped with gliders. . . $30.00

F-40

F-40—Seven tubes. Wet or dry battery type. Balanced, tuned radio frequency. For use with Loopanly. Single control. Maximum selectivity—long range reception. All-metal construction. Illuminated scale. Extra large built-in speaker. Walnut cabinet, artistically antiqued. Inlaid with Vermillion. Ample battery space. Without accessories . $400.00

SONIC* Radio

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Planters

SALTED

PEANUTS

"The Nickel Lunch"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

San Francisco New York Chicago
Boston Philadelphia
Canadian factory: Toronto

(Continued from Page 169)

Before the breathless violence of the big woman's words Kathie was struck silent with astonishment. Russell didn't have smooth lying ways. He was bashful sometimes. Why, sometimes he was just sweet! But she spoke quickly, trying to match vehemence with vehemence.

"I—I don't mean to," she said, emphasizing her bitterness. "I'm through with him. I'm through. I wouldn't go back to him for anything in the world, Mrs. Grady. But I've got to have a job. I've got to earn my own money somehow. If you don't want me here ——"

"Who said I didn't want you here?" Mrs. Grady said, crushing the paper into an untidy wad with thumps of her big hands. "I said I'd give you a week's trial, didn't I? What do I care what kind of a fool you've been? As long as you do your work I'll give you twenty-five a week and commission, like I said; but the first time I hear about you having anything to do with that good-for-nothing husband of yours I'll fire you so quick it'll make your head spin. Take that paper out to the trash. Fix those georgettes. You've hung them too close. Then you can take these letters out to be mailed. And don't you think I don't mean what I say."

"Yes, Mrs. Grady. No, Mrs. Grady," said Kathie, her heart still hammering fearfully. She had one little flash of resentment. What did Mrs. Grady know about it anyway? And then her own reason reasserted itself. That was exactly what she wanted, wasn't it? Mrs. Grady's opinion only strengthened her own.

She moved her things from the hotel to a cheap room she found in an apartment hotel in the South Beach. The South Beach was crowded and a little cheap, but it was gay and light-hearted and careless under the sun; and in the late light she could go swimming in the sleek lazy sea, the pure color of bluets, that lay, an immense oblivion, beyond the pink-stucco bathing casinos and the hot-dog stands and the passing noisy people. At least no one over here cared who she was.

The next week Mrs. Grady, in three abrupt words, told her that she could keep the place. The hard eyes looked past her indifferently, as if the woman had never beaten at a newspaper and cried out to Kathie against the villainy of men. Kathie did not intend to remind her of it. She was schooling herself in a composure like Mrs. Grady's, a sort of hardening, which kept pace in Kathie with the fixation of that bitterness she had so suddenly learned, now directed toward the whole superior world about her, like a film of hatred over her own eyes. She hated people riding by in great purring motors, hated the girls who came into the store, girls in the street, girls in sport clothes in cars, not any better than she, but just richer and luckier, laughing with good-looking tanned young men. The kind of man she should have married, Kathie told herself. The hatred was not burning or active, but fixed, implacable, a part of that shell of composure she drew about her.

She was composed enough to stare coldly and imperturbably at the small black print in the paper later which said that Russell Olney, charged with forgery, had waived examination at his hearing before Judge McDonald, and, unable to supply bail, had been held to the criminal court of record. That meant he might be in jail for months, she discovered. She did not often remember now even what Russell had looked like, except perhaps in one of those blank, depressed hours before day. Then she drove the image of his dark eyes, his thin young face, harshly from her, counting it only weakness in herself.

All her energies, these days, were directed toward work and toward perfecting herself to her idea. Preening surreptitiously in the long mirrors of the shop, she saw herself daily growing in smartness and in polish, like the girls in the smartest shops along the road; like the exquisitely groomed women, with eyes like chill jewels and soft maroon mouths, who sauntered in from the most elaborate cars. Her color was heightening to theirs, her manner growing more poised, more aloof, more insolent. At least as aloof as one could be, working one's pale-gold head off at the crack of Mrs. Grady's finger.

No one would ever know, she told herself, that her bright face hid any memory not wholly serene and assured. She approved of her long lashes, darkened about her gold-brown eyes; her soft mouth, colored a bright raspberry; her slender curving legs, gleaming in chiffon stockings under some smart little silk dress the color of ripe apricots or pale jade. Mrs. Grady let the girls buy dresses out of stock at wholesale prices. She insisted on their being smart, liked them to be eyed by women customers, approved by men who lounged in to wait for women customers. It was good for business.

In fact, Kathie felt assured because she was established. She knew she was Mrs. Grady's best saleswoman. She made money and saved it. She had nearly five hundred dollars in the bank. It did not seem remotely possible that Russell had been in jail three months.

All this was proved to her the day that Charles Rutherford Ryder sauntered into the shop after Vanessa Warren. All the girls knew Charlie Ryder. He was often in the society columns. He rode hatless around the Beach in one of the most impressive roadsters. He was seen constantly with Vanessa Warren. Everyone knew who Charlie Ryder was, without knowing or caring what he was, as long as he flashed pleasant teeth in a brown, good-looking face, wore his clothes carelessly well, played good golf and better bridge, danced, swam, had a daring line with women and was not appreciably in debt. The general idea was that he did something with real estate and that when Vanessa Warren won that suit for divorce her husband was contesting she would marry Charlie and settle money on him.

Kathie and the other girls knew all this vaguely, as one plucks knowledge of the well known from every breeze. To Kathie, who had never seen him as near as this, he was a splendid figure. He was the sort of man she should have married. He was, she told herself, watching him, the sort of man she would marry yet.

Mrs. Grady's thumb and forefinger snapped Kathie forward to the customer. Showing yellow chiffon sport frocks Kathie had a demure glance with a razor edge for this Mrs. Warren—a laughing, too-animated brunette, too conscious of the charm of this sleek six feet of man lounging inattentively in the wicker chair. There were faint brown smudges beneath her great dark eyes, a little crêpy softness under her chin, not quite the necessary lathelike hiplessness beneath the lipstick red chiffon. She was a little aware that she could not quite hold the light bright-blue eye of Charles Rutherford Ryder from sliding and clinging and sliding back to Kathie under those nonchalant lids. A little glow of triumph broke into fire beneath Kathie's delicately maintained reserve. If it meant nothing more, it was for her both milestone and accolade.

After she had purchased two dresses and was writing out the check at the desk, Mrs. Warren, turning back to Charlie Ryder with a too-vivacious gesture, struck her arm against the corner of a case and sent a broken bracelet clattering to the floor. Kathie hastily gathered up the pieces—two heavy emeralds held lightly with thin gold. Mrs. Warren exclaimed with a pretty careless petulance. It was evidently not her pose to worry about emeralds. But when Kathie gave the pieces into Charlie Ryder's hand, he clung also to her little finger for a long second.

"You're so careless, Van," he said to Mrs. Warren, wrapping up the bracelet in his handkerchief and stuffing it into his pocket. "I told you that thin gold wasn't strong enough. I'm going to keep them and have them set properly for you."

Helping Mrs. Warren into the car, Kathie saw him slide a quick surreptitious look back over his shoulder at her, watching him through the window. It flattered her tremendously. And yet it was queer that it should have been quite so flicked, so oblique, so utterly furtive. But probably Mrs. Warren was the jealous kind.

Kathie was not at all surprised the next day, therefore, when the long green car slid to the curb beside her, walking to the corner for her jitney, and Charlie Ryder leaned out and said negligently, "Get in, can't you? What you walking for?" She settled coolly into the seat, as nonchalant as his own light-blue glance, as if she had always known that her life would be like this. It was exactly as she had intended.

What followed—little dinners with Charlie Ryder, long moonlit drives with Charlie Ryder, dances in casual supper clubs with Charlie Ryder—was also only what she had intended. He often picked her up after work, went swimming with her on Sunday mornings. He was a delightful companion when he wanted to be, and even in those curious black moods which she learned to recognize in him nothing was required of her but to wait pleasantly until they were over. He never tried to kiss her. It was all quite as it should be. And yet there was something else about it which she had not foreseen—a sense of something hurried and furtive. He never asked her out to dinner until late in the day or made an engagement for any time ahead. He even broke engagements with her, at the last minute, with the most perfunctory excuse.

She knew perfectly that she could not afford to resent that. Friendship with him, uncertain as it might be, was still some sort of threshold to that world in which he moved, which seemed to her large and flashing and supremely desirable. In the most casual way she met some of these people whose names were constantly in the society columns. On Thursday afternoons, when the shop closed, he sometimes took her to a tea dance in some hotel garden; and there other men danced with her, too, seemed carelessly to approve of her. Women to whom she had sold dresses nodded at her across their tables, casually and not unkindly. She breathed all that air of expensive leisure as if it were more silken, more invigorating, than any air she had ever known. She adored Charlie's big car and being seen with him sometimes. She adored the way he had with waiters in even the inconspicuous restaurants he seemed to like. Any mood of his, within reason, was to be endured gladly for all that.

Only once she had to show a flash of her own spirit with him. He came to take her to dinner, an hour late, and quite obviously drunk. She refused to go with him and he drove away furious, in a silent black rage that frightened her. For three days she thought she had lost him. On the fourth he called her up, not only sober but in the most hilarious good spirits. He had to go south and look at some land, and as it was Thursday, he wanted to pick her up at the shop so that they could make an afternoon of it.

Driving over the Causeway with him, she felt a great warmth of relief and power flooding over her. She began to think, if she worked carefully, got her divorce quietly, that she might even marry Charlie Ryder. She did not love him, but that was not important. He could give her the position she wanted. Of all the men she had met, he was unquestionably her best chance. The fact that rich women like Vanessa Warren were openly interested in him proved that. She felt sure now that he really liked her better than he did Vanessa Warren. She saw shrewdly that he actually seemed to need her, whether in black moods or gay ones. She suited him as well as attracted him. All that he wanted from Vanessa Warren was her money.

And even as she was thinking that, Charlie Ryder was telling her about his remarkable piece of luck—a tip on the real-estate market that was solid gold, that he

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217	[illegible]	6.00
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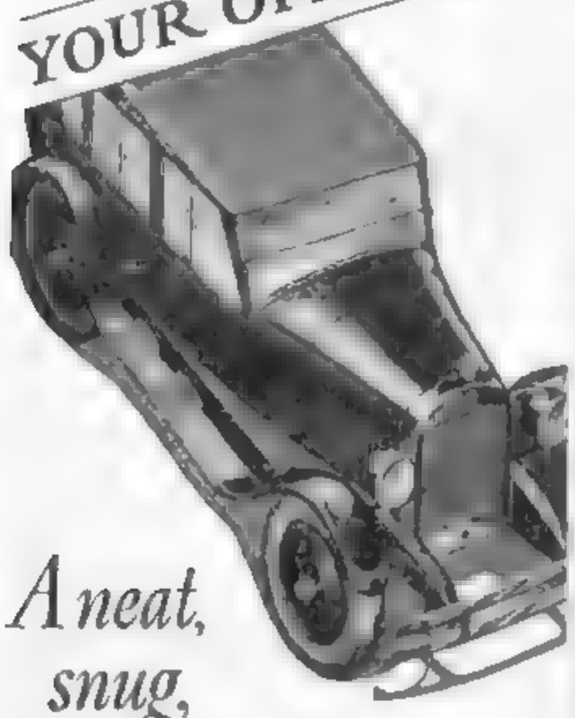

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had as good as wormed out of the very gold mine itself. He was going to let himself go on this. He was going to clean up. Kathie listened, intent with eagerness, as they left the Causeway and slowed up among the denser traffic of Miami streets. Even as he put out a big brown hand and squeezed hers lightly she was thinking that if he made a lot of money she would not even have to worry about Vanessa Warren. It would be an amazing piece of luck.

"Some little pal you are, Kath," Charlie said, releasing her hand. "Some game little sport. If this thing goes over big, child, I'll buy you a string of pearls as big as eggs. Here, for gosh sake, are they going to leave that locomotive on that crossing all day? This is a swell place to get held up."

Still stirred with her elation Kathie glanced carelessly around. By the crowded tracks the air was baked and gritty. Above them loomed a sooty brick building, with high barred windows. There were men's hands clinging to the bars from inside and vague faces staring out. She stared, horror growing in her heart, not yet realizing what it was.

"Jail," said Charlie, following her glance. "How'd you like to be stuck in there on a hot day? Gosh! It gives me the willies. Sometimes I think there isn't any crime bad enough to be punished for like that. . . . Well, there go the gates, and about time."

Could she never, never get over being reminded of that, Kathie thought fiercely, fighting down the sick horror in her heart. Work hard, improve herself beyond all recognition, must she still go through life with that always staring her in the face? She sat dully, choked with that fog of ugliness, in spite of Charlie's gay talk of pearls and much money, in spite of long roaring country roads, lined with the dark green of grapefruit and orange trees, the blown fragrance of blossoms—all the thrill of speed under the sun. She could not throw off the memory of those clutching hands on the bars. She tried to tell herself she had nothing to do with all that. Yet she felt beaten and depressed and old.

They stopped for gas and oil in the little town of Valencia, much farther south; and while Charlie got out to talk to the man about a tire, she forced herself into a sort of composure, glancing idly around. It was not a bad little town at all—parked cars, neat stores, women meeting and talking on the sidewalk. Rather a pleasant air of leisure about it, after Miami or the Beach. The dry-goods-store window was really very smartly dressed. There was a sign in it: Young Lady Wanted. Farther down there was a new stucco movie place, like a doll's house.

In the ticket window was another sign: Cashier Wanted. Not a bad place for some girl who had no particular ambition. Kathie found her complacence returning to her, gazing superiorly at all this from the big car, with handsome Charles Rutherford Ryder jumping in again to start the engine.

Yet when they had turned off the main highway a mile or two south, to a quiet narrow road among fields and cows, or occasional small houses, and stopped in a driveway before another such house, gray-shingled and shabby, with drooping flowers and a chicken yard, and Charlie had left her to talk to the shabby man, Kathie moved from the car to sit on the front steps in the sun. She was fighting against wrenching sobs. Everything was too hard—too dreadfully, impossibly hard. If she could only give up everything and sit forever like this, in this sun, thinking nothing, being nothing, but a kind of brooding in the deep quiet. The impulse to sob aloud passed, left her drained of all feeling. The sun poured down. A rooster crowed lingeringly in the yard. A barefooted boy on a little horse jogged silently by in the road. The rooster crowed again, and then another rooster. She could see the chicken yard from where she sat. They ought not to keep so many roosters. Her thoughts drifted. The man could not know anything about hens. He ought to cull out all those that looked as if they were not good layers. The petunias needed watering. There were grapefruit trees. Charlie had said the woman here was sick and the man would take a very little for the whole place. Charlie came back, walking jauntily, folding up a paper, but Kathie felt a curious reluctance to move. It meant taking up a too-heavy mask, being gay, animated, eager, attentive. And she was tired—tired out.

But once on the road again, Charlie was exultant.

"That's the last, baby," he said. "The poor boob needed the money. It was the cheapest of the lot. Now I've got options on everything you can see along this road to the highway, and some on that. Keep this absolutely under your hat, but this will be the terminal for the cross-state railroad. They've got to announce it and begin buying in thirty days or this land will all be grabbed up. And they're going to have to get it from me. It's an absolutely straight tip. I got it from the wife of the president of the road herself."

Kathie watched silently his mobile handsome mouth take on that half-sly, half-pleased grin that meant he knew he could do anything with women. Kathie did not particularly like that look. Yet what did it matter, if he were going to be very rich? She was fairly sure of him now.

Then for a whole week she did not hear a word from him. It was to her a curiously disturbed week, as if something in her had been shaken. And one night that young lawyer with the thick glasses, that Mr. Swig, came to talk to her again. He told her that Russell's trial was coming up next week. He wanted him to plead not guilty and stand trial, and he wanted to put Kathie on the witness stand for Russell. That way, he insisted, he could twist the jury round his little finger.

"You're crazy," Kathie said to him, in a frozen blaze of anger. "You seem to forget that he is guilty. You seem to forget that he didn't think about me when he did it. Why should I do anything for him now?"

"Because you're his wife," Mr. Swig said to her flatly, with that gaze that held not a single flicker of interest or admiration.

"I suppose you're doing this yourself out of sheer nobility," Kathie said, sneering. "I suppose Russell wouldn't have to pay you a lot of money if you got him off. It's no use talking to me, Mr. Swig. You can tell Russell I won't have anything to do with it, no matter how often he sends you over here. Please don't come any more. Good night."

Three days later Charlie Ryder called her up at the shop—wanted to see her at luncheon time on the corner. He wanted to borrow fifty dollars. It startled her a little, and yet he was gay and casual about having been caught without any change. Of course fifty dollars was nothing but change to him. She wrote out the check in a drug store and passed it to him under the table. He bought her a chocolate milk, but he could not stop longer himself. He was caressingly grateful. He could see her tomorrow night. Kathie went back to the shop humming, reassured and established, as Charles Rutherford Ryder always made her feel.

At eight o'clock the next evening, when the telephone in her room rang, she answered gayly. But it was not Charlie Ryder. It was a Mr. Larsen, who would like to see her downstairs in the lobby. She hesitated, that dull feeling of depression rising in her, as it still did at anything unexpected like this. Mr. Larsen was a lumpy uncomfortable big man in lumpy clothes, with blinking milk-blue eyes. He was from the jail. Yes, he was one of the deputies who worked at the jail. He had come to bring her a letter from Mr. Olney. He was kind of sorry about Mr. Olney. He was one of the quiet ones, never gave no trouble, just sat dull-like all day and looked out the window. Larsen fumbled with his hat and looked worried at the hardening in Kathie's eyes, but he kept on doggedly. Nobody came to see Mr. Olney and he never got no letters, and now that his hearing was to be in four days he thought she ought to—he thought she ought to—well anyway he'd got her a pass from the sheriff if she wanted to come over and see Mr. Olney. In the face of Kathie's anger he held it out to her, along with the letter.

After all, the creature had come way over to the Beach to do it. How queer that a jailer should be like this! She tried to thank him, through stiff lips, watching his eyes grow dull and his face fall a little when she said she could not possibly get over. She had to think of keeping her job. Up in her room again she tore open the letter impatiently. His handwriting was quite plain and firm. It read:

Dear Kathleen: I am sorry you thought I sent Swig to you with that crazy idea of putting you on the stand. I am going to plead guilty and take whatever the judge gives me, so you don't have to worry. I'm sorry I've bothered you with letters. I might have known no girl could keep on caring for a man in jail. If you want a divorce, I won't complain about it. I've done a lot of thinking in here. But I don't want you to think I've stopped loving you, because I haven't. I don't expect I will for a long time.

Yours with love always, RUSSELL.

Kathie read it over with a queer sort of shaking in her knees. She put it and the jail pass under her pincushion. Well, there was nothing she could do, was there? That was all finished. . . . And still Charlie Ryder had not telephoned.

He did not telephone for two days more, and then she did not know whether to be furious or careless or to seem as relieved as she felt. The connection was so bad that his voice came indistinctly, but she could make out that he wanted to see her for dinner. He would send a car for her. He could not wait to see her. And at the end, quite clearly, he said, "I love you, dear little Kathie."

Triumphantly she hung up. Everything was all right. She dressed for dinner in pale peach-colored chiffon, smiling gently to herself. Tucked up in her little rose velvet coat, she still smiled, in the back of the strange car Charlie sent for her, with the chauffeur. For some curious reason she thought of Russell too, as if she had not dared to think of him much before. When she was Mrs. Charles Rutherford Ryder she could do things for him—even go and see him, help him out. She would like him to know that really she had been terribly sorry for him all along. But what curious place was this where the chauffeur was stopping?

The restaurant was evidently up a worn flight of stairs, beyond a screen door, where vague people were eating at small untidy tables. She had made the chauffeur precede her, and now told him to wait. A limping waiter with a red, crumpled face showed her to the door of a private room.

"Mr. Ryder?" Kathie said incredulously.

He was in there, sitting with his head on the table and a bottle in front of him. When she spoke sharply he lifted his head, got up gingerly as if it could be held on only by the most delicate balance. He was quite drunk.

"Charles," Kathie said, outraged, "you're drunk. You know I detest you when you're drunk." If she had been married to him for years, she could not have looked at him with more imperious loathing.

"Kathie—dear little Kathie," he said, pulling himself together with a shuddering effort, "I've waited for you—so long. I've wanted you so. Lis—lissen, Kathie, I—I'm ruined."

"What do you mean?"

"'S'all finished. Those o-options. No good. That woman lied to me, or something. Rai'road's goin' somewhere else. Hotel's goin' somewhere else. Ten thoushand doll'rs—all gone—wasted."

"Well," said Kathie—"well ——" Heavens, what a fool he was—what a drunken, miserable fool! "But after all, Charles,

(Continued on Page 178

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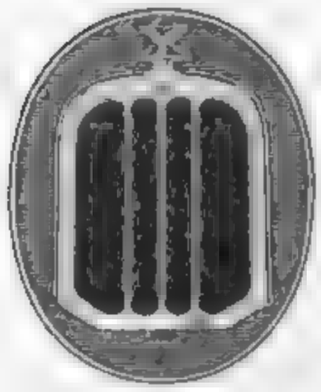

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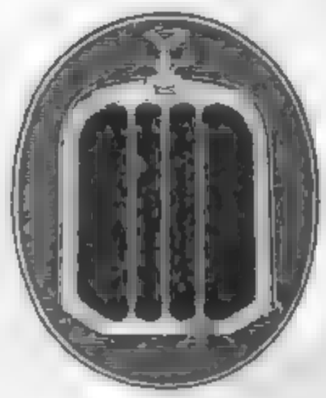

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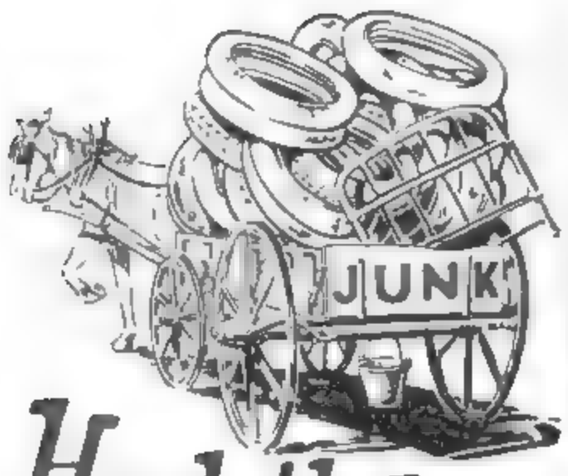

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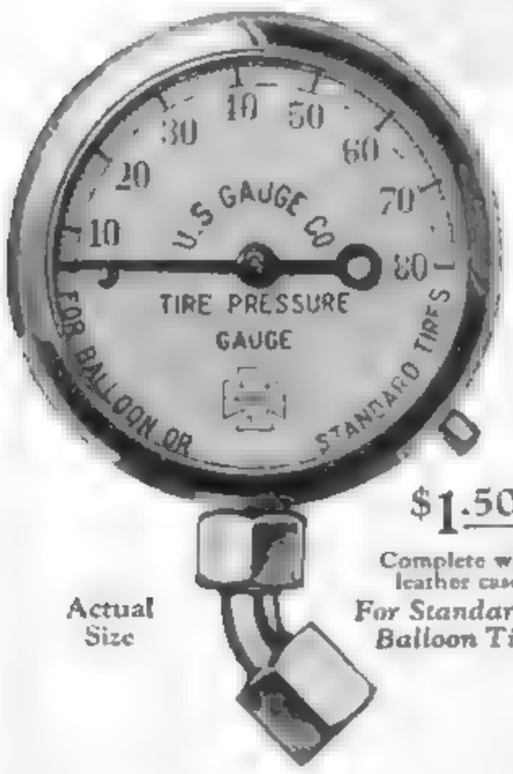

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(Continued from Page 174)

what's ten thousand to you? Is that all the money you had? You can make some more, can't you?"

"You don't unnerstand. That was'n my ten thousand. It was V'nessa Warren's ten thoush—thousand. Tha's why. Can't you see mess I'm in? That bracelet. I di'n't have it—fixed. I pawned it. An' how'm I gonna get it back?"

"Pawned it!" Kathie stood rigid with scorn, anger, disappointment, her eyes stony as she watched him clear his mind with another convulsive effort.

"Kathie, don't look like that. Lissen! You got to help me. Lissen! We'll go away, get married, any time you say. Have a swell time, make lots of money, live way we want to. Lissen! All you've gotta do—see Vanessa Warren. She doesn't know you. Tell her you've got proofs her husband wants to contest her divorce with. She'll pay you ten thousand for 'em. I got 'em, see? Then I can get her bracelet out of hock. I got to. She's fierce when she gets mad. She'd say I stole it—honest. But you'll fix it. And then any time you say, baby, we'll get married. I'm crazy about you. You know that."

"You mean," said Kathie, hardly stirring her stiff lips, "that you want me to help you blackmail Mrs. Warren because you've been a fool. Will you kindly tell me what made you think I would do a thing like that?"

Charlie Ryder stared. "Why not? Your husband's a jailbird, isn't he? It's in your line, isn't it? What you getting so high-hat for, all of a sudden?"

"You knew"—Kathie clutched the table, quivering—"you've known all along. But how—tell me how?"

"How? Mrs. Grady, of course. She talked to me once when you were out at lunch. Said she thought you were straight, but she was watching you anyway, 'cause there was no trusting any woman with her husband in jail. Why, babe, I didn't care. S'why I liked you, don't you see? Plucky li'l' sport. My kind of a kid. Seen life. Won't stop at anything to get what she wants. Tha's why it's so easy for you to fix up this Vanessa Warren business. You and I'll go as far as we like when we get started." Having achieved that burst of eloquence Charlie Ryder poured himself out another drink.

Kathie stood like death. She was shivering a little beneath her rosy cloak. This drunken man owed her fifty dollars—fifty dollars. And it was not her money. It was Russell's—and Peter V. Adams'.

"You owe me fifty dollars," she said slowly. "You owe me fifty dollars."

"Sure," he said, rolling his eyes at her. "Collect it from Vanessa Warren, right out of the ten grand. I got two dollars thirty cents. And these. Look at 'em! Options!"

He spread the table with loose papers. "Ten grand," he said. "Help yourself."

Kathie stared at them, poked them with a mechanical forefinger. No good now. Nobody wanted them. Names—Brown, Partridge, Burnett, Gerrish. Gerrish—that was the man at that little house, that little quiet house with chickens. She picked that up. The option was worth one hundred dollars, to be forfeited at the end of thirty days if the holder did not pay an additional four hundred—land, house and stock—two further notes, one thousand each, payable annually.

"Listen!" she said abruptly. "Give me this option on the Gerrish place for my fifty."

He had fallen into his chair again, jaw slack, eyes glazed and foolish. "All of'm," he said thickly. And then, "Where you —— Here, Kathie!"

She heard him shouting after her as she ran through the other room, downstairs, to the waiting car.

"Take me back home," she said to the chauffeur. "Hurry!"

It was a long, long night.

She dressed slowly the next morning in her old yellow silk, forgot to rouge her lips, pulled on her hat without looking at herself in the glass. She telephoned Mrs. Grady she would not come to work that day and did not care that she hung up in the middle of Mrs. Grady's sharp question. She walked dully down to the bus stand, went over to Miami, stood on a curb among women with babies and bundles, took another bus going south. Well after three in the afternoon, hot, exhausted, dreary, her dress crumpled, her shoes white with dust, she walked up the steps to the jail. She saw herself looking exactly the sort of woman who would walk up the steps to the jail—horribly exactly.

Inside, to a man at a desk, she showed her pass and asked faintly for Mr. Larsen. She waited, looking drearily around. There was a woman crying in the corner, three nervous negroes rolling uneasy eyes. Everything was hot and ugly and there was a smell of disinfectant. When Larsen came through the door seeming no longer uneasy, but large, authoritative, powerful, she was shocked to think how glad she was to see him. He grinned at her warmly, showed her through a door, along a bare cement corridor with bars along one side. There was the sense of crowded life, the smell of jails. Within another door, he turned and grinned again.

"You can wait in here," he said. "Sheriff ain't in. It'll be all right if you keep the door open."

Kathie waited dully, not feeling anything, afraid to feel anything. She would never feel anything, ever, any more. It was a kind of office. The window was barred.

When she turned around Russell walked in through the door. She stared at him without moving and he stood, very still, staring at her. Russell—he was Russell. She knew him, knew every line of his face, knew him utterly. She had not dreamed his face could be so familiar, and his eyes, looking at her. He was exactly the same Russell. Yet there was a difference about him. His dark eyes hid something. He seemed taller, but maybe that was only because he was so quiet. His face was lean and bleached out, and his mouth looked not young any more, but straight and tight, as if he had clenched his jaws for days and nights, days and nights. He did not come toward her or offer to take her hand. Just stood there. Looking.

"Russell," she whispered, and her lips were dry—"Russell." Something leaped in his eyes and went out again and she saw that he was trembling. She was trembling too, and a pain so new and warm and vehement gnawed up within her that she did not know what to do or what to say. "Russell," she said again, and moved uncertainly toward him, and the warm thing grew within her—a great pain, a great trembling. "I had to come and see you," she said at last, forced into words. "Listen, Russell, I've been—I've been a fool too. Silly and blind and a fool. I've been hateful to you, leaving you all this time in this—this place. And now you'll—tomorrow you—will know what your sentence is going to be. Listen, Russell, I'm not going to work over at the Beach any more. I've got a new job, south of here, in Valencia. I'm going to get fifteen a week, cashiering at a movie place. And I've—I've bought a house down there—a little house, with flowers and chickens. It's funny, but I do seem to know about chickens. I'm going to sell eggs. Mother will send me some settings. And with curtains in the window, it'll be —— It's lovely down there, peaceful and green and quiet. I ——" The trembling had crept to her lips and she bit them hard, facing his dark, steady, reserved look. And suddenly something blazed in her, deep and deep, where there had been shame and hurt and cowardice; something strong and steady and beautiful. It choked her, giving herself quivering to it. "I thought," she went on faintly, "when you come back—whatever it is they give you—a year or two years—maybe you'd—maybe you'd be glad to come back down there, to your own place and—and me."

The glow that was in her had leaped into her husband's eyes, over the tight line of his young lips. But he only said, "No, Kathie, you mustn't. I wouldn't want you to just because you thought you ought to. You don't owe me anything—not a thing."

It was strange that even while he said that her hands had crept to his and she felt his grasp tighten on her wrists. The touch went singing down to her very toes.

"But what if I loved you?" Kathie said suddenly. "What if I love you, darling, darling ——" And she cried the rest out on his thin young shoulder, clutched to him fiercely, in a world grown suddenly so strange and terrible and beautiful, capable of such pain and of such breathless joy, that she had no way of knowing or caring that two long runs had worked their way down the whole curving length of her dusty chiffon stockings.

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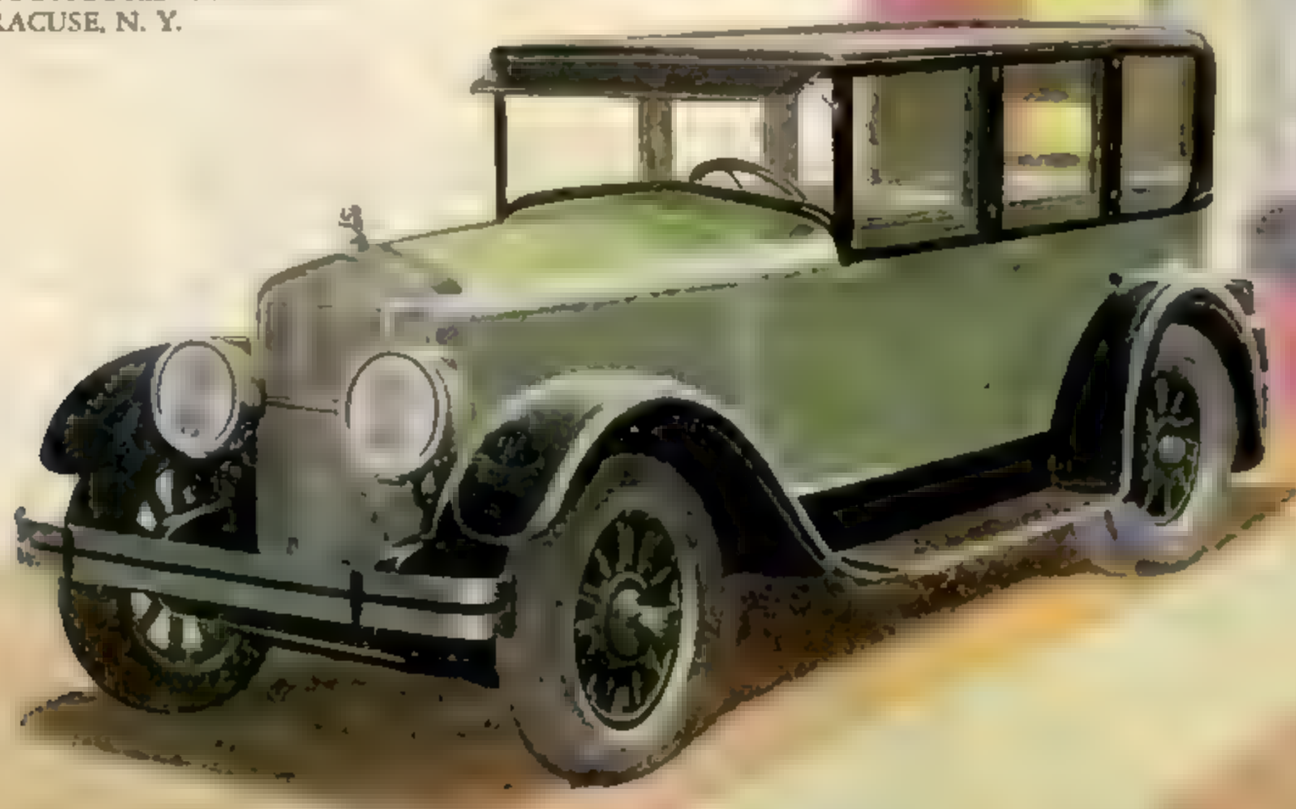

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SEMELE

(Continued from Page 23)

Conkling gravely read, "'But Semele demanded of the god that he visit her in all his glory, and Jupiter, complying to her wish, descended on the palace in his lightnings. The palace became ignited by the celestial fires, however, and Semele perished in the blaze.' . . . Can you make out any of that?"

G. D. squinted horridly at the page and wriggled his legs. He muttered, "M'm. Yeh, there's 'the.' It's in lotsa printin'. . . . An' that's the lady's name wiv the big S to it. And that's 'all'—A-L-L. I remember him from when I went to school some, oncet. . . . Now you show me some moh, 'Rasmus."

Conkling labored for an hour, and then the boys vanished while Robinson and I sweated over our typewriters inside the baking office. When I saw Conkling next he was laced to the slim being of Pearl McCue in the hot, swirling motion of a crowded roof garden where enlisted men danced in the middle of San Antonio. Great lamps cast down a colorless, appalling glow on the moist olive shirts and rowdy frocks of this gathering. Dewey Brown was bobbing—he danced vilely—with a thin blond girl in pink. But Conkling and the delicate widow, whose dull red hair seemed painted wood, moved easily in the jostle, and I admired the black simplicity of her frock, after I had thought for a second that Conkling, inconspicuous in his battery, here had a curious prominence. Recruits fresh from the fields and factories were writhing and hopping to the heavy music's accurate uproar, but Conkling had strangely come into his own. He and the white-faced, slender widow drifted, the aristocrats of an accomplishment, and the boy's shoes were as light as her black slippers.

"He can dance," Robinson drawled, at my elbow.

"So can she, Robbie."

"Yeh," said Robinson tonelessly. "McCue's been dead a year, but she knows she looks swell in black. . . . How old's Conkling?"

"Nineteen."

"So's she," the sergeant stated, as the music stopped.

Conkling had seen us where we sat at a table on the rim of the roof and he led Mrs. McCue toward us. The pretty widow sank into a chair and refused lemonade, saying, "No thanks, sergeant. Only makes you hotter. My night off and it had to be a hundred in the shade! And isn't the music rotten?"

"Pretty sour, Pearl," Robinson drawled. "What would you be doin' if you were back in New York?"

She lay far back in her chair and lifted a white hand to her hair's shimmer. The blue eyes partly closed. Conkling lighted a cigarette and impassively watched her as though she were a guest in his mother's drawing-room.

"I'd find out if there was a good concert anywhere in a park an' go there, sergeant. Or I'd go up to my aunt's and sit on her balcony. She lives where you can look clean across the East River. It's an old house with iron balconies. The ships go by at night, and that's awful-ly pretty. The lights ——"

I was momentarily homesick for the sight of ships alight on dark water, but I had to notice that Mrs. McCue began to say "awful" and changed it to "awfully." And it struck me with a certain force that she had told G. D. to bring Conkling to meet her. And Robinson was watching her with his hazel eyes veiled by the lashes which gave his stares their innocent, childish seeming. And he didn't like her.

"You was a stenographer, Pearl?"

"Yes. I don't know," she said, lazily stroking Conkling's cigarette case, on the table, "if it's stupider being a stenographer in New York or sellin' soda down here. . . . Well, you have to work! Anyhow, a girl can live cheaper down here. I do miss good music though. Another girl that worked in my office an' I used to go and stand at the Opera on Saturday afternoons. That was music! I guess I've missed the opera more than anything else in New York."

Her voice was strange. Men turned in the shop where she was the chief waitress to stare at her when she spoke. The words were always soft, and somehow from a distance, but it was not a melody. Robinson defined it when she had drifted off again in Conkling's arms.

He said, "I hate hearin' a woman purr!"

"She does, doesn't she? . . . Let's get out of here."

"Awright. But where'll we go?"

"I," I drearily said, "am going home. My foot's on fire."

My foot, in fact, had achieved four new blisters on its infected sole when I examined it by matchlight in the quarters, after a tedious drive from San Antonio in a car loaded with infantrymen all tremendously arguing about a new rifle. On Sunday I was inordinately lame, and on Monday morning the medical sergeant sympathetically lanced a few swellings for me while other men attending sick call looked on with horrid interest. I had quite a success in the medical office and was deeply appreciated by everybody except G. D. Brown, who paid no attention and told me crossly, "You took an awful long time, corp'ral!" when I was hauling a sock over my fresh bandages.

"What's the matter with you, sonny?" the sergeant asked, paternally moved.

"I got a sore belly from bein' tattooed," G. D. grunted, pulling up his shirt; "an' for ten dollars I think they'd oughta tattoo you so 's it won't hurt!"

The statement—G. D. Brown, Persis, Miss.—was irrevocably engraved on his pink flat stomach in two neat lines of thin tattooing. Men whooped. The surgeon put his head in from the next room and ordered silence, and then came to scold G. D. on the perils of tattooing, and sent him back to F Battery with a pot of salve.

"Only," said the cherub, recovering his spirits as we walked downhill, "it'll look grand when it's quit bein' sore! And 'Rasmus says it'll 'dentify me in case I got my head blew off in France. So it's good an' useful. 'At's first time I ever heard 'Rasmus make a joke. He's funny wiv ladies, but he dances slick. 'N' he gave the fella at Mis' McCue's twenty dollars not to chuck her out Sat'day night."

"Huh?" I inelegantly gasped.

"Oo!" G. D. chuckled, "'Rasmus was awful upset. He's very genteel for a Yankee. We went back to Mis' McCue's flat after the dance stopped an' had some pop an' sandwiches we'd bought, an' we wasn't makin' any noise. Only this fella—he owns the buildin'—come an' bawled her out. Says he ain't goin' to have no dame bring soldiers in at after midnight an' she could get right to hell outa there. An' I was gonna fight him, only 'Rasmus gave him twenty dollars an' told him to shut up. . . . Gee! 'Rasmus has him a little book wiv blue checks in it, an' all he has to do is sign his name on one an' take it in a store an' they give him a hatful of jack! . . . 'N' after we got slung outa Mis' McCue's we went an' slep' at the big hotel an' had a room size of a church, wiv two beds, an' there was pink stone in the bafroom floor an' the nigger fetched us up our breakfas' on trays wiv chopped-up ice all around the mushmelons! I bet his daddy must make nine to ten thousand dollars a year, corp'ral. He's a manufacturer," G. D. explained, balancing the pot of salve on the back of a grubby hand. "I reckon he's fire chief, too, or some ways prom'nent up in New York, 'cause when Mis' McCue seen 'Rasmus first time last week when you an' him an' Sergeant Robinson was eatin' ice cream in the store there, I was holdin' hands wiv her one end of the counter an' she says, 'Is 'at long boy wiv gray eyes named Conklin'?' 'N' I says, 'Yeh,' an' she says, 'Gee, but he looks like his old man!' . . . Oo," G. D. observed, as an idea crashed explosively in his brain, "I bet 'at's why she bullyragged me to have him meet her! Yes, sir! She wanted to make acquaintance wiv 'Rasmus 'cause she knows his daddy's rich! Ain't women snakes?"

"Your intellect," I said, "increases daily."

Here old Sergeant Mulcahy, leaning out of the orderly room of F Battery's home, sourly suggested that G. D. might as well go to join the men at drill, as he didn't seem to be dying of anything. G. D. committed the pot of ointment to the sergeant in the most friendly way, and trotted off to the meadow where batteries were wheeling the 4.7 guns into place. I limped on to the office and found Robinson sipping coffee while he speculated on a problem in a book of trigonometry. He refreshed himself in this manner before a long day's work and could not be interrupted for half an hour.

When he shut the green manual, I asked him, "What about Pearl McCue?"

"What about her, kid?"

"Well, just what is she?"

"She's too smart," the sergeant drawled in his meekest Ohio voice, "and she's crawlin' in the long grass lookin' for mice. She's what you call respectable, if that's what you mean."

"That," I said, "is what I meant."

The little man rolled a cigarette, uncovered his typewriter and picked up some official papers. Then he said lightly, "Pearl was goin' to go right home to New York when Brick McCue died off, down on the border. They sent me up with the coffin. Then, when my outfit came up for keeps, here she was jerkin' soda on East Houston Street an' a sheep man was hangin' over her nights. Only it turned out his intentions were kinda dishonorable. 'N' then she was goin' back to be a stenographer in New York some more. 'N' then there was a doughboy lieutenant just outa West Point. Only, his mamma come down from St. Louis to inspect him some. 'N' right then this war broke out, an' Pearl she's hangin' on now, lookin' for her size in fools. . . . I've knew dames like Pearl before. I bet she has some kid like Brown in every regiment 'round town bringin' his friends to call on her. But I guess Conklin' can take care of himself."

On the whole, I thought so too. As I say, he was not a clever youth, but he was also not insensitive, and mere training would warn him against a Pearl McCue. Moreover, a complete colonel had arrived to take charge of this new regiment, two-thirds recruits or youngsters who'd enlisted in 1916 to protect the United States against Mexico. This colonel waxed his whitening mustaches, wore boots so darkly polished that they might as well have been black, and rode viciously among the buildings ranged up our little hill, staring ferociously at things, with a frightened sergeant major behind him taking notes. He spoke in majestic snarls to battery commanders and to top sergeants and appeared at drill Napoleonically, with his adjutant, his orderly and a bugler behind him. We knew no peace, and there were now no more passes for San Antonio. Our part of Leon Springs Military Reservation became abhorrently military, and it gave me a distinct shock to see a large car filled with civilians drive up the regimental street in the heated shimmer of Saturday morning. It returned, after a pause at the headquarters on the crest of the hill, and slid into the shade of a tree outside the door of our office. Colors of a famous Harvard club glowed around a tall man's hat, and two small boys in white linen decanted themselves from the tonneau.

"Conkling's daddy," Robinson said amusedly.

(Continued on Page 182)

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(Continued from Page 180)

"I think you're right, Robbie."

"If they ain't fools," the sergeant said, "they'll clear outa here pronto. If they don't, the whole outfit'll be borrowin' money off of the kid, and some fact'ry guy'll thrash him just to show he's as good as any millionaire's pup. Just as well the batteries are drillin' too. Better take it in hand, bud. They want to see the boy, an' ain't thought what'll come of it."

I picked up my cane and opened the screen door, trying to keep my bare ankle and carpet slipper behind my good foot. Only the carpet slipper and the one stripe on my sleeve had identified me to the tall man in gray flannel. It seems that Erasmus Caleb Conkling, 3d, wrote to his father confidentially and at great length. E. C. Conkling, 2nd, nodded to me at once, and a pretty, frail woman in the tonneau of the big, hired machine said, "Oh! I wonder if that isn't one of——"and whispered to the girl who was obviously Conkling's sister.

"We're looking for a private in F Battery named Conkling," said the owner of Casaba Soap, descending.

"You can go down on the field back of the corral and watch him drilling, if you like," I said; "but what I advise you to do is to go straight back to San Antonio."

"I told you so, Marian," the man said sideways to his fluttering wife. "We got in this morning, corporal. . . . So you think this was indiscreet?"

I nodded. A soldier, nursing a boil on his calf, was staring from the steps of F Battery, and the battery's cook, clad in a wrist watch and some tattooing above the waist, was peering from under the canvas of the outdoors kitchen with an onion in each hand—a shrewd French Canadian. This grouped family in their hired car spelled money, and it was not even clever of Pearl McCue to have recognized Conkling if she had ever seen his father. A clerk from another battery and some prisoners in blue overalls from the guardhouse were idly examining the invasion, in the middle of the roadway.

"Very indiscreet," I said.

Hubert, the elderly armadillo attached to the supply office, gave a dry, assenting cough from his perch on the limb which shadowed the doorway. I felt his moral backing, and said to Mrs. Conkling, "It's not wise, you know. The boy would be pestered to death if —er —some of these kids find out who he is. He'd be made conspicuous. . . . He can't get a pass for over Sunday, because the colonel has shut down on them, but he could come in for the evening."

Mrs. Conkling was not unreasonable. In fact, she had perceived the half-clad cook of Battery F under his canvas roof. I think, too, that Hubert's cold inspection from the tree rather frightened her. She said weakly, "Oh, very well. But Sonny could come in this afternoon. And tell him to bring that boy he says is so amusing. Mr. Brown, I think."

"I can't answer for the consequences," I nervously said, "but I'll tell him to bring Brown. . . . There's the end of drill. I really think you'd better get along, Mr. Conkling."

The millionaire swiftly bundled his two small sons into the machine and the driver got the car in motion. It rolled within twenty yards of Battery F, filing from the meadow where the colonel had been scowling for three hours at his regiment. Torrential dust, prodigally lighted by the ferocious sun, had smeared the sweating men. The guns were tubes of orange dust, and the tall person, his arms folded, sitting on the odd-looking thing that trailed behind some sweating horses, probably was an indecipherable mask to Mrs. Conkling. In fact, she picked out an ornate lieutenant on a nice pony as Erasmus, 3d, and waved to him.

Miss Conkling picked on the colonel. The small boys stood on the cushions looking for Erasmus; and Erasmus, 3d, his heart behaving curiously, watched the car and his father's hatband receding as the caisson jolted along, and his eyes filled, owing to the sentiments appropriate to July, 1917. His head was aching anyhow. Five minutes later he came plunging into the supply office and gulped, "I say, were ——"

"Keep your pants on, kid," said Robinson; "your mamma's lookin' fine. All you got to do is get you a pass for Santone at noon and you'll find 'em at the best hotel."

Erasmus slumped on a chair and wiped dust and mud from his face. He said, hazily, "This is my birthday. Dad wrote me they might come down. Rather silly, because mother simply can't stand heat." Having said all this with proper restraint, he tumbled off the chair, his lips turning gray, and lay opening and shutting his eyes and saying, "Silly of me," with the empty voice of a child.

"It ain't sunstroke or he wouldn't talk," said Robinson practically, and emptied a canteen on Conkling's head. Then he rang up the medical sergeant at headquarters and drawled, "Hey, Clarke, fetch us down some hooch an' ice, will you? . . . Yeh. . . . Naw, it's just a kid kinda busted up. Too much drill. Send it on down."

The medical sergeant arrived with a covert flask inside his shirt and some chopped ice in a tin can. He adjudged that Erasmus, 3d, had better take a nap and not start for San Antonio for a time. Robinson then took charge of events. I think he had been more than slightly touched by this mixture of emotions. His only relative was a rather sour aunt in Middle Ohio, from whose care he vanished into the army, over the back fence, at the age of fourteen. But he had noticed that various acquaintances were attached to parents and brothers. It was interesting to discover this trait in the son of an obvious millionaire.

"You look just like your old man, kid. What's he do for a livin'?"

"He's a manufacturer, sergeant," the invalid said, rubbing ice on his forehead.

"Oh! Casaba Soap, mebbe?"

"Yes," the boy murmured, being the poorest of liars.

"You better keep that dark, sonny. Your life wouldn't be safe. You'd have to bury your money in a hole an' sit on the hole."

Conkling chuckled and nodded. His head was fairly ringing and his legs felt the brandy he'd swallowed from the medical sergeant's flask.

"Pearl McCue," Robinson drawled, "useda bang a typewriter in your father's office in New York. Mebbe she told you, other night?"

"No. That's awf'ly interesting. No, she didn't tell me. Don't suppose she connected me with dad. Conkling's quite a common name."

"So it is, kid. But then," the sergeant yawned, "Pearl ain't so common."

He was amused by the solution of a little human trigonometry, and looked at me with a grin when the boy had ambled shakily through the sunlight to take a nap in F Battery.

"An' that's what Pearl's after, kid."

"I see. But he has too much sense to fall for her, Robbie."

"Yeh. She's Miss Semele," the philosopher chuckled. "Knows that Jupiter ain't just an ordinary guy. Only he won't ever have to burn her up to get shut of her. He's not her kind."

After noon men began to stroll in fresh clothes toward the trees that hid our cantonment from the central camp of the reservation, and I thought of an evening in San Antonio with some relief. It meant, at least, the endless show of East Houston Street and ices in the glittering soda shops, or coffee with Robinson's strange acquaintance, Maria, who weighed three hundred pounds and could remember the cheering over Maximilian's execution in Mexico City and the rumor that Grant, the devil of the North, was to come down to avenge the dead emperor, and much else which she recounted in French or battered English. About four I went for a shower in the empty, roofless bathhouse, and found G. D. importantly fitting himself into clean white underwear.

"'Rasmus has went in, corp'ral. His folks is here! 'N' I'm goin' in to eat supper wiv 'em!"

"Remember," I said, "that soup is more blessed when silently eaten, G. D., and that the knife is not meant for a fork."

"Shut y' face! I don't eat wiv my knife, corp'ral! Think I dunno how to ack? Course I do!"

He did, as a matter of record—or he did, to be exact, in anything worth consideration. In September of 1918 he sat for some five hours under a shattered hedge in upper France with both hands gripping Conkling's broken arm, and the rain fell on both of them equally. His manners nowadays are more reserved. He decorates the office of the Casaba Soap Company in New York with a certain haughtiness, and the other night someone pointed him out to me in a theater as a member of an old Southern family. She called my attention to the peculiar aristocracy of his strong pink hands, although murmuring that his grammar was simply atrocious. But then so many Southerners use abominable grammar, she said. They pick it up from their colored nurses. Anyhow, in July of 1917 I apologized to him for my rudeness and loaned him four dollars, as Erasmus had forgotten to give him his fare to San Antonio.

Erasmus really left the camp in a kind of daze. His head ached, so that he hired the whole of a car to be alone in, and the sunlight hurt his eyes. He wondered whether his sister would think him grown—he dreaded her greatly; she was fifteen—or ask indiscreet questions about the private lives of soldiers. He hoped that G. D. would be moderately politic at dinner, and thanked heaven that the boy didn't eat with his knife. And then he remembered that he didn't know which hotel sheltered his family. But mostly his head ached with a dull and then sharp vibration of the nerves. It would be rotten to fall ill on his twentieth birthday, and with the family down here on his account. But he was certainly feeling awful. East Houston Street's arcades and windows flickered a bit in his eyes when he paid the driver. His family wasn't registered in the first of the town's two big hotels. He left the teeming lobby and began to walk toward the other hotel, gritting his teeth a little. Perhaps he should have stayed at Leon Springs and had me telephone to dad. Uniforms and frocks were unequal blots under the arcades. He had to say, "I'm sorry!" as he bumped into a woman.

"I'm not," said Pearl McCue.

Erasmus wiped sweat out of his eyes and took off his hat. The widow smiled at him for a moment, and he thought, in vagueness, how cool and pallid she was in her black frock. You saw more of such women in New York, smartly quiet and unruffled.

"I say! Sergeant Robinson tells me you used to—to be a stenographer in dad's office."

"Oh, are you a son of E. C. Conklin'? Well, you know, you reminded me of somebody! I wondered where I'd seen you!"

"Dad's here," the boy mumbled, his brain seeming to grind itself together. "I was just going around to the hotel to look for him. . . . I say, what's that stuff you take for a headache?"

"What kind of headache?"

"It was so hot drilling this morning," he said, hoping he wasn't going to faint, "and I blooming near fainted afterward."

The pretty woman said, "Oh!" and he afterwards remembered a pause here. Then she purred, "I get headaches on hot days, down here. It's an awful climate! . . . Here, a druggist fixed me up some pills for that! You come around to my place and I'll give you one. Better for you than bromide or soda, or those things. They'll just make it worse."

"Yes. That's awfully nice of you, but ——"

"Come on," she said, "I was goin' home anyhow. It won't take a minute."

After a little he was sitting in a chair in the parlor of her flat and stupidly watching a curtain that shut off her bedroom. His head burned from the neck to the eyes in running wriggles of lightning over the crown. He would simply have to go to sleep at the hotel and have dad call up the regiment to explain where he was, and to save him a scolding for overstaying his pass.

It was very kind of Mrs. McCue to bother after he'd got her in trouble with her thin landlord the other night. People were beastly suspicious.

"Drink this and then lie down a minute and let it work. It tastes," she said, "somethin' fierce! But it will stop a heat headache. You want to be all fresh to see your father. He was certainly nice to us girls in the office."

Conkling swallowed the fizzy stuff in the thick tumbler and hastily opened his cigarette case, saying, "That is a fierce drink! D' you mind if I smoke?"

"Of course not! But lie back and shut your eyes. Here's a match."

The cigarette washed this odd taste from his mouth. He lay back on some cushions and shut his eyes. Window curtains of cheap chintz rustled feverishly, and after a moment this roughness of sound seemed to pass into his tongue which swelled and became prickly.

"Funny!" he said.

"Just keep quiet," the woman told him in her strange voice, monotonously, and then was silent while a funnel of slowly turning colors began a rotation inside his closed eyes. Presently she took the cigarette from between his fingers.

"Th—thanks."

"Just keep quiet," she said.

But he began to worry. Her skinny landlord with the hawk nose had come in that other night and made a fuss because she had soldiers in her flat. He really should get out of here. But the cushions were cool under his neck, even though the landlord was speaking in the room.

"Sure you didn't give him too much?"

"Sh-h-h! No. Find out which hotel ——"

The voices seemed to drip down some incline into nothingness. Everything delightfully slid away. Everything charmingly stopped hurting in his head. Everything was a receding point far above him in a vacancy. There was no sensation. There was no noise left in the black world. But all this was funny. He had got so swiftly out of the sunlit little parlor with the red and black chintzes in the windows into this mystery of cold comforts where nothing hurt. He began to raise a hand toward his head, and then the hand did not lift itself. Erasmus worried just a while. Only he was too comfortable to worry long. Nothing hurt.

Robinson and I were sitting in the candy shop, drinking iced coffee, and I was watching the street's eternal flood of olive cloth. Women were ghosts of colors, passing among the soldiery, with pallid faces, white arms, pale scarves around their shoulders, sometimes without hats.

I had idly noted that Pearl McCue wasn't on duty this evening. Probably some profitable youth had taken her to dance.

"She ought to pick up somethin' pretty good out of this muss," Robinson reflected. "Wastin' her time on Conkling. But some small-town banker's boy or a big farmer would do for her. . . . What you lookin' at?"

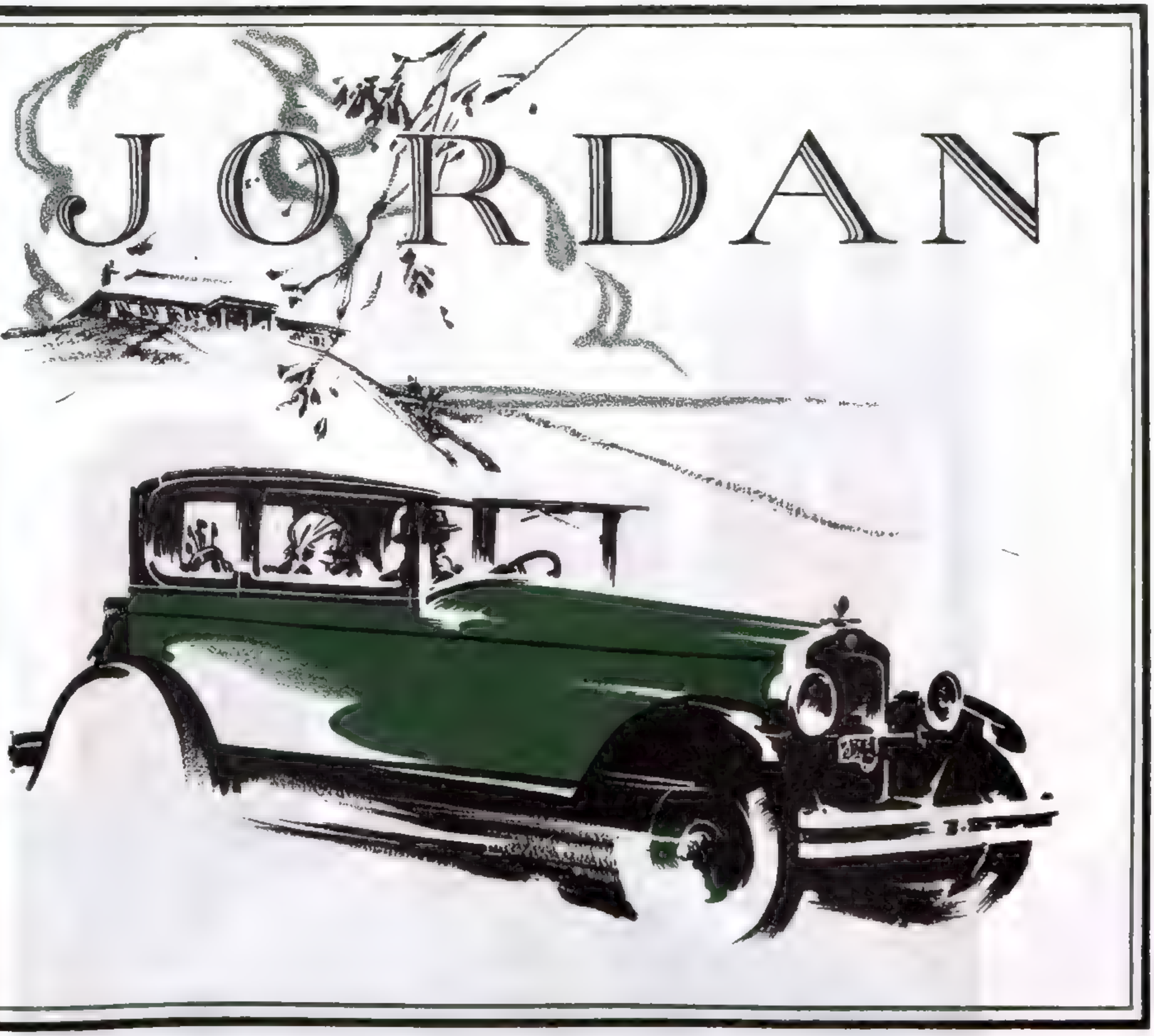
"G. D. went by."

"He ought to be a kind of revelation," Robinson accented the second syllable, "to a nice New York family."

"But he's perfectly harmless, Robbie!"

"I didn't say he wasn't. Only, he says anything he thinks. I hope he don't climb into the ice cream with both feet. Nice baby, but kind of tactless," the sergeant said. "If he tells Conkling's mamma how he an' him nearly got a lady chucked out of her flat, she'll be pleased to death."

(Continued on Page 187)



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No question about it—the Grahams are "stepping out"

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Of course, the big reason for this remarkable heating efficiency is the Intensi-Fire Air Duct. This ingenious device, found only in Heatrola, tremendously increases the circulation of warm air, without using a single additional pound of fuel. With the Intensi-Fire utilizing the heat which ordinarily goes up the chimney, it is not surprising that The Estate Heatrola does the work of a basement furnace, while using no more fuel than a single stove.

No polishing or shining

You'll be delighted with Heatrola's cleanliness. Its paper-tight construction prevents dust and dirt from entering the room. And the grained mahogany, vitreous enamel finish is so easy to keep clean. No polishing or shining—just dust it as you do the piano.

Perhaps *you* are still putting up with ugly stoves and sooty fireplaces. If so, get rid of them now. One Heatrola will take their place. It will cut your fuel bills, too (note the figures below) and will add a smartness to your home that only such an approved piece of furniture can give.

So easy to own one

Already, tens of thousands of small homes—new and old, one-story and two-story—know the saving and comfort of Heatrola's heating method. Every section of every state has its Heatrola owners. Your local Heatrola dealer will gladly show you Heatrolas installed near you. He will show you, too, how this modern heating plant will look and work in your home—and how easily you can purchase it. See him at once, or mail the coupon for free illustrated booklet, showing actual Heatrola installations and homes of users.

Average fuel saving—45 per cent!

Heatrola owners in six towns in the Northwest—the coldest part of the country—were asked how Heatrola compares in point of fuel consumption with their previous heating method. Their answers show that, on an average, Heatrola saves 45 per cent in fuel! Here are the figures:

CITY	BEFORE HEATROLA	WITH HEATROLA	APPROXIMATE PERCENTAGE SAVING
Red Wing, Minn.	$100.00	$60.00	40
Red Wing, Minn.	6-7 tons	4 tons	38
Red Wing, Minn.	6 tons	3½ tons	42
St. Cloud, Minn.	7 tons	3½ tons	50
St. Cloud, Minn.	8 tons	4½ tons	44
St. Cloud, Minn.	4½ tons	3 tons	33
Green Bay, Wisc.	10 tons	6 tons	40
Green Bay, Wisc.	11 tons	6 tons	45
Milwaukee, Wisc.	10 tons	5½ tons	45
Milwaukee, Wisc.	$138.00	$56.00	59
Superior, Wisc.	8 tons	3½ tons	42
Duluth, Minn.	7-8 tons	4½ tons	40
Duluth, Minn.	10 tons	5 tons	50
Duluth, Minn.	6-7 tons coal & boxes	4½ tons	31
Duluth, Minn.	11 tons	4½ tons	59
Duluth, Minn.	$95.00	$38.00	60
	AVERAGE SAVING		45%

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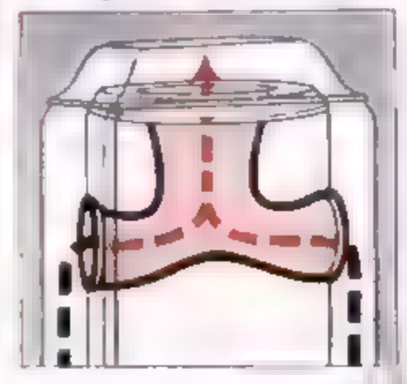
The Intensi-Fire Air Duct is a patented device built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame. It tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity without using a single extra pound of fuel



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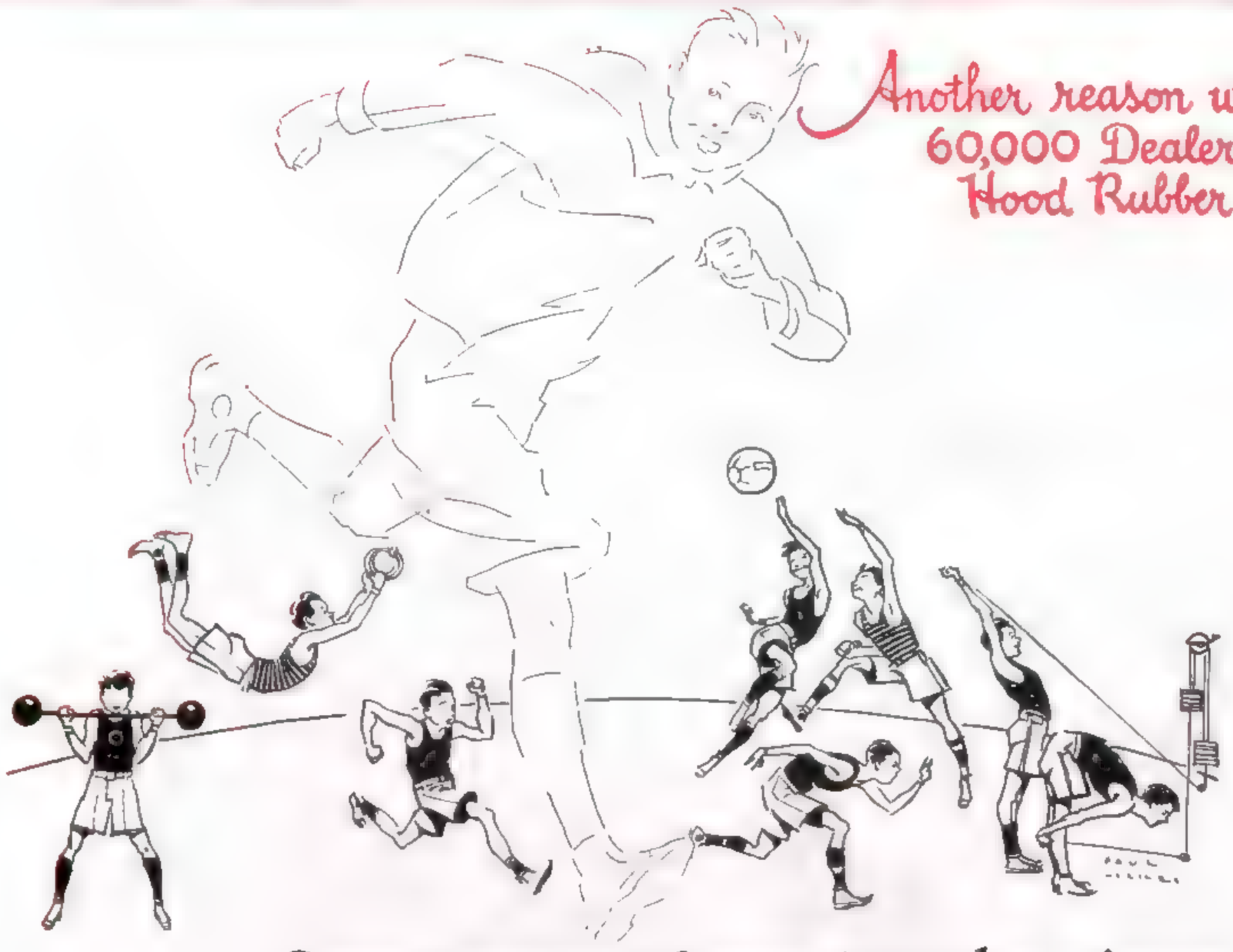

Another reason why over 60,000 Dealers carry Hood Rubber Products

Carry summer fitness into the winter—but with better canvas shoes

The Greyhound—HOOD'S professionally endorsed basketball shoe.

Shoes for gym are made in a variety of styles to match uniforms: White, Black, and Brown—plain or trimmed.

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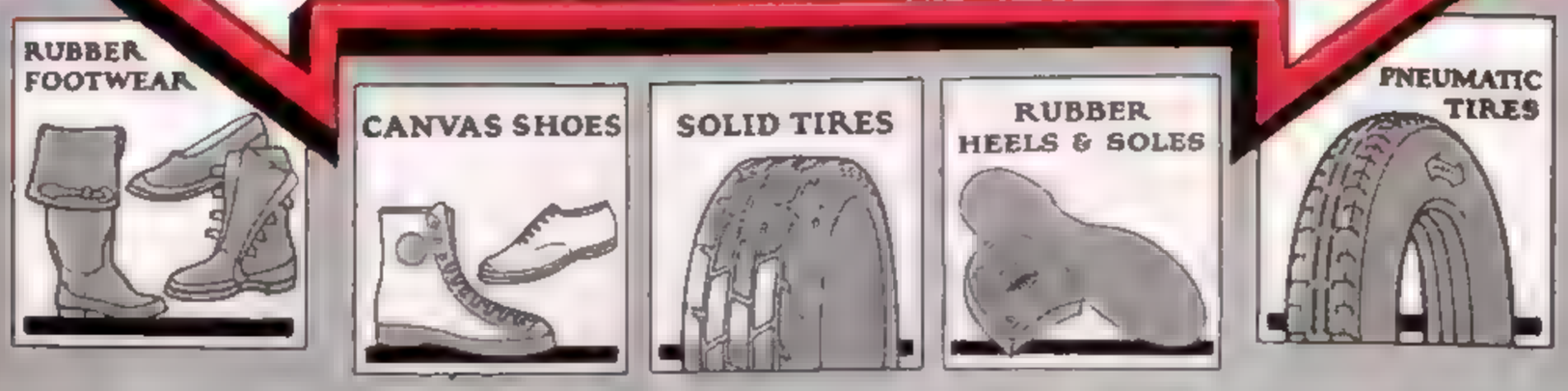


QUALITY • ALWAYS • MAINTAINED

(Continued from Page 182)

"He's got more sense than that," I argued, and G. D. came trotting in, his pink face brilliantly dripping. All the five waitresses cooed at him together.

"Hyo, babe," said Robinson, leaning back in his chair. "Why ain't you entertainin' 'Rasmus's folks?"

But G. D. flattened his hands on the marble table and asked, panting, "Either of you seen 'Rasmus? His mamma's scairt stiff! 'N' he ain't gone back to camp, 'cause Mr. Conklin's phoned out. I says, ''Rasmus is feelin' poor.' An' we phoned all the hospitals. It's gone after ten o'clock! An' his mamma's all scairt. An' I'm scairt," the boy whimpered, grinding his hands on the table.

I got a dreary picture of Mrs. Conkling pacing up and down the parlor of some suite in the biggest hotel of the strange lurid city, and of Conkling talking into a telephone, and of frightened children being told not to cry. This was all accurate enough. G. D. came timidly to join Erasmus at six o'clock and found the Northerners worrying, and there had been no dinner party at all to celebrate the soldier's twentieth birthday.

"Fainted in the car again," Robinson said. "Driver chucked him into some farmhouse an' left him."

"Naw," said G. D., slapping sweat from his face. "Anybody'd have sense enough to bring him on in! I can't make no sense of it!"

The waitresses crowded on us with questions and one of them brought G. D. a glass of water. Some infantrymen joined us curiously, and the talk ran for a moment in the circle of cynicism. This kid had just got stewed, they suggested, and was lying up somewhere. Oh, comin' in to meet his folks? Then he wouldn't be drinking. It was funny. G. D. gulped his ice water, and an elderly waitress with two wedding rings patted his wet shoulder. Unshaded globes covered the tanned men and the chattering women with a parched light, a little ghastly.

"You better turn his name in to the mil'tary police," an old sergeant said. "They can start goin' through the Mexican quarter. The town ain't so tough as it was when I was a young fella, but things happen. A lad in my outfit got a knife in his arm last week. We had a time to keep him from bein' tried."

His voice grunted through this. A second after that Robinson turned his bright eyes to the elderly waitress and asked, "Hey, Mrs. Scanlon, where's Pearl?"

"I dunno, sergeant. The boss fired her last night."

"Oh! What for?"

"Oh, she come in all doped up with that stuff she takes an' give him some lip! She's did so before. He only keeps her on because the lads come in to flirt with her. He'll be takin' her back."

"Yeh? Well, we ain't doin' any good sittin' here. Let's go."

We were in the street. G. D. caught my elbow and trotted alongside me with his mouth open. Lights from windows caught on the moving muscles of Robinson's back, disturbed under his faded, taut shirt. I limped after him, and the crowd was less thick when we crossed the bridge, with men in uniform idling on its pale rails. Here the lights were fewer, and I got abreast of Robinson.

"Where to?"

"I'm goin' to have a look. Babe, you keep shut up about this. Hear?"

"Oh, sergeant, sir," the stricken cherub gulped, "I'm scairt so my belly aches!"

He was flatly whining, like a child of six, when we got to a corner where the arm bands of the military police thickened. Robinson snapped to a burly lad, "Here! Who's the off'cer on duty? . . . Clery? I gotta speak to him fast!"

The young policeman said truculently, "Oh, you have?" and then wilted back as a tall lieutenant, fairly marked promoted sergeant all over his brick face, turned from some civilians to whom he was speaking and answered Robinson's salute.

"How's things, Robbie?"

"Fine," said Robinson lightly. "You make a good bluff at bein' an officer, Slim. Gimme a gun, old-timer, an' one of your arm bands."

The lieutenant grinned, after a glance at G. D., and then jerked a thumb to one of his silent forces in this dim space behind a corner. I suddenly saw the privileges of an old soldier manifest. Robinson whirled the webbed belt of the revolver around his thin waist and hauled the blue band up his sleeve. There were no further words. He saluted his friend and we started back down the famous street.

"Where's her flat, babe?"

"Sergeant, 'Rasmus don't like her any!"

"Yeh? Where's her flat?"

After a while I limped up some steps, my foot hideously aching, and paused to wipe my face. Robinson was already on the second floor when Brown and I had got to the top of steep stairs. I think the man in the green silk shirt had been lounging under a bulb in a thick blue shade. His face appeared as a narrow tawny wedge in smoke of a long cigarette when he asked, "Where to, sergeant?"

"I'm just callin' on a lady. Third floor."

The man said blandly, "I don't allow no soldiers in here after dark, my friend. . . . What's a supply sergeant doin' with an M. P. band on?"

"What," said Robinson amiably, "is it to you?"

"I own this house. That's what it is to me, sergeant."

I looked at this man, without sense. The whole thing had got cloudy in my head. He was smoking a long cigarette with a golden tip. This was his house and he didn't want us to go upstairs. I saw and heard these things.

"Cheese," said Robinson wearily, "do you want to be on the wrong end of blackmail case with a rich guy from New York on the right end?"

The man grinned and dusted his cigarette free of ash by moving it up and down in his mouth. Robinson was also grinning amiably, and in the placid, discolored light he seemed quite comfortable. I wasn't. Something hung above us from the stairs stretching up to the dark next floor.

"Make me see that, sergeant?"

"Why, 'long about one or two in the mornin' you'll be callin' up a certain gentleman from New York 'at makes soap an' sayin' his boy's drunk over here in Pearl's rooms and you're goin' to chuck her out an' complain to the colonel about him. She's got the kid doped an' can sprinkle some whisky on him easy. It's a good idea. I 'preciate it," Robinson said, "'cause I know it works. I've seen courts-martial on it out at Manila. Or you could just throw her out and she could go 'round to the hotel an' tell this kid's folks he's spoiled her eternal reputation. Don't everybody know she's a good woman? There's two to five ways she an' you can work it. . . . Pearl," he said quietly, "start wakin' 'Rasmus up, honey. Lightning's struck."

The woman on the dark stairs above us said fearfully, "What you goin' to do, sergeant?"

"It's none of my business, Semele. It depends on you. If you need some money to get to N' Orleans, why, I guess your skinny friend here can get it for you."

"How did you know he was here? I met him on the street and he said he had a terrible headache and ——"

"Go wake him up, Pearl. We'll be down at the door. Hurry! His mamma's anxious about him."

Her frock hissed against wood. After a moment her voice said gayly and loudly, "Oh, Mr. Conkling! Mr. Conkling! It's after ten o'clock! I let you sleep 'cause you looked so tired." And the waking boy mumbled in a long yawn.

The man took his straw hat from his head and bowed to Robinson civilly.

"Of course you're all wrong, sergeant. Mrs. McCue just run into the kid on the street and fetched him in here because he had a headache. You can't prove a thing by that."

"It's none of my business, friend."

The man shrugged and drawled, "That's so. So everything's friendly, huh? And you know the way out. Good night."

"G'night," Robinson nodded.

We stood in the doorway of the house, and the sergeant whistled to a passing military policeman, who accepted his arm band and the revolver folded inside the belt.

Then he rolled a cigarette and told the dazed G. D., "Now, 'Rasmus dunno what happened. She's a perfectly nice lady an' was just tryin' to fix up his headache. It's too bad he slept so long and spoiled his birthday party. But there ain't been nothin' wrong, and there's no cause to worry his mamma with any fool stories about dope or things like that. Remember that Pearl's a lady. She used to op'rate a typewriter for Conklin's daddy, so he'll know she's a nice, friendly girl. A grown-up guy knows when to keep his mouth shut, G. D. It's none of your business. Mind that, babe—or do you know how it feels when a mule kicks you?"

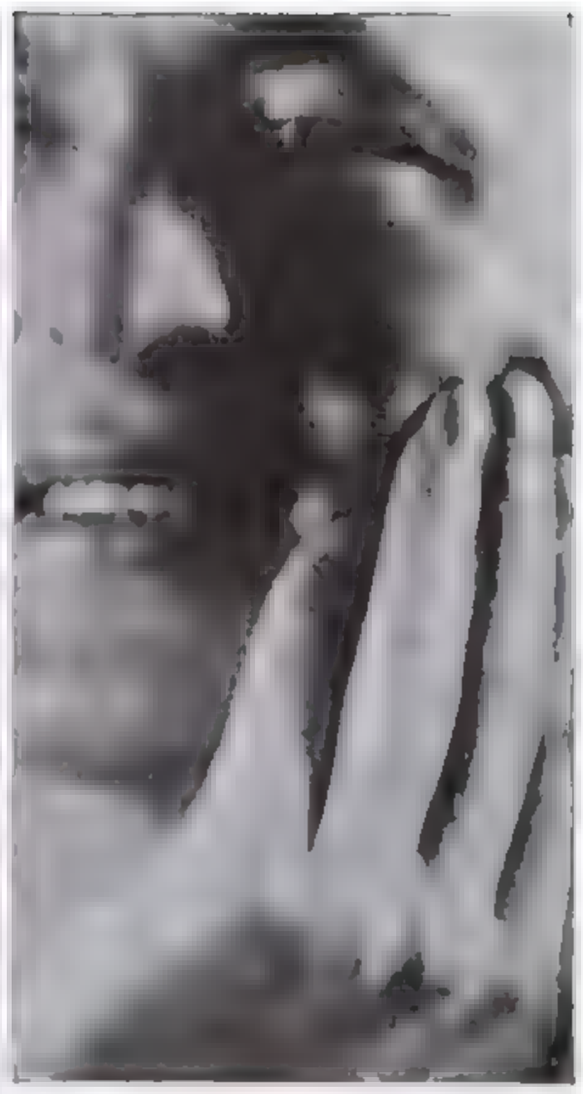
"Yes-sir, sergeant, I sure do!" said the cherub in awe.

"Then think about it a lot; and when you grow up, babe," the small man said, "you may be President yet. Did you ever drive the cows home bare-footed?"

"Why, 'course!"

"Then you're sure to be President. It's how they have to do," Robinson yawned, stretching his arms. "You wait here for your buddy an' mind your own business. . . . Come on, kid. We'll go get us some coffee."

Conkling never takes headache powders nowadays. He says that he tried one once and it upset his stomach the next day.



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— PASTEURIZED FOR PURITY —

MAKING A WORLD MARKET

(Continued from Page 33)

of merchandise. Words can be sent all over the earth very quickly, but a sack of cocoa still weighs 150 pounds and a bale of cotton 500 pounds; neither can be transmitted by wire, nor do they slip conveniently into a merchant's pocket. They move slowly. But they can be bought nowadays by description, while they take whatever time is required to reach their destinations.

This sort of trading is really an invention. One day it did not exist and the following day it did exist. It is just as distinctly an invention as any patented chemical process or mechanical device. Also it is an American invention. Of course all the materials out of which it was fashioned were plainly available; nevertheless, the use of them resulted from the devising of a plan which had never before existed. That plan or invention is the commodity exchange, dealing in contracts for the future delivery of merchandise. Year after year this invention has been improved and simultaneously introduced into new fields, until today making a market for an annual world crop is a science in itself. Thousands of experts are engaged in various details of this work, their talents ranging all the way from accountancy to the grading of coffee, sugar or rubber.

From the most remote islands of the seas information about crop conditions is assembled, and back to those islands will go precise data accounting for every bag or bale of their products held in storage warehouses throughout the world. Both producers and buyers are represented on all commodity exchanges. There is no trading in the dark. Every purchase must go on the bulletin board and is immediately cabled to every other bulletin board. If London's market gets out of line with Tokio or New York there will ensue a flood of orders to buy or sell.

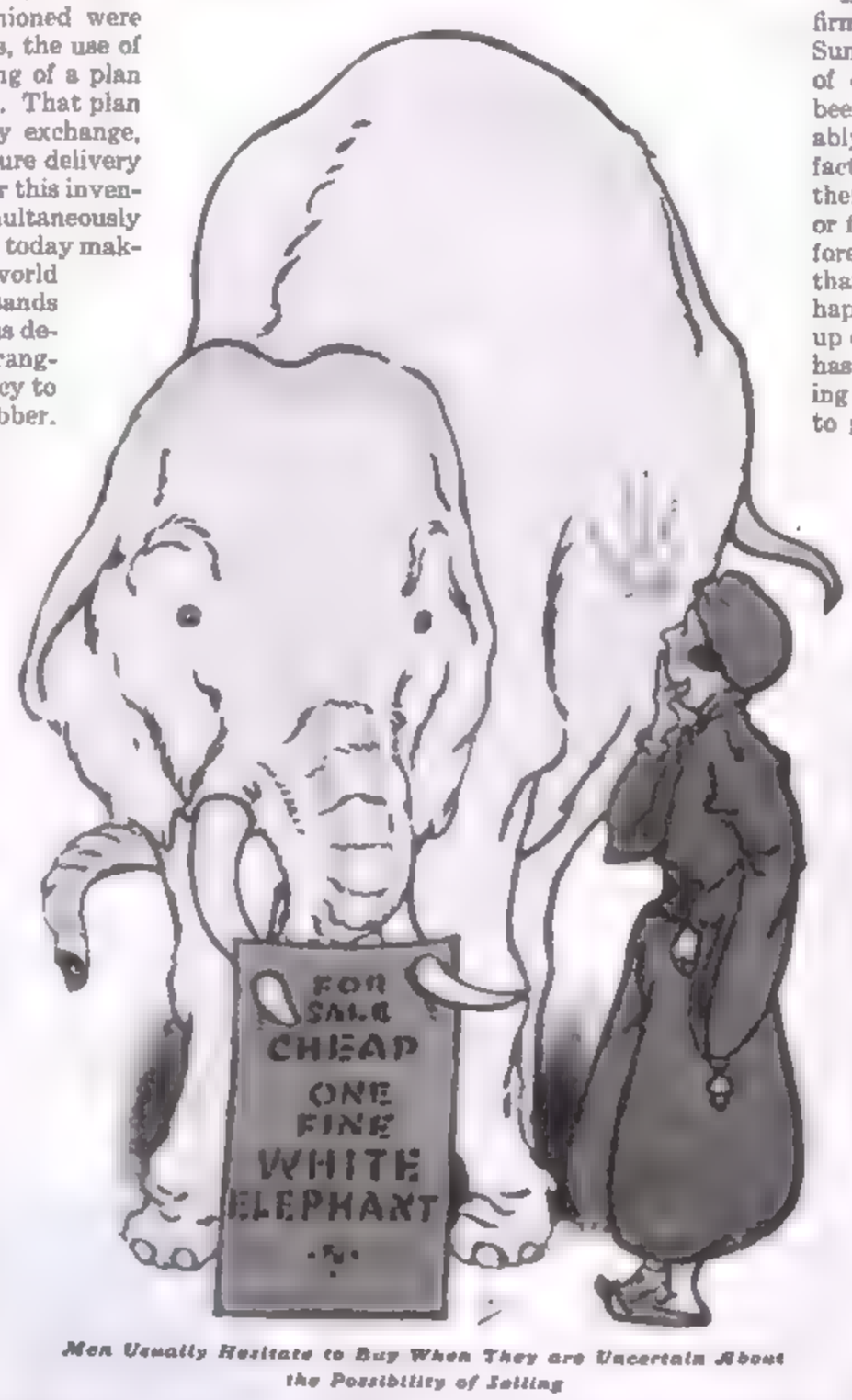
Insurance

No matter how many exchanges in various parts of the world are dealing in one commodity, they constitute, in the last analysis, one world market. Round and round the earth they flash their quotations, while the goods move slowly through mountain passes on the backs of donkeys or across thousands of miles of salt water in the holds of tramp steamers. The modern world market sends its commodity unerringly to its various destinations not by diverting the shipments from their ordinary courses of travel, but by selling and if necessary reselling them time after time while they crawl along at what may fairly be termed a snail's pace, since the comparison is with the speed of electric currents passing through copper wires.

Where the new form of market has been incorporated or chartered as an organized exchange, as is usually the case, it soon develops an entire legal code of its own. As a rule its laws are rigorously upheld by fines, penalties or expulsions. Untiring effort is expended to liberate the commerce in which it engages from any possibility of having to resort to the courts of law. To this end machinery is set up in the form of committees that are expected to render decisions within a few hours. There is ceaseless struggle for such a high degree of standardization that no man doing business in that field could possibly be under any misapprehension about its requirements, customs and conceptions of substantial justice. The most conspicuous benefits gained by these efforts are speed, reduction of risk and astoundingly low expense.

Not only the original invention but fully 90 per cent of the improvements on this comparatively new process for making a market are American. Within a mile of the New York Stock Exchange there are half a dozen commodity exchanges whose quotations circle the globe many times daily. Nearly every one is the most important in the world in its field, and this is due not entirely to the enormous bulk of American trade but partly to the admitted leadership of Americans in developing this process.

Memberships in the great commodity exchanges of New York City are scattered



Men Usually Hesitate to Buy When They are Uncertain About the Possibility of Selling

over every continent of the globe and most of the productive tropical islands of the seas. Virtually all the monarchies, republics, colonies and commonwealths of the earth are represented; some on only one exchange, others on two or three, a few on nearly all of them. At present, of course, the preëminent position of New York City in world finance contributes to the growing importance of its exchanges; but long before the United States became the wealthiest nation, New York was still the great leader in making a market for any commodity that passed through its harbor in large quantities, no matter whether it was outward bound or destined for American consumption.

There are two facts about all commodity exchanges engaged in world-wide trade that have puzzled the general public for half a century, and probably always will do so. First, the primary purpose of these institutions is to reduce the risk incident to international trade; and second, it is a well-known fact that speculators eagerly seek commodity exchanges in search of risk. Absurd as it may seem, both are easily accommodated.

If you have bought cotton or coffee or sugar or cocoa, and do not wish to gamble with it, but on the contrary very earnestly desire to hold it at the original purchase price, you can do that through an exchange. And if, on the other hand, you wish to speculate on the market without having the slightest desire to come into possession of the actual goods, you can do that also. Millions of persons know that the latter fact is true, but very few realize that the vast majority of future trading has practically the same purpose behind it as the purchase of insurance. Scores of specific examples are available, but two which are probably the most typical will serve.

Let us assume that the importing firm of X, Y & Z has purchased in Sumatra and Brazil two shiploads of coffee. These deals will have been made by cable, and presumably the price was entirely satisfactory to the buyer, otherwise there would have been no sale. Four or five weeks must elapse now before the coffee can arrive. During that time all sorts of things can happen. The price may go either up or down. The firm of X, Y & Z has no objection to the price going up, but would not like the price to go down. As a matter of fact, what the importing firm really wants, now that a satisfactory trade has been closed, is no change whatever in the price of coffee. They made a good buy at the time and they hope it will remain a good buy.

Hedging

But coffee is a crop grown in many places and consumed all over the world, so there is scarcely a chance for the price to remain absolutely unchanged for four or five weeks. Therefore the importing firm of X, Y & Z sends an order to a broker who has a seat on the Coffee Exchange, telling him to sell a contract for the future delivery of this coffee at the price originally paid for it. And now the original purchase price is stabilized.

How? Well, if coffee goes up half a cent a pound, the importing firm of X, Y & Z will lose half a cent on the future contract, but they will make it back on the coffee itself. And if coffee goes down half a cent a pound, they will lose that much on the coffee, but they will make it back on the future contract. They have now done what the market calls hedging. They are in a bomb-proof trench with the coffee on one side and the contract on the other. There is no way for both the future contract and the coffee to show a loss. What one gains will be precisely what the other loses, and so the firm can go ahead with its business untroubled by changes in the market. Their trade in futures is dictated strictly by conservatism and nothing else.

The second condition under which a future contract is a conservative investment can best be shown by taking cotton as an example. Cotton goods are manufactured for the retail trade months in advance of the season. This is another result of rapid communication. A spinner planning his output and prices would like to have certain assurances about the market for raw cotton. If it is going to sell at twenty cents the pound during a certain month of the coming winter, then he knows what his price will be for various grades of gooda.

But he is running ahead of the calendar, so he can't be sure. All sorts of things could happen during the interim. He does not wish to assume all the risk, so he goes to the Cotton Exchange through his broker

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ONE application of *Duro Gloss* Finish makes the old top bright as new. It beautifies, waterproofs and preserves the top material.

Duro Gloss is a *finish*—not just a dressing. It is the same finish that is used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material.

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For holes and splits of average size, *Duro Gloss* Top Patching is ideal. Easy to apply. Sticks so tight it can't be pulled off. Ask your dealer.

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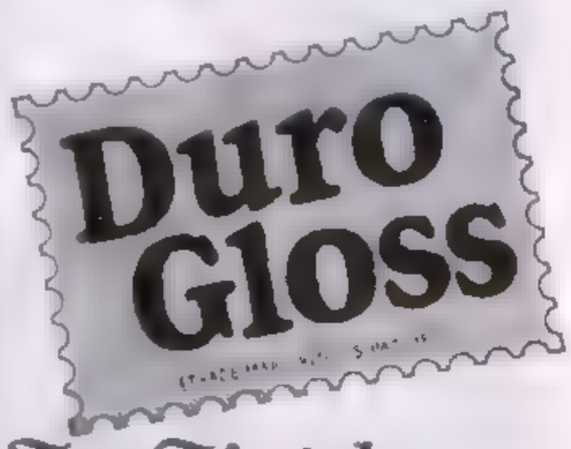

Top Finish
Top Material
Top Patching

TO THE TRADE: Write name and address in margin below, tear off and mail for attractive *Duro Gloss* proposition. Check whether
☐ Jobber ☐ Trim Shop ☐ Car Dealer
☐ Accessory Store

and purchases a contract for so many thousands of bales of cotton, delivery to be made during the month in question. And now his risk is enormously decreased.

If later any very violent changes threaten the market so that he becomes uneasy about his future purchase, he can hedge against it by the purchase or sale of other contracts. He is doing business in a world market which will be affected by events on every continent, so that it becomes impossible for him to keep up with all of them, but he can always hedge. The market is open every working day and trade is usually active. If this manufacturer does not purchase a contract for the future delivery of cotton, then he will be taking a chance on the market of four or five or six months hence and to that extent he will be gambling in cotton. So he purchases a contract for future delivery in order not to gamble. For him it is insurance.

But what of the man who sells the contract? The answer is that he is hedging against his own purchases, previously made. This will apply also in the case of the coffee futures previously mentioned. The general purpose of all this trading is to stabilize each man's price, also the market, and thus reduce risk.

Selling Rejected Goods

Another phase of the defensive use of futures appears when a manufacturer or importer has to buy a much larger quantity of raw material than he really needs in order to pluck from the lot the exact grades that he intends to use. Experience may have proved to him that it is wise to purchase double the number of pounds of cotton, for example, that he will eventually manufacture. This would be a hazardous venture but for the existence of a world market. He would have on his hands a large quantity of rejected cotton that in all probability neighboring plants would find no more desirable than he found it.

Where then could he sell this cotton? Rather than risk finding himself confronting that question, he probably would have purchased very, very slowly instead of taking a large quantity. Men usually hesitate to buy when they are uncertain about the possibility of selling. Thus the whole crop movement would proceed much more slowly. But with a world market at his service he knows that the excess or rejected cotton can easily be sold. It may go to Japan, India, Germany or Fall River, Massachusetts. He need not even know. He sells it by a contract on the exchange. No doubt he can estimate almost exactly how many bales will be left over, so he may sell them for future delivery even before they reach his plant. Perhaps this sale will be made on the same day as his original purchase. He thus gets out from under the risk very promptly. He doesn't want to gamble and the exchange offers him a way out.

Under present conditions on an active market, consummation of such transactions as these is a matter of seconds. Not even minutes are consumed. Nor does it make very much difference where the goods happen to be at the moment, for the thing that is actually sold is a contract to deliver these goods at a certain time. The goods are known to exist; moreover the contract guaranteeing delivery is negotiable. This sort of market place makes one small fair of the whole world, yet the entire mechanism has, for fifty years, been housed in three rooms—one in New York, one in Liverpool and another in New Orleans. A fourth has recently been added in Chicago, which now has an exchange dealing in cotton futures, but only the first three are fifty years old.

In the New York Cotton Exchange the center of activity is a ring only twenty feet in diameter; there are three steps up and three steps down, and the traders stand on these steps. The bowl-like center of the ring is kept clear. The purpose of this arrangement is to make it possible for each trader to see all the others. An active market will bring about 150 men to the ring. A gong sounds and the market is open. The traders then announce verbally what contracts they are authorized to sell and what contracts they will buy.

To a person unacquainted with this procedure, and standing on the sidelines in the rôle of observer, the picture is one of indescribable confusion. It seems utterly impossible that these men are accomplishing anything beyond making a tremendous amount of noise. One has to learn the meaning of their apparently wild gestures before it becomes clear that sales are taking place.

For example, a trader offering a contract for January delivery of cotton will name the months and the price, then he will hold up one or two or four or five fingers to indicate the number of bales. Each finger means 100 bales, which is a unit in trading, and is referred to as a contract. One contract means 100 bales. If he holds up five fingers, he means five contracts, or 500 bales. This gesture is made as though he were pushing something away from him. The purchaser makes the opposite gesture as though he were scraping something toward him. And that closes the deal, except that they sign little printed memorandum cards, each man signing the other's card. However, by the time this is done the transaction is already on the wire and being posted on the bulletin board in the New Orleans Cotton Exchange.

A Matter of Seconds

Uniformed reporters employed by the exchange are stationed at intervals around the ring and they watch every gesture made by a trader. The moment a deal is closed it is reported by signal to the rostrum which towers above the ring and bristles with telephone and telegraph equipment. The signals used by the reporters are simply the deaf and dumb language, but they do not have to spell out words, because the telegraph code abbreviations are used. The month of March is H; December is Z, and nearly everything else is boiled down to one letter. Thus news of the closing of a deal reaches the rostrum instantly.

The man who receives it writes it on a slip of paper which he passes to the telegraph operator sitting beside him, and at the same time he telephones to the bulletin board, which is served by a whole squad of men who scurry about with telephone receivers attached to their heads. By the time the two traders have signed each other's slips the deal will be chalked up on the bulletin board which runs along one whole side of the room, and similarly will be chalked up in New Orleans. About the same time it will appear on the ticker, for the telegraph operator's wire reaches quite a number of receiving stations all at the same time.

Just as each deal in New York goes to New Orleans, so New Orleans is reporting to New York. And there is a smaller bulletin board for Liverpool. This board does not have to be quite so large as the others, because the difference in time between Liverpool and New York closes the first market rather early in the second one's day.

With this simple machinery, an annual crop that has reached 16,000,000 bales in this country alone is prodded to market. However, the secret of success will not be found in the visible mechanism, but in the rules and regulations by which these men make words take the place of actual goods. All classifications of cotton have been standardized, so that when a trader speaks of "middling" everyone knows exactly what he means.

Every detail in connection with the sales, deliveries, settlements, accounting, billing and arbitration of disputed points is covered by rules, so that it is almost impossible for a misunderstanding to arise. The aim is to leave only one element variable, and that is the price. Next, the responsibility of the traders is guaranteed as nearly as rules and regulations and precautions can accomplish such a result in a human world. Thus this market place accomplishes something with words that very few writers have ever been able to equal—it defines them with awe-inspiring finality, and in addition it comes very close to a perfect mark in making each man's word good. That is how it happens that these traders can carry on a world-wide traffic in cotton without having the cotton in warehouses adjoining their offices.

The contracts they close by simple gestures are really very complex. From a lawyer's point of view, this trading would appear to be absolutely impossible. And, of course, if these contracts depended only upon courts of law for enforcement, the whole scheme would collapse; but the exchange itself enforces them. A member's seat is very valuable; moreover, there are all sorts of guaranty funds. But the strongest incentive of all for obeying the rules is that they are dictated by the common interests of the trade, consequently they facilitate business.

An impressive feature of these rules is their brevity and clarity. For example, if a dispute arises between two brokers as to whether they really closed a deal, the rule says that the one claiming it must immediately sell or buy over again as the case may be. The loss, if any, will be settled by arbitration. Now it is obvious that a matter of this sort might be covered by at least five or six rules, and probably any one of them

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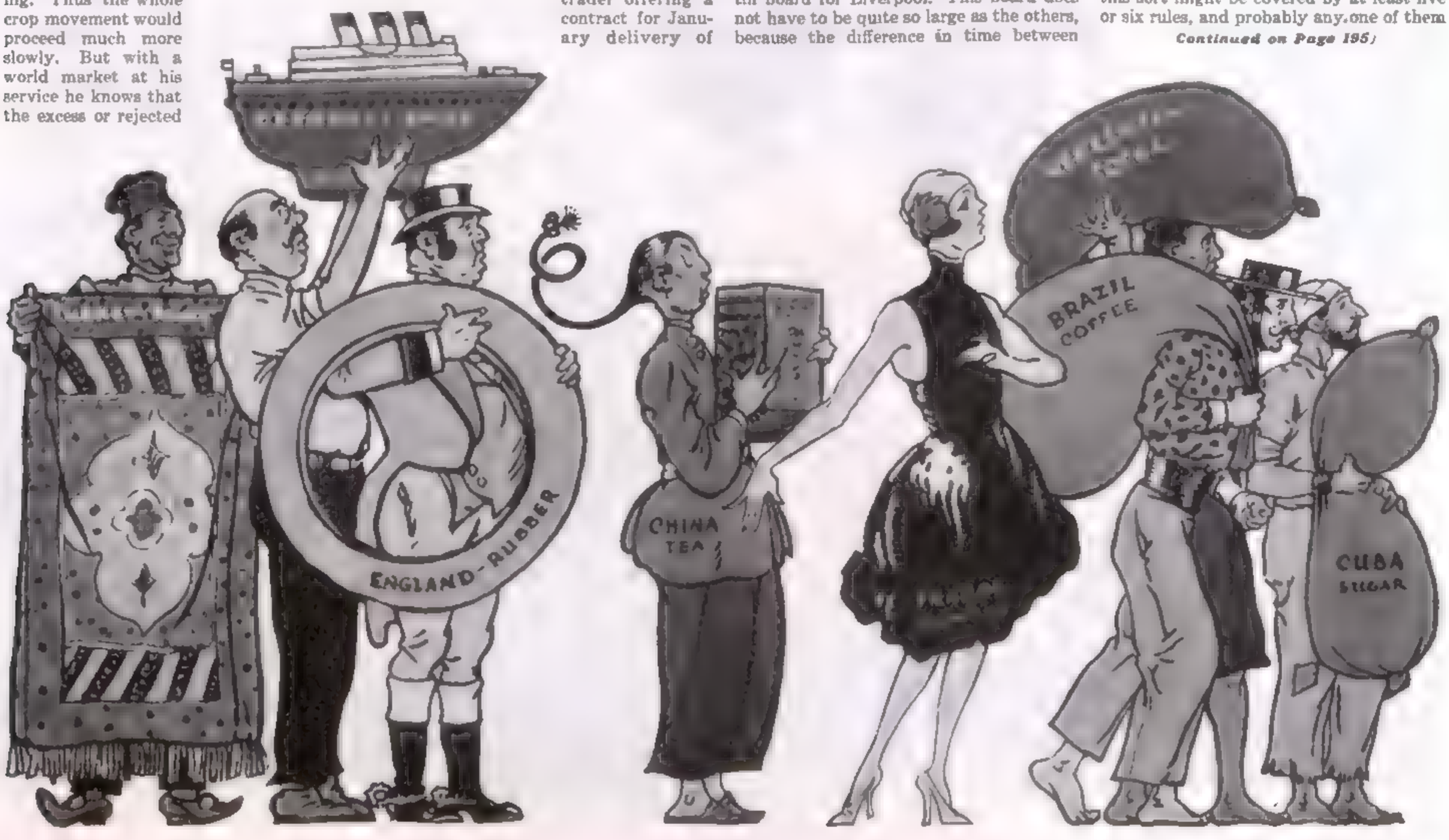

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The "Perfect Circle" Principle

A is the continuous oil-reservoir groove which holds the oil (shown in red) and distributes it over the cylinder walls in just the right amount for perfect lubrication

B points to the scientifically located slots which drain the surplus and only the surplus back into the crankcase

C - the vital film of oil which is left on the cylinder walls . . .

Pat. Mar. 20, 1917
May 2, 1922

Put your mind at Ease!

YOU FEEL a new ease of mind as soon as you begin driving with PERFECT CIRCLES in your motor. You know that your cylinder walls are being properly lubricated, and that you can drive long distances without replenishing your oil supply. * * * The reason for this performance is the PERFECT CIRCLE *groove-and-slot combination*, a patented principle which no other ring can have. The continuous oil-reservoir groove spreads an unbroken film of oil over the cylinder walls, protecting and lengthening the life of cylinders, pistons and rings; the slots carry away the *surplus* oil, stop oil-pumping and make possible 1000 or more miles to the gallon of oil: PERFECT CIRCLES have been used by the winner of every major race for four years—are standard equipment in 140 cars, trucks and buses. Installed by good dealers everywhere. * * * If you prefer, we will send you the names of the dealers near you who make a specialty of installing PERFECT CIRCLES. Just sign your name in lower margin, tear off and mail today.

Oil-Regulating Type	Compression Type*
60c and up	30c and up

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Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

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RECOMMENDS
CLOVER-NOTCH
LAPELS
SUITS $40 TO $100
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FABRICS

BRADSTREET
A RECOGNISED
STANDARD BUSINESS
SUIT IN PLAIN COLORS
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SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Guaranteed
Hand Dipped
in pure
Molten Zinc

Thirty-five years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large-scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc coating, inside and out.

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Household utensils which seem commonplace, but which are essential to the comfort and convenience of home life, are distinguished for unusual quality by the Wheeling trade mark.

It is a buying guide for people everywhere who have found what satisfactory service can be obtained from such usual things as Pails, Tubs, Garbage Cans, Ash Cans, Oil Cans and Coal Hods.

Extraordinary value in these everyday necessities, which bear the Wheeling red label, can be seen and also measured by longer usefulness. This is due to the special *hand-dipping* process and to an organization with thirty-five years' experience in producing sheet steel products for the home, farm, factory and for building.

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This Wheeling Rubbish Burner, made from Heavy Expanded Steel, safeguards your disposal of waste paper, leaves and rubbish of every description. It can be used where bon-fires would be dangerous. Of stout and rugged construction, it will last a long time. It costs so little that you can ill afford to be without its safety and convenience. Ask your dealer for No. 410 Hand-Dipped in pure molten zinc or No. 400 japanned. If unable to obtain one of these better burners locally, write the nearest address listed below.

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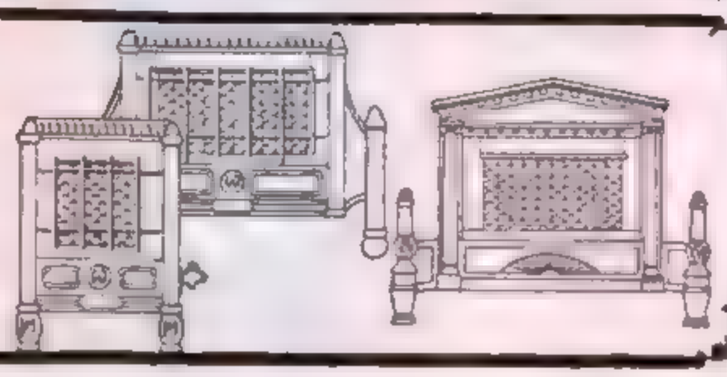
There is a size and model of Super-Radiant Gas Heater to meet every home requirement. Provides clean, healthful heat. The distinctive Wheeling burner assures utmost economy in gas consumption. Attractive models at your dealer's, $18.00 to $75.00.



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(Continued from Page 190)

would be as just as the existing rule; but these men are interested in action rather than abstractions. A fairly good rule that will bring substantial justice promptly is much more acceptable to them than a perfect rule with five qualifying phrases and high probability of delay. They are there to do business, not to argue. Every possible situation must be covered by arbitrary rules, so that in trading they need mention only price, quantity and time of delivery. Otherwise their invention would fall far short of success.

Contracts for the future delivery of cotton were bought and sold in New York before the Cotton Exchange existed. Partners, clerks, salesmen and messengers used to rush hither and yon through that part of lower Manhattan where most of the cotton firms had their offices, looking for one another and offering to do business. Naturally, they often failed to find one another. Then the plan for an exchange was drawn up and it was chartered April 8, 1871. At that time Liverpool was relatively even a more important cotton market than it now is, but New York invented the exchange, and all others followed its plan as a guide. The Liverpool Cotton Association and the New Orleans Cotton Exchange were organized not many months later. These three transacted the world's business in contracts for the future delivery of cotton until recently, when Chicago entered the field.

Only a few doors from the New York Cotton Exchange is the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange, which has two rings and two sets of bulletin boards. These display an amazing variety of statistics. The one dealing with coffee tells how many bags are in each warehouse, how many bags are afloat, and, briefly, seems to omit nothing except the one-pound packages on our pantry shelves.

Eliminating Distance

There are coffee exchanges in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Havre, Hamburg, and two in Brazil, which country produces the largest crop. The New York Coffee Exchange was organized in 1881. The world crop of coffee is roughly 20,000,000 bags of 132 pounds each, and contracts for 15,000,000 bags were traded in on the New York Exchange last year. Several of the European exchanges have languished since the World War, and it frequently happens that European importers seek the American exchange to do their hedging because of its more active market.

This fact discloses a very interesting phase of the new type of world market—namely, its geographical location does not make a great deal of difference. As long as the wires are open, a merchant in Hamburg would prefer to do business in an active exchange on the other side of the world rather than in a dull one next door. Even the differences in language do not constitute an obstacle, because each trade develops its own international idiom or jargon as soon as it is organized on an international basis.

The Sugar Exchange is comparatively young, having been organized in 1914; but its volume of business has grown very rapidly, due largely to the unsettled conditions in that market ever since the World War. At present a sale of 10,000 tons of sugar in one deal on the New York Exchange often fails to cause the slightest flicker in prices. There was a time when sugar quotations rose and fell with an almost rhythmic regularity according to the season, so that their curves could be plotted with a fair degree of accuracy. During that period many refiners and importers took no precautions in the form of hedges against their purchases; but as the market grew more and more unsettled the use of contracts for future deliveries increased. Refiners especially find it necessary to carry enormous stocks, and when the trade winds are stormy they often seek shelter by hedging.

At 124 Water Street, which is just a few minutes' walk from the Coffee and Sugar Exchange, the dealers in cocoa hold forth. There are 183 of them, and when business is active the visitor will hear them yelling "Accra" with great enthusiasm, while others rush into telephone booths as though taking refuge from this dreadful word. If the visitor knows no more about cocoa than I did, he may suspect that the New York Cocoa Exchange, Inc., has just invented some new profanity and is giving it a try-out. Not so, however. Accra, it seems, is on the West Coast of Africa, and a very good grade of cocoa is grown there.

Advantages in Neighborliness

The statistical charts on display at the Cocoa Exchange show that twenty-four different islands, producing territories or countries collaborate in supplying the world with cocoa beans, and as this results in quite a number of different grades, the exchange promulgates rules to prevent confusion and facilitate trade. These rules inform the trader which grades are accepted as standard, which are at a discount, and the amount of the discount.

Thus if a contract calls for Accra and something less is delivered, there will be no dispute, because the difference in price has already been settled. It is covered by a rule. Cocoa, like coffee, is sold by the bag, but the weight is different. A bag of cocoa means 150 pounds. The unit of exchange trading is 30,000 pounds; but instead of being called a contract as the cotton market refers to its unit of 100 bales, the cocoa unit is referred to as one lot. Therefore when a member of the Cocoa Exchange remarks that he bought a lot of Accra he is not speaking in hazy generalities; he means that he has purchased 30,000 pounds of cocoa beans grown on the West Coast of Africa.

Until a person has glanced at the bulletin board of a commodity exchange he can scarcely realize how thoroughly the transoceanic cables do their work. For example, here is a brief catalogue of one day's news assembled for the guidance of the cocoa trade: Receipts of Bahia, movement of cocoa at the port of Lisbon, shipments from Accra; arrivals at New York, Boston, Philadelphia; exports from Santo Domingo; stock of cocoa in American warehouses, cocoa afloat for the United States, receipts at Guayaquil, stocks on hand in London, Liverpool and Havre; London and Liverpool receipts and exports; a cable summary of the day's trading in Liverpool; a cable summary of the day's trading in Hamburg, and quotations in dollars on the different moneys a buyer of cocoa might need to pay for his purchase. Let a man gaze at such a bulletin board for one minute and he has a new conception of the telegraph and cable. Both seem to work pretty hard riding herd on his prospective cup of cocoa

Texas Blue Bonnets

At No. 25 South William Street there is another ring, another group of men, and they shout in another jargon. They are the Rubber Exchange. Their unit of trade is two and a half tons; that constitutes one lot, or one contract. There is no particular reason for this except that it is a tradition of the rubber business.

Proceed a short distance toward Battery Park, possibly a walk of one minute, and the New York Produce Exchange looms up in the form of an ancient red brick building. Here the trade is in grain. This is the only commodity exchange in New York City that is housed in a room of impressive dimensions. A skylight of stained glass takes the place of a ceiling, and there are decorative columns high and massive that effectively call attention to the size of this room. Indeed, it seems probable at first glance that a troop of cavalry could maneuver in it. When the traders are noisy their voices blend in a manner suggesting a mob offstage. The magnificent distances of that room almost drown their shouts.

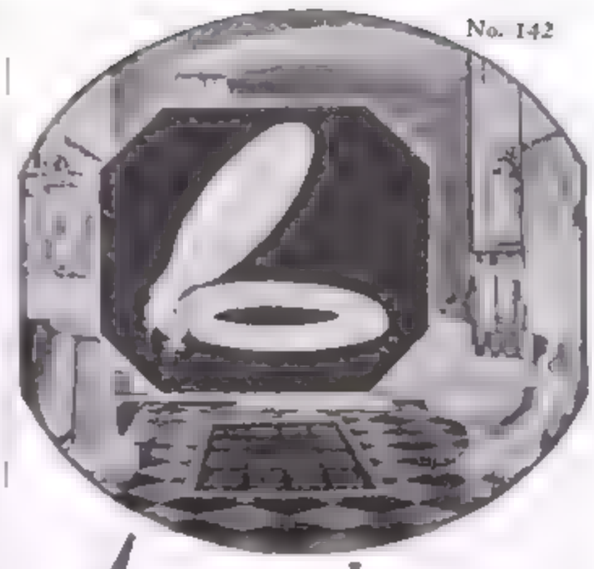
Of all the exchanges in New York City, this alone would probably be accepted as the model for a stage setting. There is more than size here; there are overtones of drama; also this building really is very old. One expects any moment to see gentlemen wearing mutton-chop whiskers and tall silk hats step solemnly out from behind one of the pillars and speak in grave tones. The other exchanges have no pillars, therefore if a trader stepped out from behind anything it would have to be a telephone booth. And if the architecture or furnishings suggested his greeting it would probably be, "Well, let's get busy."

The general plan of doing business through organized exchanges is being introduced into new fields every year. There is at present a movement on foot to establish a burlap exchange, and several efforts have been made to organize a tea exchange, but they failed because there are too many different kinds of tea. Quite a number of the large commodity markets in New York already approach the exchange plan of doing business even without having incorporated exchanges. By the simple device of grouping their offices in one small district they manage to widen each firm's market. Even such local and comparatively small enterprises as the traffic in poultry and vegetables do this. Instead of each firm desiring to keep away from its competitors, the advantage lies entirely in the other direction. They group themselves and thus make for their little world a world market.

Words are Cheap

The chemical, metal and drug businesses also group themselves, hence both buyer and seller know the condition of the whole market, while the layman encounters to his amazement and astonishment such announcements as the following: "Soda prussiate demand not keen but tone is steady"; or "The outstanding feature of the market group was ipecac root. Interests not covered by contracts for future deliveries will find it difficult to make replacements." These are from The New York Commercial of June 18, 1926, and here are a few others: "Hydrofluoric acid was steady. Italian lemon oil market was soft in tone. Menthol continued to be under pressure. Better demand was noted for calcium arsenate."

The great demand of international business today is, "Give us a world market." And by that is meant a market place where quotations and contracts will serve in lieu of goods. It costs much money and time to haul goods hither and yon over the face of the earth. Goods travel at a snail's pace, and one wrong move will wipe out all hope of profit. But words move quickly and cheaply.



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STEP with me into one of New York's newest and most exclusive apartment hotels. We are in the midst of luxury. All the magic of color and design known to the arts of decoration create for us apartments of delightful charm and beauty.

Open this door and we enter one of the bathrooms. It is an exquisite room, immaculately clean and inviting. The floor tiles form a small checkerboard pattern in black and white, partly hidden by a gray and mulberry bath mat. The wall tiles are tinted blue, deeper in tone near the floor, fading almost to white at the top.

New Beauty—for every bathroom

Nothing pains nor money have been spared to make it the last word in beauty and luxury. Every fixture is the best obtainable, including the toilet seat, which you will find upon inspection is a "Church" Sani-white Toilet Seat. And yet, though it seems a luxury, it is sold at a price which everyone can afford.

What a difference it makes in the appearance of a bathroom to replace an old, dark-colored, cracked, or otherwise unsightly, toilet seat, with a modern, "Church" Sani-white Toilet Seat—permanently white, smooth, handsome, durable, and as easy to clean as porcelain. Its beauty and refinement are qualities every woman wants in her bathroom—a room she can be proud to have guests use. You can easily install one yourself. Obtainable at any plumber's

Send for Free Book

THAT you may see just what this seat really is, send coupon below for Mrs. Mildred Stevens's sixteen-page book entitled, "An Easy Way to Make a Bathroom More Attractive," together with a free sample of sani-white sheathing. No obligation. Address: C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. F9, Holyoke, Mass.

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LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON UNDER-SIDE OF SEAT

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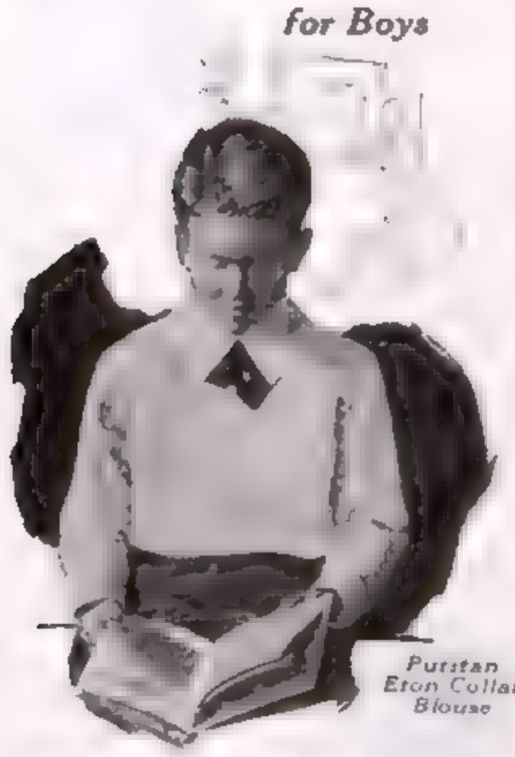

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THE FIREBIRD

(Continued from Page 25

"Did you note how he tried to get Larry as he fell?" Hugh Shumack inquired.

"No," I allowed.

"Yes, sir I ought to know, bein' an eyeball witness—he whipped back to strike just as Larry fell. But a row of us were standing so close that he decided not to put it through."

"With a front foot?" I inquired.

"With his front head, I tell you. It was more like a rattlesnake making a slight pass, but decidin' not to strike. Failin' to get Larry, he took it out in tryin' to kill himself against the grand stand."

"That ain't a human hoss—that hoss is besieged," said Slim Purdy.

"What do you mean—besieged, Slim?" said Hugh.

"He ain't himself, that hoss, no more than a man who goes crazy."

We went down to the death cell before dusk. Breezy was already there looking over the fence. Firebird was standing, head down, eyes down, all his lights turned off. We saw a tremble flow over his narrow shoulders and you could still hear his breathing six feet away.

"Looks mighty sick and exhausted," Breezy said, pitiful-like. "As if he mightn't live till I get to him."

"What makes you think you're going to have him tomorrow or next day?" I asked.

"Just a feelin'," he said. "Doesn't always turn out either." His eyes didn't move from the outlaw. "What do you think's happened to him?" he inquired of no one in particular. "That ain't the same hoss that got out from under Larry—same hide and hoofs, but that's about all."

"Too deep for me," said Pan.

Hardtwist Peters had kept rolling up admiration each afternoon for his roping exhibition; Pan and Hugh Shumack and Paddy Flynn seemed to have the bulldogging honors between them. My own performance I'm not speaking about this year; it turned out I wasn't acting right, having so much on my mind.

The next day Firebird stayed in the corral with the horses uncalled for. Jo Kain made another good ride, this time on Moonshine, and just to sit that night-loving maniac a year or two back was considered a champ's job. Breezy Lane came through on the Reverend in a way that made me send a telegram to the big boss about taking on a new hand, terms being reasonable.

Now the evening before the last day a little string of twisters was forgathered in one tent, the occasion being to find out what horses they had drawn for the finals tomorrow—always a time when you feel the need of a smoke. Jo Kain and Breezy Lane were under canvas in this fast company. Len Hudkins came in, holding his sombrero, which contained the folded papers.

"When I call your names, gents, step up and draw your saddle rack, the first being Bob Cawkins by honor of his standing. Dig deep, Bob."

"It's the gent as draws Firebird that's in for a long flight," Cawkins said. "My supper don't feel as if it was doing me any good at the chance I'm taking right now."

"There's just two horses here in Cheyenne that I don't care to dangle my feet from," Paddy Flynn remarked. "Firebird's both of 'em."

Neither of these men connected up with Firebird's fatal ways for tomorrow; several others drew also, breathing deeper afterward, until there were only three or four men and horses left to be matched up, and Breezy Lane's name was called. I watched the kid's face as he unfolded his ticket—a trace of shock there, then the queerest, gamest smile. I'd have bet four to one that his look reflected the name Firebird on his paper. But just then I heard Jo Kain's name spoken, saw him reach for his warrant and over his shoulder read the worst in red letters—our Joey to meet the tiger. Breezy took a step toward him as if swallowing his own hurt and envy, but Jo wasn't seeing anybody right then; just held hard to his smile, set his face steady toward the flap of the tent and marched out.

"Suppose Breezy was disappointed or relieved?" I asked of Pan later. "Suppose that shocked look of his was sorrow over his hunch not turning out?"

"I make no pretensions of understanding Breezy's taste, Marty, but if he wasn't disappointed I'm a badly fooled hombre, and the American stage needs him more than the cattle country."

"Tomorrow's a day we're all goin' to remember at the Split Sevens," I said. "They'll be overflowing the grand stand and crowding the field on the chance of the man who sits Firebird getting killed."

Next afternoon in the arena I had the answer to my telegram from Yuma, but I waited to see Breezy ride once more first. Also I had another idea that day—to be as close as possible when Jo Kain came out on Firebird; so I volunteered to help with the timing, having my favorite pony, little Gee-Gee, between my knees where he belonged. Hell's Escort, which was Breezy's lot, was a horse with good and bad days. No snap to him that last afternoon. He wasn't bad enough to give Breezy a high score or tame enough to give him a reride. Just a case of hard luck to keep a boy down and I couldn't rightly let this change my idea to ask him home with us, though something personal kept putting it off. Then the feature ——

"Peel your eyes, people!" I heard Hemp Dodge, official announcer, call. "What we now have to offer is the unusual spectacle of a hoss with a man on top. Nothing short of the future of Napoleon lies ahead for this young man if he succeeds in upsettin' the theory of gravitation. . . . No, lady, not a five-gaited saddle hoss. That young man picked by fate to ride is makin' eyes at death right now. Still, we all wishes him well. Here they are! The Yuma Carnation on Firebird—coming out!"

There, as the chute door flung back, Firebird showed as two days before—as if just out of a dark room, the sun hurting his eyes—waiting for his cue from the devil he served. His head began to sway from side to side, bowing from left to right; little Gee-Gee began backing under me away from the unnatural spectacle. Now Firebird looked to kneel. Jo reached for his hat to start fanning. Not a speck of wind, but that hat of Jo's lifted and floated away. The black brute then humped, aviated and came down, his four feet trailing like a wasp's, until his barrel was less than a foot from the ground, nose fanning the dust. His next was a different sort of take-off, holding down one hind foot to pivot on, head twisting back as he spun.

Jo started to leave right then, daylight widening; Jo following his hat slow but sure, regretting to go, but reading his duty plain; boots up, pink shirt flaring apology; after which overture our Jo landed on his shoulder, head thrown under. It came over me then, something that meant more to come. Firebird wasn't leaving the spot, though free to go. His mouth was open, like nothing else I'd ever known in the horse world. Then I saw his killer head lift and strike at Jo's upturned face; right after that he reared, aiming to mash a foot on the pink shirt, but Gee-Gee had carried me in by that time and I drove him back with the hondo end of my las' rope. Breezy was first man to join me bending over Jo, helping to get him into the ambulance. If this had been a blood brother down, Breezy couldn't have looked more white and hurt.

As we walked together after the cart he said, "Marty, you were pretty close when it happened. Just what was it that caved in Jo's forehead over the right eye?"

"Firebird's buck teeth, upper jaw."

"Didn't exactly bite him then?"

"No, struck mouth open." I decided to wait no longer. "By the way, Breezy," I said, "I'm carryin' a telegram that offers you a job at the Split Sevens."

"I'd like to go you, Marty, but I'm ridin' Firebird before taking up any other part of my life work."

"Still want some of that?" I said, feeling queer. He nodded. "Pendleton?"

"If I don't meet up with him sooner. They tell me they're going to saddle him at Cohontas ten days from now," he went on. "Firebird resides over that way. One or two of the boys are going."

"That little Colorado rodeo won't mean much honors or advertising," I remarked, looking at him close, only to find out here was a kid who aimed to ride for the sake of riding more than glory.

Pan and Hardtwist started back for the ranch next morning, it being several weeks before the big Oregon show, which anyway I felt slipping for this year so far as the Split Sevens ranch was concerned. I sent another telegram to Mr. Quinlan. Time hung heavy for me that day, breathing hospital air, and every little while catching Jo's eye through his bandage. Doom and fell night was what he shot out at me—something the matter with the boy besides being hurt normal – the same I had noticed about Larry Dryden after his ride. The answer to my later telegram came from the big boss toward noon:

Yes, get back of this new boy for Cohontas show. Bring home what's left. Kate leaving for Cheyenne at once to help pull Jo through.

Kate coming, yet I was getting more and more restless.

Breezy passed his time outside that day, piecing together Firebird's history, studying the same from all angles and only turning up in the hospital toward evening, when the outlaw was rolling freight homebound.

"They had to rope him to get him into the freight car this afternoon," he reported. "They say his peculiar bucking, that none of the boys can stay with, is because of his breedin' not bein' cow-hoss. He's polo stock, mostly thoroughbred, only four years old ——"

A voice came from under Jo's bandages: "Get out of here! I don't want to hear nothin' about that hoss!"

"Sounds as if Jo was going to get well," I apologized in the hall; and then inquired, "Did you happen to hear how Firebird got his name? I've always been curious."

"From his breedin'. Fire-eater was his sire and they tell me his old dam was named Love-bird."

"Love-eater wouldn't quite have done," said I.

Breezy furnished further details: "He wasn't bad as a baby. Taken over as a polo prospect by a United States cavalry outfit and ruined as a two-year-old—clubbed in a stall by a dirty-tempered groom. Also, before leavin' for parts unknown, that groom busied himself working a steel bur into Firebird's felt saddle pad to get even for something the officer who owned the kid said. The iron didn't work for a minute or two. The officer was riding out on the polo field when the colt suddenly went crazy. They found out the trouble, but had a devil on their hands from that day."

"They're all man-made, these outlaws," I said. "Always somebody's taken his own dirt out on 'em."

Kate came next morning. Her breathless way of laughing as she took off her hat and put on a white apron ought to have given me a new flavor for coffee and pancakes, but didn't when I saw her look coming up to Breezy Lane. They hadn't met up to this time.

"And you're the one who's going to ride that same horse?" she said, her left hand indicating Jo.

"Meanin' to try, ma'am."

(Continued on Page 198)

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(Continued from Page 196)

Her quick protest softened to the same tender look I'd seen that night back at the ranch when Breezy was playing his guitar at a distance. She wanted to know all about him from me when we walked out that afternoon—if Breezy had said anything about himself on the trip up in the freight car. She didn't seem interested about his fine showing in four rides, nor when I told her about how disappointed his face looked at drawing Hell's Escort instead of the Firebird; but about that hurt look around his mouth as we picked up Jo Kain she couldn't seem to get enough. There was something she couldn't exactly ask but seemed to need to know about the boy. I watched them together several times in the next few days, and knew pretty well by this time why I hadn't wanted to take him back to Yuma. Jo was pronounced ready to travel, and the night before leaving for Cohontas, Breezy came to me in heavy trouble.

"Mrs. Durman don't understand about this ridin'," he said. "Why, if I go back to Yuma without riding Firebird I wouldn't be rightly there to work for you, Marty—most of me hanging back where he is."

"I can't mix up in these woman mysteries none," I told him, jerking away. Except that Jo hadn't lost any of his, it would seem his grouch had fallen to me of late. "Women always ball up such things," I said, "but you never heard of it stopping none of our wars or heroisms, did you?"

Then Cohontas—my first call at that little high-up cattle town; cool and bright the day we got there, big mountains all round, people laughing and enjoying themselves; but by this time a revelation was bearing down on me, not to be stood off any longer. Here was Kate walking between me and Jo Kain, white and unsettled at the thought of Breezy's coming ride; more worked up than I'd ever seen her since Bill Durman passed. Sure looked as if the right lad had come along after three years—only a boy, but something fatal for Kate in that hurt look around his eyes. Now I heard Jo's doleful tones from her other side.

"Not sportin' a regular ambulance, I wonder what this town's goin' to use this afternoon?" he wanted to know, and I saw Kate settle smaller between us.

Queer a ride like that should be pulled off away back from everything, only six or seven big men from outside being present, the rest just hard-working twisters on a holiday. There never was any doubt about Breezy getting his chance; the man who had made the finals at Cheyenne had right of way here. They had given us seats in the arena and Firebird was being saddled.

"Marty, they're earin' him!" reached me in a desperate voice from Kate. "Oh, I'm sorry I came!"

"It'll soon be over," I said, trying to soothe her.

"It sure will," worked out from under Jo's remaining bandage.

The saddling crew jumped back and there was Breezy settling into place on the bony mud-caked black. Firebird stood and shivered a second, then began that ferocious circus walk of his, with the look of keeping an eye out on either side. Having located his bearings, of a sudden he proceeded to forget 'em—humped like a civet cat, cleared the ground to his own height and landed at all angles. Breezy zigzagged a trifle, but was still aboard, his legs digging forward and back like a locoed clock pendulum, taking his punishment as if prepared. As every quarter second passed, I looked harder for the young man to begin that slow, curious separation I'd twice noted at Cheyenne; but Breezy's move now was to grab his hat and start fanning, something Firebird hadn't counted on.

As I say, it was queer to be way off in the mountains during the next ten seconds, while lasted the prettiest fight of man and horse ever pulled off, and I've watched too many to be excessive in speech. I don't have to tell you what does the damage in our business. A man can get bruised all over in bucking, but bruises heal. It's the pounding at the base of the spine that lets the life out of a man to stay. It wasn't a cow horse we were looking at. Firebird wasn't built like one, didn't move or think like one; yet in that ten seconds I speak of he threw a bucking feature, condensed and speeded up, containing all the pranks the bad ones know—Breezy sitting there bareheaded, his smile showing through the dust.

But after that period—at the end of which the whistle sounded—things suddenly changed and changed hard. Breezy failed to hear the signal, or feared to hop off on account of what had happened to other men. Anyway, the show kept on, turning stale and awful, as if, starting a bonfire, you set going a city block. I stood up, Firebird coming our way, and there—just a glimpse through the dust—Breezy's face long and white, the mouth open, taking the crashes as you've seen the slow bumps run along a string of freight cars. Kate clutched at my arm.

"Stop it! Oh, Marty, can't you stop it?"

"Sit down," I told her. "Nothin' to be done!"

Sounds like snoring, or when one is going under chloroform, came out from the dust cloud, but from horse or man I couldn't tell. Three pick-up men were crowding their horses in, but there was no getting a hand on Firebird's hackamore as he ducked and circled, often rearing to strike. And there it was to watch—sometimes from the side, sometimes from the front, until I thought the riding game had gone out of me for good—the snapping of Breezy's spine.

Queer, a little cattle town away off among the foothills of nowhere should register a finish known only to happen once or twice before. They were both down, Breezy unconscious. I was dragging him clear, aiming to fight off Firebird when he got up; but the beast didn't get up, and that moaning sound was in the air that had come from the Cheyenne grand stand after Larry's ride. Then the way the killer's head flung back, mouth open, told me—twitchy racing legs not using the ground—a battle fought to the finish, man and horse falling at the same time, the latter done for and Breezy out of his head two hours.

I stood outside the cabin where they had taken him. Kate was on the job within, hat and jacket off, white apron out again. It was dark and windy in the high gap that held the little town of Cohontas, though there was still a pale light on the peaks. I hadn't found it easy to stay near the lad. Apparently in some way he had been badly punished as a kid, and perhaps that was what drew him to the Firebird, for every little while his voice raised:

"Don't—not any more—oh, don't!"

As we came gradually to understand, he didn't mean altogether the punishment of the afternoon. Something was riding him from long ago, possibly brought back by what happened today. I didn't find out exactly, but wondered how Kate had happened onto this point from the beginning. When Breezy finally fell into a real sleep she put on her jacket and joined me outside.

"It was some man he lived with long ago," she said, "some beating as a child ——"

We walked for quite a while after that, liking the cold night air, not saying a word, until Kate stopped and faced me in the deep dark of the mountains.

"Oh, Marty, it isn't all cruelty to animals! It's cruelty to men too!"

"What's that, Kate?" I said, still in Breezy's boyhood.

"This bustin' game. Oh, I've seen so many of you—old men before fully grown."

"You care a lot, don't you?" I said, looking back toward the light.

"You boys think you heal up and get well, but what you really do is to hammer your youth away."

I saw she hadn't heard me and risked it again. Kate stopped, pulled me round to look close in the dark, and held my eyes for a second or two—but not a word.

For days I felt just at the edge of finding out what that look meant, but it always slipped. As for the rest, there in the dark at Cohontas—what she said of the battles of men and horses, I could only see her side of it at the time; but when I observed Breezy upstanding again and how the hands at the Split Sevens took to him, I began to see it was a woman's point of view Kate had nailed me with. The man who had ridden Firebird had done something no one else could lay claim to.

Only with Breezy it was the same as with Jo Kain—the healthier he got, the less Kate noticed him. Besides, something in her seemed quieted about that hurt look round his mouth, with the boys making so much of him. I put in a lot of trouble thinking over these things, especially the way Kate looked at me at Cohontas, and finally one night I went over to the dobe guest house.

She heard me the minute I went in and showed herself on one of the balconies, saying she would be down in a minute.

So I strolled round under the low dark beams, waiting and enjoying her arrangement of the Indian and Spanish rugs, ollas and pottery, though nervous. The big boss had just sent in another chestful of blankets from over Taos way, though it looked as if half the tepees of the Southwest were represented on the walls already. I started the phonograph going with one of those Spanish love songs made in Mexico "Ceety" and sat around and smoked, wondering how Bill Durman ever got such a post-mortem hold on Kate.

Then she was coming down, and I saw she was looking special, as if going away. She nestled back among the cushions. I didn't mean to take any chances, but after a while I ventured:

"I keep thinkin' of that night at Cohontas ——"

"Yes, Marty?"

"There was a time back there when I thought you and Breezy ——"

She bent forward and forked me with a look, but it softened in a second and all I could see was her eyes shining in the dusk; then her words:

"If you knew as little about cattle as you do about what I'm thinking ——" She didn't finish that. "No, Marty, I'm not taking a boy to bring up."

"Some man ——"

"I used to think so—I always hoped so, but now I see it's a child. . . . Oh, Marty, you've been so tiresome to wait for!"

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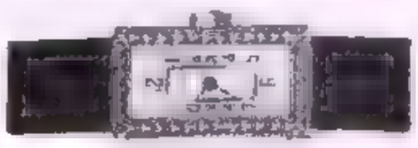

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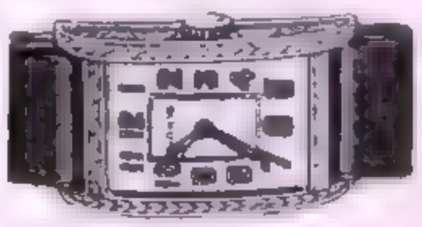

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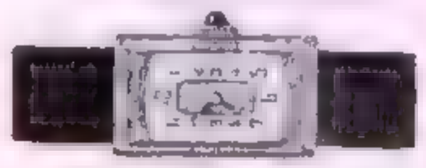

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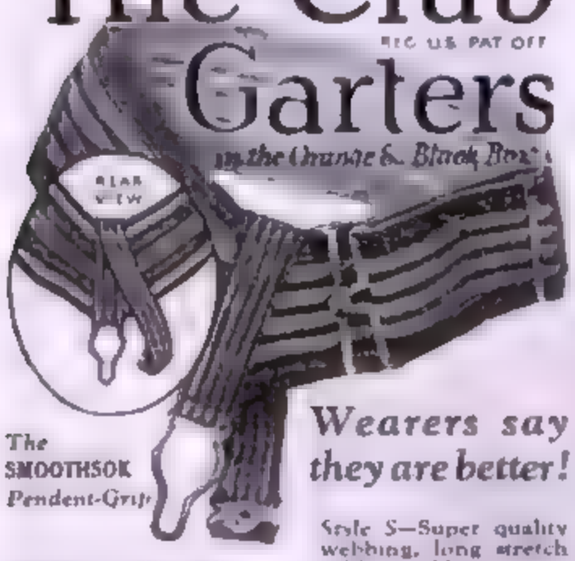

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THE GENTLEMAN'S AND CABINETMAKER'S DIRECTOR

Continued from Page 27

"I was wondering," Willie Gerald promptly admitted. "I was wondering, in my simple ignorant way, why they had been given to you. Honestly, I was shocked at such a waste. I can't think where I have seen better-looking feet."

"Wasted!" she echoed him satirically. "How can you say that when you've made it evident they give you pleasure?"

Jenning rose. "I'm going in the library; at least Worcester doesn't talk. Come in, Gerald, when you are ready—or when you can."

Left with Virginia Jenning, Willie studied her thoughtfully. She was, really, most beautifully dressed. An idiotic, a suicidal, impulse came over him, but he resolutely fought it off.

"So you like my feet," she repeated.

"I do," he said.

"Did you, perhaps, suppose I was put together with pins? What do you call it—mortise and tenon. But then it would occur to you that since I taught history I must be wholly antique." She sat forward with her elbows on her slim knees. Her hands, lightly and gracefully clasped, were not far from him. Damn it, he couldn't make up his mind; all his experience went for nothing with Virginia Jenning. In the end she stirred, rose, first. "It's just as well—your interest in the past," she said enigmatically. "You belong in the library among the Worcester china."

Returning the following morning to New York—with no further sight of her—Gerald's thoughts yet persistently dwelt on Virginia Jenning. He was engaged in her, he told himself, because she was an absolutely new type to him. Jenning had explained that she was a new type of historian. Willie could well believe it. She had obviously a keen mind, but to him it was a little like a sharp edge on the back of a knife, out of place and dangerous. Yet what, more than anything else, disturbed him was the memory of his last few minutes with her on the pseudo-classic porch. Why, the woman had positively laughed at him. She was, too, pretty bitter about the past as it existed in the interests of Salmon Jenning and himself.

Jenning, as well, had annoyed him with his self-engrossed talk about commissions, his calm assumption that he was at Jenning's command. Gerald might be, but in his own peculiar manner, for almost any object smaller than a library bookcase; but the size of that, its spectacular character, made it difficult if not impossible to manage. This was in his head as he stood with Eben Francis in the great Pennsylvania barn where Francis kept the American antiques he had for sale. They were gazing regretfully at the wrecked lower part of what, obviously, had been an impressive bookcase. Only a piece—a splinter hanging to a later hinge—of one door remained, the bracket feet and apron were totally gone, the sides and top broken in, there was no back whatever.

"You can see what it's been," Francis proceeded, "from the inlaying that is left; it reverses four times in the upright panels, and I have part of one of the upper doors." He carried forward a frame that once had held diamond-shaped panes of glass. "I don't know why I brought it home. It's useless. There is hardly enough in it that's whole to piece out another bookcase."

"Probably you're right," Gerald agreed; "and yet, Francis—you know how I like such old ruins—if you didn't pay too much for it I'll take it off your hands. I can find a use that wouldn't exist for you—enough to build it up again mentally. In other words, it might easily be part of a paper or book." Eben Francis admitted that the remains they were examining had cost him fourteen dollars. "If you like it that much and it's worth hauling ——"

"Very well," Willie Gerald decided, "put it down to me. Charge me with the crating, of course, and send it prepaid, express, to Catawba, New Jersey. I'll have it collected at the station there. Now, Francis, about this sale at Hebron on the fifth: it's to be a general dealers' sale, under one name, naturally; I understand all that; but have you heard of any commissions to buy? I mean will Hake bid for the Davenant family, do you think? And Cartner go crazy again?"

Francis wasn't certain, he just didn't altogether know; but in his opinion not only would the Hebron sale be good, the prices would be high. "You realize, Mr. Gerald, that today anything can happen to the right kind of three-mold glass, and the Davenants are buying all the Stiegel that's loose." That, Willie agreed, was a fact. And, driving back through the pleasant Pennsylvania autumn to New York, he considered the possibilities of the impending auction in the heart of the traditional "Dutch" region of America. Gerald remembered that he had promised to take Freda Renant; and that, in turn, recalled the fact that he had not yet seen her in her new capacity and location.

A card of announcement was somewhere among his things, and, coming across it in the morning, he went to her shop a few doors off Madison Avenue. Amy Beltran met him with very evident pleasure.

"We began to think you weren't coming!" she exclaimed. "And we're frightened to death. My dear Willie, we've spent so much money! We've been buying right and left! Freda has a weakness for Spain she had kept concealed from me and it seems I'll buy rose resist china at any price. I can't help it. I have just paid nine hundred dollars for a tea set:" Gerald asked if the tea set actually were rose resist, and she showed him a cup and saucer. He glanced at it quickly, weighing the cup in his fingers. "Don't you like it?" she asked anxiously. "Isn't it good? Because I haven't sent a check yet."

"Send the cup and saucer instead," he advised her. "This isn't resist, it's simply plain luster. Can't you see that the design has been fired on and not off? And it isn't very good luster, either. Good luster is light." While he was speaking Freda came in. "If this is the time you get to work," he asserted, "you'll never prosper."

She replied that she was startled at his conventionality of mind. "No one worth a peso ever gets here before eleven. And this is specially touching when I remember when you get up."

"But I'm a lily," he explained. "There is no toil in me."

Freda studied him thoughtfully. "I am not so certain of that, Willie," she said at last. "I can't make you out, but there is something mysterious about it, whatever it is. If you see what I mean."

Mrs. Beltran broke into their talk. "Willie Gerald says this isn't rose resist!" she cried. "I'd just like to have those people arrested."

She couldn't, he pointed out, begin that. "It's all a question of superior knowledge—do you know more than those people, as you call them, or do they know more than you? There is nothing more to it. And let me tell you about rose, or even silver, resist—if you get any don't bother to wait for a customer, tell each other that it is sold to me, and at what price you like. Only be certain that it is light—and resist."

"Are you going to the Peacock sale?" Freda Renant asked.

"I am not," he replied as promptly as possible. "Nor to any other except the one I got myself into with you. What good would English furniture, with prices in the sky, do me?"

However, the furniture was wonderful, she insisted. She had been to the Lewendo Gallery and seen it. "Willie, there is a Chippendale—a Chippendale, Willie—bookcase beyond anything you'd dream of. Even the old lilac-colored panes of glass are perfect." He thought, "There, probably I can do Freda a favor—I can tell her about Salmon Jenning." Such a bookcase was exactly what he wanted. There was no Wall Worcester at the Peacock sale, no china at all, really, and so he wouldn't go. And no matter what Freda paid he would give her more.

Then, saying nothing at all about Jenning, he went over the contents of the shop, buying a pair of Queen Anne side chairs in walnut, with unusual stretchers, and a jug of aquamarine South Jersey glass. The jug he carried away with him, carefully tied first in a newspaper and then in wrapping paper—Willie Gerald had a great belief in the protective powers of newspapers—and he proceeded to the Lewendo Art Galleries. The auction, he was reminded, was not until next week, and the furniture had yet to be arranged; but the clerk was sure Mr. Lewendo would want Mr. Gerald to see it as he chose. In the course of his inspection he finally reached the Chippendale bookcase. It was, he told himself, exactly that authentic.

The center section projected finely; he identified, one by one, the harmonious members of the molding—a fillet, *cyma recta* carved in acanthus, narrow fillet and corona; a fillet, a quarter round, a fillet, a cove, a dental molding, a fillet and quarter round. Crowning the center pediment there was a most impressive eagle.

"Isn't it beautiful?" the clerk exclaimed

"A shade elaborate," Willie Gerald replied. "Yes, just a shade."

On the day of the Peacock sale, but before it was in progress, Willie Gerald had another look at the furniture. It was arranged now to great advantage, properly set up and spaced and the walls hung with pleasant brocades and tapestries. The Chippendale bookcase was specially effective and, standing before it, Gerald found Benjamin Mercer.

"There, Willie," he said, "you have it all at its best. Fairman Lane sent me to see that bookcase; this is my third trip, and I have just succeeded in convincing myself that I can't have it. Not by about twenty inches. It's that much longer than any place I could possibly put it." Gerald asked if, since he didn't want it, Mercer thought Fairman Lane might bid on the bookcase, and Mercer thought not. "I have an idea he sailed for Europe either yesterday or the day before. He was talking about a book of Chippendale's designs that was coming up for sale in London. It was advertised as the second edition, but that would be nonsense, naturally, since no second edition has ever been even traced. Well, now that I have separated my imagination from this bookcase, I might as well go. I'll probably see you at Kingdon's Saturday night."

Willie Gerald admitted that he would be there, and Mercer walked quickly away. Willie was forced to recognize that, unlike others of his position, Benjamin Mercer did intimately know both English and American antiques. He knew fully as much as Lane, Gerald added; and he was far more agreeable. He was, further, glad to learn that Fairman Lane was probably out of the United States; for Lane's attitude was, to say the least, scrutinizing where Willie Gerald was concerned. He was moving across the room when he was stopped by Arthur Lewendo.

"I'm happy to see you here," the proprietor of the gallery spoke more loudly than was strictly necessary. "Just to have you in the place, Mr. Gerald, is a sort of guaranty of our things. And wasn't that

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Rochester, N. Y.

—H.G.WARD

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Mr. Benjamin Mercer talking to you by the bookcase?" Gerald said that it was. "I was particularly interested to see you both there. A superb piece, that." He lowered his voice, grew confidential. "Was Mr. Mercer interested, do you think? I mean to a point. I would like to have either of you buy it, of course. And if he wanted it I'd take some pains to see he wesn't disappointed. A very impressive personage, Mr. Mercer."

Arthur Lewendo, Gerald recalled, was socially ambitious; he had lately built a house on Long Island, and Willie didn't doubt but that the little Lewendo girl was being carefully navigated in the direction of such desirable children as the Mercers.

"Yes," he assented, "he liked the bookcase. But Mercer was afraid the price would be too elaborate. You know, he's limited. Unfortunately." Lewendo protested that if Gerald stayed for the sale he would not only have the bookcase put up but he would see that it was knocked down, in the right direction, as soon as decently possible. "Mercer didn't say definitely he'd take it," Willie Gerald went on. "You must remember how these things go. He said he'd like it if he had a place large enough."

"He'll like it." Lewendo was confident. "And if he doesn't, why, it would be no hardship to you or me, if you should keep it. Anyhow, Mr. Gerald, do me the favor of staying."

Willie Gerald waited until the throng at the auction was seated. He saw Freda and Mrs. Beltran almost in the last row of seats, and then took a place near the door, where he was out of their vision. The bookcase, he told himself, was put up in an indecent hurry. It was started at five hundred dollars and rose at once to a thousand, twelve hundred dollars; it moved up, in two bids, to fifteen hundred, then seventeen hundred and fifty. One of the pauses occurred so frequent in a bidding hardly started, and the auctioneer said at once, "I'll take bids of a hundred dollars." Gerald nodded almost imperceptibly. "Eighteen hundred fifty! Eighteen fifty! Eighteen—nineteen fifty! Make it two thousand! Two thousand! Two thousand! Two—twenty-one hundred!" That, Gerald recognized, was for him, although he had made no further sign. "Gentlemen," the auctioneer protested, "this is a long sale and we must get through our allotment for this afternoon. If you're not prompt I'll be obliged to let this magnificent bookcase by Thomas Chippendale, an original authentic piece, go. Twenty-one hundred! Now do I hear twenty-two? Twenty-two, I hear! And now twenty-three is bid. Twenty-three once, twice ——" His gavel fell. "Sold for twenty-three hundred dollars. A ridiculous price. You mustn't let your opportunities slip by you like that. And now we have these Venetian chairs in olive wood ——"

Gerald distinctly heard a muttering of discontent. Bellows, a dealer sitting behind him, leaned over Willie's shoulder. "That was a hell of a price. I would have paid two or three times that. Who bought it, Mr. Gerald, did you see?"

Gerald shook his head negatively. "It went so quickly. But it might have been the estate." He rose and left, taking advantage of a confused movement in the doorway. At the entrance to the gallery he stopped by the treasurer's window. "A Chippendale bookcase was knocked down to me when I wasn't looking," he explained lightly. "It was twenty-three hundred dollars, and I am leaving a check with you. The money and an address, please. Will you have it expressed to me at Catawba, New Jersey? Yes, just that and that's enough. I'll collect it myself."

Everything, the treasurer cheerfully replied, was regular, except Mr. Gerald's statement that he hadn't been looking. "When they catch you like that the others will be blind, and dead."

Driving through the streets to his rooms, Willie Gerald's expression was sharper and more discontented than customary. He was a little sickened by the ease with which men could be bamboozled. It was hardly worth doing. Most men, he proceeded, were no more than conceited children. No, they hadn't the protective simplicity of children; they were just conceited asses. He was desperately tired of his preoccupation. For once all the charm, the stimulation, had fled from it. If he were, at last, actually engaged with life, it was merely on life's negative side, he was taking advantage of its weakness instead of encountering its strength. He felt that he was capable of successfully undertaking the latter. And then the memory of his indolence swept over him, his distaste for continued effort. Willie Gerald couldn't conceive of himself as the slave of any undertaking or necessity. That—to be bound—was to him not success, but failure.

There were occupations involving enormously larger sums of money, greater risk, than that he was engaged in. He might, for example, raid the market, form a ring, and, selling at the right hour, have a year, or two or three years, of freedom. But a quality of doubt, a fear, restrained him. He didn't trust himself, and a disaster in larger circumstances would be correspondingly greater. "I have all the qualities of a successful crook," he told himself: "the moral turpitude—an instinctive and impressive phrase, the intelligence and luck, yes, and the connections. But in the end it would be too uncomfortable. In the end it would interfere with my appetite and then ruin my sleep." No, it was better to be modest and easy in mind and amused; really to enjoy the superlative dishes of the Constitution; to think, without too great an interruption, of Rose Brincker.

He wondered if other men gave their affairs such extended consideration, if they subjected their lives and acts to a continual analysis. He was driving, alone, over a paved road through a sandy wood in New Jersey, and he decided that his prolonged mental scrutinies came from that precise fact—that he was, essentially, so much by himself. Willie Gerald left the wood behind and came into a small orderly village of white-painted houses set back from the road and inclosed in neat hedges of box. The grass along the sidewalks was emerald-green in the deep shade of maple trees touched with the scarlet of autumn, and behind the principal street a salt blue waterway cut in from the not-distant sea. He stopped his car before a building which bore the sign: Israel Shadnell, Boat Building and Marine Railway.

None of that advertised activity, however, was progressing within, and Gerald found Israel Shadnell gazing in a puzzled doubt at two ridiculously contrasting pieces of antique furniture—they were the two bookcases, or, rather, the Chippendale library bookcase and the ruin he had bought from Eben Francis—that belonged to Willie Gerald.

"Mr. Gerald," Shadnell said, "I always thought your head was screwed tight on your shoulders, but when them two came I began to doubt it. There was no need to send me one and no use to send the other. And I had a time getting them over from Catawba too. If you keep on like this I might just as well be in New York City."

"Israel," Willie replied, "don't complain. You know very well no one has wanted a boat for months and that I have been keeping you busy. And don't lose confidence in my head." He, too, studied the bookcases, comparing their size and design. "Yes," he decided finally; "I believe we can do it. What have we got there?" he demanded.

"The finest bookcase I ever see and some worm-eaten boards."

"Not at all; I'm surprised at you, Israel—we have two bookcases. Isn't there something somewhere about making two flourish where only one had flourished before? Yes, and don't forget the loaves and fishes. You should still have over a hundred feet of mahogany planks, and the art of inlaying can't have departed from you since I was here last. There is still nitric acid in the market and wire brushes. Well! Now look—one, as you see, is Chippendale and the other Hepplewhite; and we'll donate the eagle to the Hepplewhite—the eagle and some beautiful French bracket feet and an apron—an apron, Israel, to dream about. The Chippendale bookcase can, naturally, have its own ball-and-claw feet, but I'm afraid it will have to lose half the molding. I have a pair of small candelabra we'll use, and we will vary the designs of the panes of glass in the upper doors. One will be more Gothic than the other."

"Mr. Gerald, that will cost you a lot of money; it will take a long while," Israel Shadnell replied soberly. "Why, it's a job that on time alone will run into five hundred dollars."

"The time will be expensive for you, not me," Gerald told him; "I am going to make it specially profitable for you to have them done soon."

Shadnell began at once to protest that he couldn't be hurried. If he were, the work would show it. "I get nervous," he said conclusively.

Willie Gerald answered that a little nervousness wouldn't be serious, balanced against a hundred dollars or so. "And when they are finished I'll send a truck; but I want you to ship them separately—Mr. Chippendale's masterpiece first."

Willie concluded his arrangements with Israel Shadnell as quickly as possible, since he would have to be back in New York for Barton Kingdon's dinner. Yet, though he drove at an illegal speed and dressed in less time than he had thought possible, he was late; when he reached Kingdon's, dinner had begun. He was taking his place apologetically at the table when, to his great amazement, he saw directly across from him the shapely red head and malicious smile of Virginia Jenning.

"How did you get here?" he demanded.

"Why ask?" she retorted. "Barton told me you were coming, of course."

"The whole truth is," Kingdon put in, "that I had no idea you knew each other. How did you?"

"Oh, he comes up to Albany to play with my brother Salmon," Virginia Jenning informed the table. "They are nice children, and get along very well together, but rather sullen when you interfere with them."

"Sullen, certainly not," Gerald protested; "we'll be at our games in a perfectly reasonable recess when Miss Jenning will ring the bell for her history lesson. She'll ask us impossible questions like what delegate from the Bloody Ground declined to ratify the anti-cigarette constitution of Kansas."

"That, for you, is fairly accurate," she admitted. Then she returned to the man at her right. After dinner Willie removed himself to the library. Damn the Jenning woman anyhow! This fresh encounter with her brought back the sense of discomfort she had left with him in Albany. He wondered if she were, really, a considerable figure, if she had written in addition to teaching. If she had been responsible for any books, he realized, Barton would have them, and again he searched the shelves. His purpose was soon rewarded. There was a thin volume in blue cloth, The Economic Causes of the American Revolution, by Virginia Wolff Jenning; The Fallacy of Democracy, a pamphlet; a note on the Social Status of the Early Settlers of Virginia, another pamphlet; a thick and serious-looking book, The Aryan Myth; another impressive work, Dynamic History, and American Party Politics in the Eighteenth Century, a Study of the Caucus Clubs.

This discovery did nothing to lessen his discontent; compared with her, the truth was, he had done nothing; he was nothing. He decided that a mind originally planned for some man and feet designed for a lovely frivolity had been erroneously combined. Yet he was glad to see her in the doorway. "I have been finding out about you," he

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confessed. "It does seem that you are important."

"It does," she agreed easily, sinking into a small sofa. Willie Gerald sat beside her.

"How is Salmon Jenning?" he asked. "And has he found a library bookcase for his china?"

"He told me you were getting that," she returned. "At any rate he is waiting to hear from you. It oughtn't to be difficult."

"Now," he told her, with a great satisfaction, "you are talking nonsense. You don't know what you are saying. As a matter of fact, what your brother wants is almost impossible to find."

If they existed they existed, Virginia Jenning answered crisply. "A thing of wood and glass is glass and wood and nothing more. You know it when you see it. It isn't an intangible and hidden cause, a priceless truth, hidden back of a thousand years. It will be necessary yet for me to get Salmon his bookcase."

Willie Gerald stared at her fixedly. "But of course," he said finally, "you might come across one. A piece of sheer luck. And if you do, let me know. Though I must say I hate to think of you degenerating to the point of looking for antiques. Specially in such flimsy slippers."

His dissatisfaction with himself, where Virginia Jenning was concerned, turned into an acutely uncomfortable silence. In this she was, as usual, wholly adequate. "The trouble with you," he said at last, "is that when I expect you to be a historian you're not and when I don't you are." Still she gave him no assistance. "Well," he continued, "it's always been a theory of mine when you've begun wrong with a woman nothing can improve it. You are sunk. And I began wrong with you. In reality," said Willie Gerald, "you like me a lot."

She replied, "Have you a cigarette? I wouldn't tell you if my life depended on it."

She hadn't, he reflected, on his way home; but she had referred again to the bookcase, insisting that most of the difficulty in finding it lay in his mind; or else, she had added, he might be purposely exaggerating its rarity for reasons of his own. She had been extremely nasty. There was literally no check on the actions or speech of such a woman.

Obviously, he couldn't insult or choke her. His feelings were decidedly mixed, but he was convinced that she hadn't regarded her passages with him negatively; and there had been a note of determination in her speaking about the bookcase. He most sincerely hoped so. He did indeed. For there, it seemed to him, if she persisted in her threat to get one for Jenning, he might conceivably be of assistance to her.

At any rate, he was decidedly engaged when, more than a month after, he found among the advertisements in a magazine that a large library bookcase with closets and glass upper doors, of mahogany, and preferably English manufacture in either the Chippendale or Hepplewhite period, was desired. There was no name attached, only a number, and so he went in search of Matthew Wilson. Gerald found him at his antique store, just returned from a journey to New England with, as he expressed it, not even a china chicken.

"I want you to answer this advertisement, Matthew," Willie Gerald instructed him.

"Why?" Wilson demanded, after he had read it. "I haven't a bookcase like that. I haven't a bookcase at all."

Willie begged him not to be naïve. "Say that you might find one. All I want to know is who put in that advertisement. Hold out some hope, naturally."

"It's a woman," Wilson telephoned him, after a week of speculation. "Her secretary wrote me from Madison, where she seems to be connected with the university. From her letter I'm sorry I haven't got the thing. She's serious and in a hurry. Oh, yes—her name is Jenning."

Willie Gerald turned away from the telephone with a smile; after all he hadn't made a complete failure with her. He could follow Miss Jenning's psychology perfectly now; it was absolutely normal. He then went to Freda Renant.

"Darling," he said, "I am about to do you and your peerless shop an enormous favor. The only thing is that I don't want to appear in it. In Albany there is a Mr. Salmon Jenning, a collector of Doctor Wall Worcester, who wants a large bookcase for his china. I have one, and you are to sell it to him. What could be simpler! You are to send him the photograph I'll bring you—say that you heard about this at the art galleries—and the price will be four thousand eight hundred dollars, neither more nor less. And, angel, for your pains, and for Mrs. Beltran's pains, you may have 20 per cent of this staggering transaction."

"But, Willie," she objected, "you don't have to be so terribly good to us. Anyhow, we need to put you in our debt—let me do it for nothing."

However, he wouldn't hear of that. "I am going to make a very decent profit as it is. Write Mr. Jenning the bookcase is in a private house, but that if he insists on seeing it you can have it brought to your shop—at his expense, Freda. You can honestly add that it is very much the same as the library bookcase which came up in the Peacock sale and went back to England."

If all that were successful, Gerald reflected, the most engaging part of the whole manipulation would follow. It must depend, naturally, on how deep Virginia Jenning's irritation—he preferred, however, the word disappointment—with him was. He ran over in his mind what expenses he had already borne on behalf of the Jennings, brother and sister. Twenty-three hundred dollars and seven hundred, to Israel Shadnell, was a flat three thousand. The truck from New Jersey and crating, Salmon Jenning could bear. Then a fifth of forty-eight hundred dollars was—well, to be exact, it was nine hundred and sixty dollars. On the Thomas Chippendale bookcase he would clear, with luck, eight hundred and forty dollars.

But on the bookcase with an eagle, by Hepplewhite, he should do rather better. Almost at once Freda wrote him that she had heard from Mr. Jenning:

"He says he will take it from the photograph, if it is passed, my dear Willie, by you. He has an influenza. So I am afraid that, after all, you will have to make an appearance. He asks me to inclose your indorsement with my account and send the bookcase on at once. I must say he has impressive references. Let me have a note and thank you nine hundred times. We simply refuse to notice the sixty dollars."

Gerald then went back to Matthew Wilson. "Did you ever notice, Matthew, that the virtuous really are rewarded? It may seem fantastic, in connection with us, but they are."

For his part, Matthew Wilson replied, he most decidedly hoped they weren't. "I know where I'd be and I can guess where you would go."

Willie begged him to be more optimistic. "Listen to what I found in Catawba in New Jersey—the mold of an absolutely unknown Washington half-pint flask. A half pint! I made an impression immediately. On one side is George's profile, and stunning primitive it is, and on the other a turkey—a wild turkey—with the words, Our National Bird. What would that, in very dark blue, in a true lavender, and a clear yellow, be worth? I mean what would, say, three of each of the three be worth?"

"There isn't any such mold," Wilson asserted. "There isn't now and there never was one. If I had it, and flasks in those measures, you can just multiply three times three by three."

"Two thousand seven hundred dollars."

"The molds cannot be successfully imitated," Wilson warned Willie Gerald. "You can get the glass, and even the color, but the form is different."

Gerald advised him to be calm. "I have it with me. But under no circumstance not more than nine. You will have to stand at Meusinger's elbow. There was something else—oh, yes, write that Miss Jenning she can have her bookcase. Guaranteed. You can arrange that part. Tell her it must go by private sale and that it will cost five thousand dollars, with the crating extra. Ask her to reply at once, and if she's inclined to take it to send you shipping instructions. And, Matthew, since you owe me a darned good bill already, you'll get none of this."

What, Willie Gerald wondered, did Virginia Jenning still think of him? If any, he added colloquially. The answer was communicated to him by Matthew Wilson. "Miss Jenning wires that she will take the bookcase at once. On your recommendation. How's that! I am to show it to you as her discovery and you are to telegraph her direct. What the devil is all this about anyhow? She says you'll know where to send it."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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EVERY bit of the lead in a Blaisdell Pencil *makes its mark*, not a grain is removed in sharpening. A narrow strip of the paper casing is whisked away and the new point is exposed — not *excised*. Contrast this with other colored pencils in which one-third or more of the lead is whittled away.

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Put one on—the pain is gone

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TOUCHDOWN!

(Continued from Page 7)

played at Cambridge since 1800, but I find no record of it.

Harvard football moved over to Boston Common until the city, as a result of public protest, closed the Common to the game in 1873. But other players were on the Common before Harvard. As in England, football was cradled here in the secondary schools and played competitively ten years before the first intercollegiate game.

The Football Fightum monument on the Delta has gone long since, but on Boston Common there is a monument today that reads:

ON THIS FIELD THE ONEIDA FOOTBALL CLUB OF BOSTON, THE FIRST ORGANIZED FOOTBALL CLUB IN THE UNITED STATES, PLAYED AGAINST ALL COMERS FROM 1862 1865. THE ONEIDA GOAL WAS NEVER CROSSED

The captain and organizer of the Oneida club, and six others of the original team, still live in September, 1926. He is Gerrit Smith Miller, of Peterboro, New York, eighty-one years old. His football experience goes back to 1856, when it had not long evolved from a free-for-all into an ordered game, and from him I have had the earliest authentic detailed account of the game.

As a boy of eleven or twelve, Mr. Miller first met up with football at the Eagleswood School, Eagleswood, New Jersey, and took the game and a ball back to Peterboro with him. The pig bladder with a leather cover already had been superseded for school play by a large round ball of heavy rubber, an eighth of an inch thick, which was blown up with a key. In 1860 Mr. Miller went to Boston to attend the Epes Sargent Dixwell Private Latin School in Boylston Place. He found the game being played at recess and joined in. Boston Public Latin, Boston English High, Roxbury High and Dorchester High also knew the game, and informal matches were being played by these four and the Dixwell School on the Common.

Modern Rugby, the Game From Which American Football Derived. An American Team Defeating a French One, 17 to 3, at the 1924 Olympic Games, Colombes Stadium, Paris

Eye-Witness to an Early Game

The field had no prescribed length or width. Boston practice was to play about half the width, east and west, of the Common. There were no goal posts, the goal line running the width of the field. Fifteen players constituted a side. Goals were chosen on the flip of a coin, as now; and the kick-off was from the ground from a point between the center of the field and the kicker's goal, and only after the offensive captain had called, "Warnings," and the defensive captain had answered, "Take them."

The team was so placed as to cover the field. They were known, beginning at the center of the field and working back, as rushers-in, outfielders, backfielders and tender-out, the latter the goal keeper of modern soccer and the safety man of present-day football. When play began it did not stop until a goal was scored, and goal gave game, though a match often was decided by two games out of three. The longest game in which Mr. Miller played ran forty-seven minutes, but one Dixwell contest with Boston Latin School in 1862 lasted two hours and forty-five minutes.

The ball could be kicked, bunted, hit and dribbled, but it could not be carried. Either on catching the ball from the air or in getting it out of bounds by falling upon it, the player was entitled to a free kick, which he took either by camping, similar to punting, or by place kick. Off-side play was called lurking, and, with holding or tripping, was prohibited. The only interference permitted was to men in direct pursuit of the ball, who were allowed to shoulder or push and yank by the shoulders, a forerunner of stiff-arming.

This eyewitness description demonstrates that the game, in all essentials, was the same as that which the Blackheath and other London clubs of the Football Association first fixed definitely by rule in 1863.

The school teams were haphazard affairs. Miller was the first to note the advantage of organization and the precision of drilled team play, and formed the Oneida Club to that end in the summer of 1862, with twelve of the better players of Dixwell as a nucleus, augmented by two boys from English High and one from Public Latin. The club took its name from the lake near Miller's New York State home, and red silk handkerchiefs tied around the head and knotted behind distinguished the team, the first step in America toward a football uniform. Such a handkerchief and the round rubber ball used in a famous game between Oneida and a team made up of the pick of Public Latin and English High on November 7, 1863, are preserved in the old Harrison Gray Otis home on Cambridge Street, Boston, now the museum of the Boston Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, the only football, to my knowledge, in any historical collection in the world, college trophy rooms excepted.

That seven of the original Oneida fifteen still live, at an average age of more than eighty years, is an unusual example of longevity. Parke H. Davis, of Easton, Pennsylvania, historian of American football, testifies to having seen one of the seven, Winthrop S. Scudder, of Boston, amid the deluge which descended upon the Harvard-Yale game of 1924 on Soldier's Field, "in a coonskin coat, standing on the sidelines, and with his eighty years defying, like Ajax, the rain, the hail, the thunder and lightning . . . was the most inspiring sight I have seen in forty years of football."

Mr. Miller left Harvard in 1866 to take charge of his grandfather's farm at Peterboro, where he still lives. In 1869 he imported the first blooded Holstein cattle ever brought from Holland, and the first calf, Agoo, dropped on his farm the next spring leads the more than 2,000,000 registrations on the American-Canadian Holstein Herd Book. Every Holstein cow that has produced 1000 pounds or more of butter in a year traces back at least twice to his pioneer Kriemhild herd, and the Holstein-Friesian, unknown here in 1869, now gives more than three-quarters of our total milk production.

The others of the surviving seven are Edward L. Arnold, Edward Bowditch, Dr. Francis G. Peabody, J. D'W. Lovett and Dr. Robert Lawrence.

It is not easy to conceive of a United States in which there were no sport pages in the newspapers and virtually no organized sport, amateur or professional, yet there are men alive who can remember it. I am too young to recall the mustering out of the Grand Army of the Republic and the effect five years of civil war left on American life, but I surmise that it was at least as profound as that which followed the recent war. Certainly a great boom in sport in all its branches followed soon after Appomattox, and I have no doubt whatever that the impetus came from the discipline, the active open-air life, the emotional tension, and the altered standards and values of life that followed such an experience.

Professional sport before the war had been little more than sporadic horse racing, clandestine bare-knuckle prize fights and foot racing.

Sport News

Recorded competitive amateur sport dates from a cricket match in 1838 at Thirtieth Street and Broadway, New York City, between a local and a Philadelphia club. Cricket throve most in Philadelphia, which was represented by four clubs, the Union, the Philadelphia, Young America and Germantown in the middle 50's. Recorded baseball begins with a match game in Hoboken on June 19, 1846. By 1857 delegates from sixteen amateur baseball clubs had met in New York to agree on rules. Two years later these clubs formed the National Association of Baseball Players.

Yale and Harvard boat clubs first raced on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire, in 1852; next in 1855, on the Connecticut River at Springfield, Massachusetts, six men in a long shell, a mile and a half downstream, turn a stake and back to the starting line. The first actual intercollegiate regatta was not rowed until 1859 on Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Track athletics came after the war. The first intercollegiate meet was the New York Herald's Olympian games at Saratoga in 1874. Out of this enterprise grew the first annual field meet of the Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association, held at Glen Mitchell, near Saratoga, in 1876.

Professional gambling first showed its ugly head in collegiate sports at these races. Pari-mutuel betting machines were thought new when they were introduced into American horse racing in recent years, but mutuel tickets were sold at the Turf Exchange, New York City, in 1876, on the intercollegiate regatta on Lake Saratoga, a part of the first I. A. A. A. A. meet, the winning five-dollar tickets on Cornell paying $10.81 on the varsity race, $8.48 on the single sculls, and $11.42 on the freshman race.

Prep-school boys must have carried football as an ordered game and the tradition of interschool play up to colleges long before, but the first intercollegiate football match was not played until November 6, 1869, at

(Continued on Page 211)

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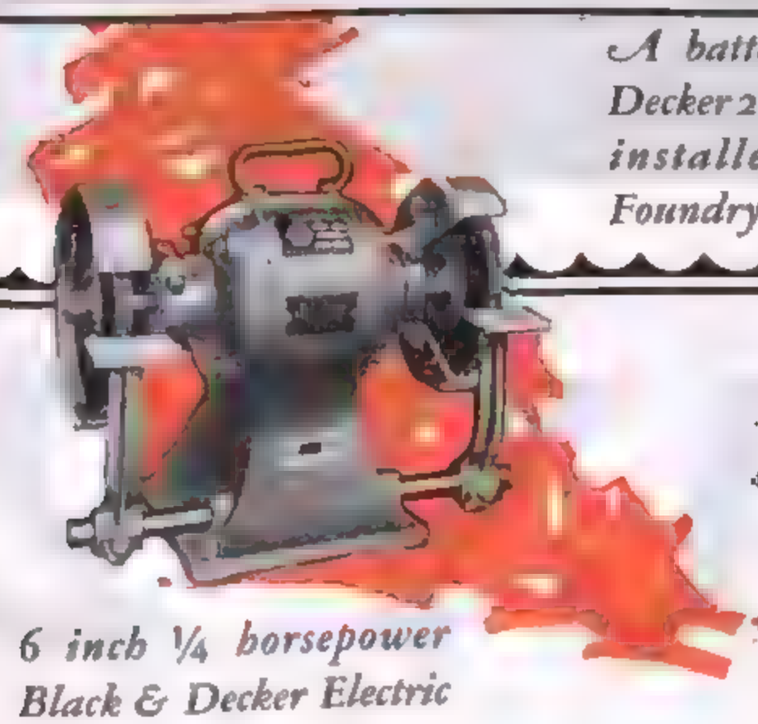

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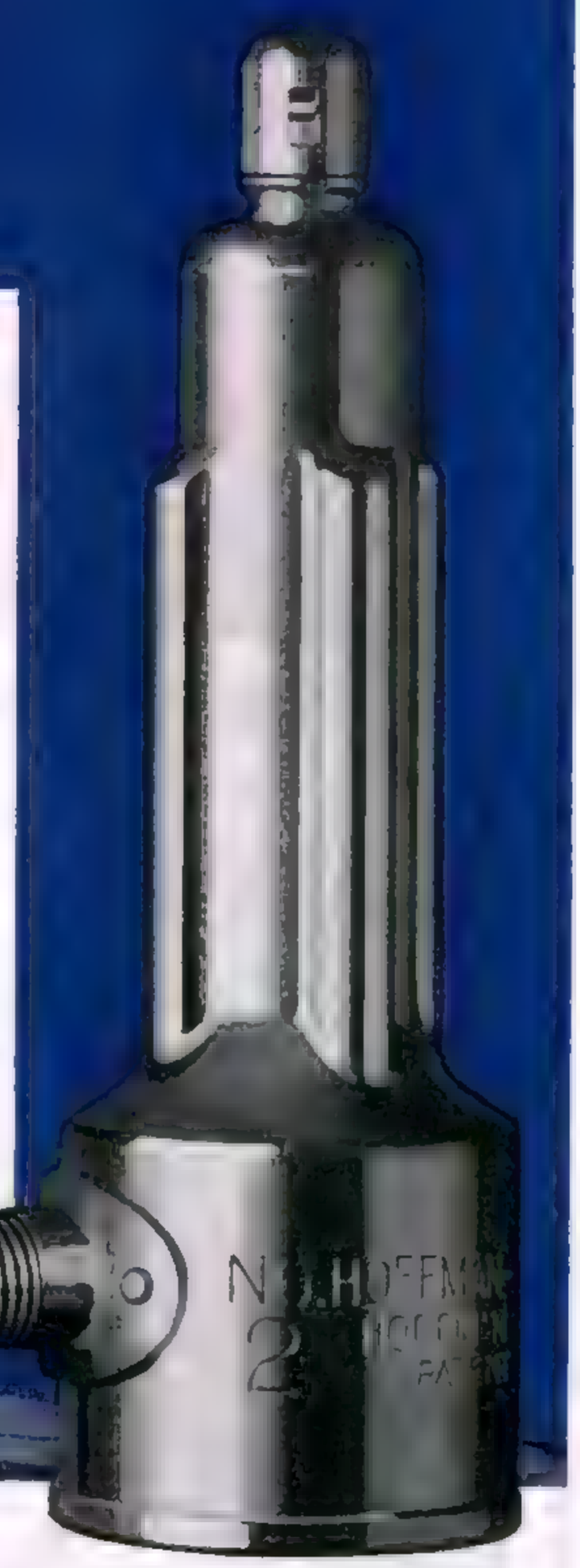

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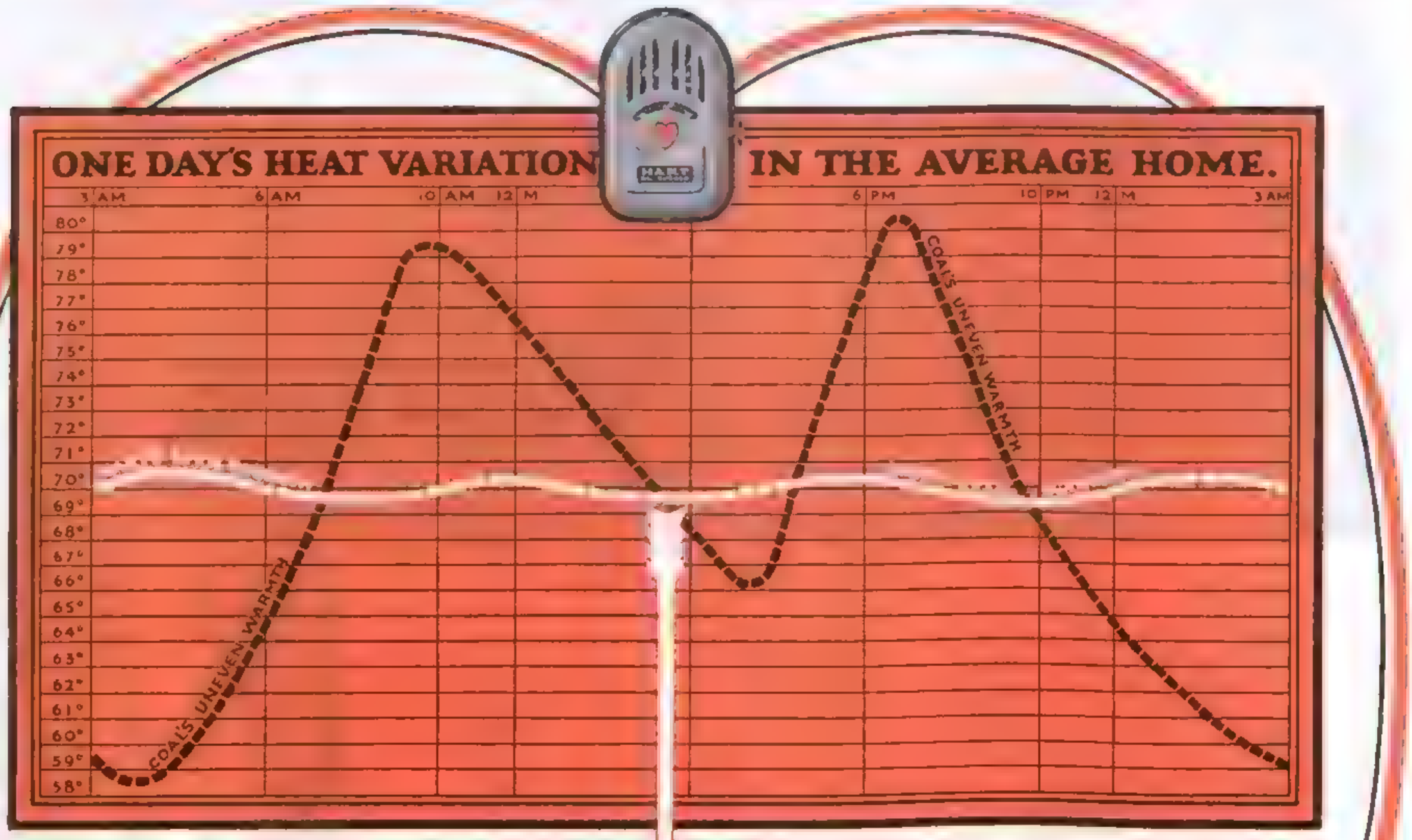

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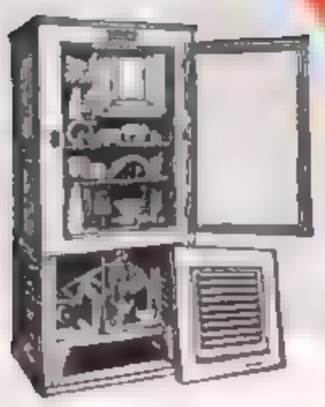

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(Continued from Page 206)

New Brunswick, New Jersey. Incidentally that was three years earlier than the first intercollegiate football game in England, played in 1872 between Oxford and Cambridge.

Rutgers and Princeton were the combatants and the game took place on the Common between College Avenue and Sicard Street. It was followed a week later by a return match at Princeton. The third game on the records was a Columbia-Rutgers match at New Brunswick the following year. Yale played its first intercollegiate game in 1872 with Columbia, at New Haven, and Harvard its first in 1874 with McGill, at Cambridge. Pennsylvania edged into the picture first on November 11, 1876, meeting Princeton at Germantown.

This Princeton-Rutgers pioneer game was a continuation of a historic annual fight between the schools for the possession of a Revolutionary cannon for which Washington and Lord Howe had contended originally. Princeton having ended the war by anchoring the gun in a bed of cement on the Nassau Campus, a football was substituted.

The only account I know of the game is to be found in the files of the Rutgers Targum, and is worth quoting for its own sake. "On Saturday Princeton sent 25 picked men to play our 25 a matched game of football," the Targum reported. Parenthetically, it is odd that the colleges should have played twenty-five men, when the Boston prep schools were using only fifteen ten years earlier, a number to which the colleges did not reduce until 1876. The larger number was the original English Association practice.

A Confusion of Rules

"The strangers came up at ten o'clock," the Targum continued, "and brought a good number of backers with them. After a dinner and a stroll around town, during which stroll billiards received a good deal of attention, the crowds began to assemble at the ball ground. Previous to calling the game the grounds presented an animated appearance. Grim-looking players were silently stripping, each one surrounded by sympathizing friends, while around each captain was a little crowd, intent upon giving advice and saying as much as possible.

"The Princeton captain, for some reason or other, gave up every point to our men. The only material points were that Princeton give up free kicks, whereby a player when he catches the ball in the air is allowed to kick it without hindrance. On the other hand, our practice of babying"—dribbling—"the ball on the start was discarded and the ball was mounted, in every instance, by a vigorous long kick.

"Princeton won the toss and chose the first mount, rather oddly, since it had been agreed to start the ball against the wind. The Princetonians suffered from making a very bad mount, or buck, as they call it, the effects of which were not remedied before the sides closed, and after a brief struggle Rutgers drove it home and won amid great applause from the crowd."

Rutgers won 6 goals to 4, but when they came to Princeton the following Saturday it was discovered that the Targum had understated the material points at issue about the rules. Princeton now played its own rules and walloped the visitors 8 goals to 0, and the Targum reported later: "The style of play differs materially in the two colleges. A fly, or first bound, catch entitles to a free kick at Princeton. We bat with hands, feet, head, sideways, backward, any way to get the ball along. We must say that we think our style much more exciting and more as football should be.

"Their cheer, sounding as if they meant to explode but for the fortunate escape of air, followed by a grateful yell at deliverance from such a catastrophe, still sounds in our ears. If we must be beaten we are glad to have such conquerors."

Here was the same anarchy of rules that had confused English football so hopelessly until 1864. The first intercollegiate baseball game had been played July 1, 1859, between Williams and Amherst, but earlier in that year the National Association of Baseball Players had organized at Cooper Union and adopted a playing code that governed college games as well. Collegiate boat racing was pure aping of the Oxford-Cambridge regatta and had the Henley and Putney rules as a pattern. In football, on the other hand, England offered two codes, each only lately agreed upon.

The Advent of Rugby

In 1871 David Schley Schaff entered Yale from Rugby and promoted a football game between his class, '73, and '74 on the New Haven Green. The city had barred students from playing on the Green in 1860, and attempted to stop this contest, but the faculty championed the students' rights and the police withdrew. This led up to the organization of the Yale Football Association in November, 1872, with Schaff as president and captain. The first game scheduled was with Columbia on November sixteenth at Hamilton Park, Yale winning. Although Schaff came from Rugby, the game was governed by modified Association rules and, more curiously, the Yale code expressly forbade carrying the ball.

Meanwhile Harvard had developed another set of rules. It was not Rugby, but a player was allowed to carry the ball when pursued, and the game was so different in other essentials that Harvard courteously declined to attend a rules conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in October, 1873, arguing that there was no basis for agreement. Yale, Rutgers and Princeton did attend, however, and compromised on twenty men to a side instead of twenty-five, no carrying or throwing of the ball, free kicks on fair catches and no babying, or dribbling, on the kick-off.

This was the first rules conference in the United States and these the first agreed rules. Three games only were played under them. Yale defeated Columbia and lost to Princeton, and Rutgers beat Columbia, all in the fall of 1873. In this same autumn a team of Etonians played at Yale under mixed rules, and brought with them their Etonian practice of eleven men to a side. Thereafter Yale held out annually for eleven men and won its point finally in 1880.

The Princeton victory over Yale in their first meeting was an upset. Yale played a bucking, rushing game, developed years later into interference. Princeton's habit was to follow the ball at all hazards, even to the neglect of their opponents' play. Sixteen of the twenty pursued the ball everywhere, leaving two to guard the home goal and two stationed at the enemy goal to help the ball through if it came their way. The Boston schoolboys of ten years earlier had no goal posts, but they were in use by now and similar to the present soccer goal. Then a goal was scored not by kicking the ball over the crossbar but by kicking it under the bar and between the posts.

Yale's startling tactics badly confused the visitors, but for once Providence was on the side of the weaker battalion. Yale had scored a goal almost from the kick-off and was on its way to another when two overeager Yale men kicked the ball violently at once from opposite sides and the rubber globe collapsed with a protesting pop.

A messenger had to be dispatched downtown for another ball, and half an hour elapsed before he found one and returned. Meanwhile Princeton put its collective heads together and decided to fight the devil with fire; otherwise, to adopt Yale's eccentric style of play. Imitations have the reputation of being inferior always to the originals. The very imperfection of its imitation won for Princeton, however. In adopting Yale's own style of play, the visitors still left their two skirmishers stationed at the Yale goal posts. The game ended in a 3-goals-to-1 victory, all three of the Princeton goals being pushed through by these two sharpshooters, whom Yale had failed to cover.

The intervention of the Yale faculty in 1871 in behalf of the students when the city barred them from the Green was one of very few early instances of faculty friendship toward athletics. The Yale and Princeton faculties both had peremptorily refused the teams permission to leave classes long enough to play a match in New Haven or Princeton in 1872, though Princeton finally was allowed to meet its near-by neighbor, Rutgers, and Yale to play Columbia. In general, athletics developed in the American college in spite of either the hostility or the indifference of the teaching body, and out of that attitude grew the at one time critically serious evils of student and alumni control of football and other college sports.

We are down to 1874 and still no Rugby football in the United States. When it arrived that year it came by way of Canada, where a modification, under the All-Canada rules, already had displaced Association in the colleges. Early in 1874 McGill University sent a challenge to Harvard for two games, one at Cambridge under the All-Canada code, the other at Montreal under the Harvard rules. The Harvard faculty refused to permit the team to travel so far, so McGill consented to play both contests at Cambridge.

Harvard took the first under its own style of play. When the second game was called the following day, McGill was discovered to have failed to bring along one of the peculiar melon-shaped balls used in Rugby, thinking to get one in Boston, but neither there nor anywhere in the United States had a Rugby ball ever been seen. Handicapped by having to play with a round rubber ball, McGill could not do better than tie Harvard. It is not of record how the Rugby ball acquired its conformation, but the fact that an inflated pig bladder approximates the same ovoid shape is significant.

The Genteel Game Loses Out

The first Rugby game in the United States, then, was played at Cambridge on May 15, 1874, and with a rubber ball. McGill went home leaving the entire Harvard student body converted to the new game. "The Rugby game is in much better favor than the somewhat sleepy game now being played by our men," a Harvard paper commented.

The next season Harvard went over to Rugby unanimously and challenged Yale to a game that was to become the first of a great procession. Yale accepted only on condition of a rules compromise, resulting in a hodgepodge of the new and the old, under which Harvard won. The compromise was called the Concessionary Rules.

It had been hoped that a new and American game would spring from the union, but the two were so different in principle that both were spoiled. Princeton watched the experiment with keen interest, and a quarrel followed that had the Nassau student body at one another's throats.

After the game a Princeton paper said: "We are decidedly inclined to prefer the rules of 1873, as not only fairer to both parties but also as less rowdyish and much more scientific than those of Harvard. We fail to see the sport in being mauled disgracefully in such unmanly scrimmages as are necessary attendants upon such rough games, and there is but little science or skill in the playing which characterizes Harvard's games.

"What would be thought of the catcher of a baseball nine striking out in hot haste to catch, hold or maul a player running to first, and using every means to prevent that player reaching the base until the ball has preceded him there? Football is fully as capable as baseball of skillful and scientific playing, and we confess ourselves utterly unable to account for the taste which prefers Harvard's rough-and-tumble scrimmages to the incomparably more genteel game as played under the rules of 1873."

(Continued on Page 213)

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The "Cub," a complete, direct-pressure, shallow-well water system (capacity 200 gals. per hour) sells at the low cost of $85 and requires but a few cents a week upkeep.

It is suitable for year around service in small suburban or country homes. Comes fully equipped ready for use and operates from any electrical current. Entirely automatic, trouble-free and guaranteed. Use the coupon for complete details.

THE DAYTON PUMP & MFG. CO.

THE CUB
"A Bear for Service"
AUTOMATIC WATER SYSTEM

Free!

Please send me your book, "Dependable Water Service" and more information about the "Cub."

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make radiators *HOT!*

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WHENEVER — and wherever you get a 5c Ice Cream DIXIE, you can always be sure of finding it filled with high-standard ice cream! The DIXIE Franchise is granted exclusively to manufacturers of such high-standard ice cream. In that sense the DIXIE Franchise is your protection. And the DIXIE Blue Scroll Design, which identifies the original and only genuine DIXIE, becomes your guarantee of delicious, healthful and clean ice cream of an established standard.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., INC., Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

5¢ Ice Cream DIXIES

***What is a* DIXIE?**

A dainty, inviting individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to Dixies for ice cream, Individual Dixies for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get Dixies in convenient cartons for home or picnic use

(Continued from Page 211)

Association unquestionably was the more genteel game, which, no doubt, is the reason it lost out among American college students.

The Princeton paper expressed the view of the conservatives. Theirs was not only the more genteel game, they argued, but had they not whipped Yale at it? Why change? The radicals foresaw Princeton playing all by itself if it clung to Association, however, and carried the day for Rugby in a stormy meeting of the student body. The sense of the meeting was that invitations to a conference on rules be sent to Yale, Harvard and Columbia.

The delegates met at the Massasoit House in Springfield, Massachusetts, on November 26, 1876, just as the Centennial Exposition was closing at Philadelphia, and again they compromised. Yale, backed by Columbia, held out for eleven men to a side, and a method of scoring by which only goals counted. Harvard and Princeton argued for touchdowns and fifteen men. The result finally was an agreement on fifteen players and the score to be decided by touchdowns—but one goal was to equal four touchdowns, and in case of tie a goal kicked from touchdown should take precedence over four touchdowns. The English Rugby rules were amended to punish fouls more stringently, and officials were provided for for the first time.

The Turkey-Day Game

Until now the two captains had been arbiters of all disputed points, an obviously unsatisfactory system. At this meeting someone had the happy inspiration of appointing a judge of play for each team with a neutral referee to decide between the judges. These judges, of course, soon evolved into advocates, special pleaders, football lawyers, who made impassioned speeches on the field and all but swore out writs of mandamus and habeas corpus. They made such confounded nuisances in their office that they were thrown into the discard in 1885.

The Yale student body resented the fifteen-men rule in particular, and declined to enter the conference. They already had beaten Harvard under full Rugby rules, except that the teams were limited to eleven men and touchdowns were not counted, and they were eager to get at Princeton to avenge the licking of 1875, but not so eager as to waive their objections to the conference rules. Princeton finally agreed to the same terms as governed the Harvard game.

The New Jersey school had played Association all season, switching to Rugby for the Yale game. In a match with Pennsylvania at Germantown on November eleventh, according to Parke Davis in his Football, published in 1911—one of the very few histories of the game—football uniforms had been worn for the first time on this side of the water.

Penn appeared in white flannel cricket suits. Until much later, cricket and rowing overshadowed football at Philadelphia, Penn crowding onto the football map for the first time in 1884 by defeating Harvard 4 to 0 at Cambridge.

Princeton came on the field at Germantown wearing black knee pants, black stockings, black shoes and black shirts with orange trimming around the wrists and neck, and an orange P on the chest. The colors were those of the House of Nassau, which gave its name to the first Princeton college building.

On Thanksgiving Day, on St. George's Cricket Grounds at Hoboken, New Jersey, Princeton met Yale for the first time at Rugby and lost 0 goals to 2. Yale thereby won the first intercollegiate championship, and the Yale-Princeton game became the turkey-day football classic of New York City for twenty years, excepting only 1885 and 1886, long eclipsing the Harvard-Yale game. This season there had appeared at halfback on the Yale eleven a young freshman who was destined to become the dean of American football, the late Walter Camp. Camp figured in Yale's first score. Getting the ball out of scrimmage early in the first half, Camp made a long run, and just as he was tackled, passed the ball to O. D. Thompson, who continued for a touchdown. Princeton protested that the pass had been forward and therefore illegal. The judges, E. W. Price, Columbia, and G. T. Elliott, Yale '77, argued the point to no better result than that the referee toss a coin. G. V. Bushnell, Yale '74, tossed the coin. Yale called heads. Heads it was, and the touchdown was allowed. Touchdowns, by Yale's own stipulation, did not count, but W. I. Bigelow kicked goal. Yale's second goal was kicked by Thompson from the field in the second half.

By Harvard's courtesy the Harvard-Princeton game of '76 was postponed until late April, 1877, to permit Princeton more practice at Rugby. Harvard won, 2 touchdowns and 1 goal to 1 touchdown. The game is a milepost in football history because it marked the first appearance on any field of a costume adapted to the needs of the Rugby game. Again Princeton was the inventor.

In March, 1877, L. P. Smock, Princeton '79, had devised a laced jacket of stout canvas with which the team now was equipped for the first time. All Princeton's rivals had adopted it by the following fall, for it was tough, fitted the body so closely and was so stiff and smooth in fabric that it gave no handhold for tackling. In that day of high tackling—anything below the waist being a foul—a jersey was ripped off someone's back every moment or two. Smock's canvas jacket soon necessitated better tackling, and in time led to the tackling line being dropped from above the waist to the hips, and finally to the knees.

The name would suggest that the familiar studio blouse, the uniform of Greenwich Village, is an evolution of the Princeton jacket, but the dictionaries do not support the theory. Instead, the smocks seem to have got their family name from the old Saxon shift, so known.

Naturalizing Papers for Rugby

Over this laced canvas jacket Princeton wore jerseys of horizontal orange-and-black stripes as they came on the field for this game, to win at once the name of Tigers. So far as I know, Princeton was the first school to acquire a nickname. Yale was Yale, or the Blue, when I was at New Haven, and I do not know how or when it became the Bulldog; but in my scrapbooks I have stumbled on a possible clew. On the Harvard game in 1891 a Boston paper reported: "The hit of the afternoon was made by Handsome Dan of New Haven, Andy Grave's corpulent and stub-nosed bulldog. He appeared on the field half hidden by a blue blanket, and mounting a settee, spurred on the western throng to deafening cheers. Dan is a mascot, but his face aches." Lee McClung, Heffelfinger and their mates did Harvard up 10 to 0, but the bulldog mascot may have been given the credit.

Yale remained outside the Harvard-Columbia-Princeton League in 1877, still stubbornly insistent on eleven men and a straight goal score. Harvard declined to play on these terms, but Princeton met Yale again at Hoboken on the curious conditions of fourteen men and touchdowns not counted. Harvard agreed to the no-touchdown clause in 1878, but Princeton refused that year, and Yale knuckled down. This game and that of 1879 also were played at Hoboken, the 1878 contest in a driving rain. The Princetonian spoke of fully 2000 braving the inclement weather, and protested indignantly against the Football Association's payment of $300 for the "few wretchedly tended square feet of Jersey mud for two short hours."

Rugby football had arrived on both feet on American soil, and the following year, 1880, it began to lose its English accent and to take out first papers.

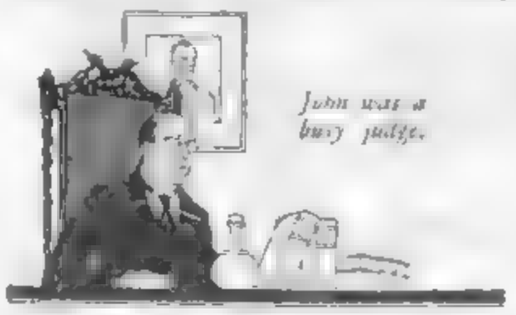
Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Stagg and Mr. Stout. The second will appear in an early number

The old home nest rang again with joyous care-free song.

A HAPPY MINSTREL *brought joy back to the deserted nest*

Once the home nest had seemed a bit crowded—and noisy. But now only Father and Mother were left, and the old house seemed to have grown to twice its size. It was too quiet now.

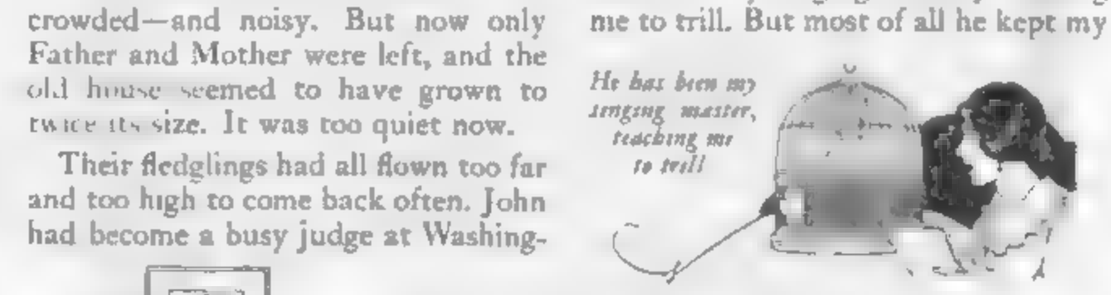
Their fledglings had all flown too far and too high to come back often. John had become a busy judge at Washington, mischievous Bill the city editor of a great newspaper, their little dark-eyed Janet had founded a hospital in the Near East, Jimmy—of the indestructible smile—slept in the midst of a forest of crosses in France, and Betty, their youngest, was hard at work winning a place among the stars in grand opera.



John was a busy judge.

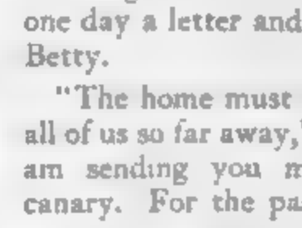
Father and Mother tried to be cheerful—but they were lonely. The silence got on Mother's nerves. Then one day a letter and a gift came from Betty.

"The home must seem empty with all of us so far away," she wrote, "so I am sending you my beloved little canary. For the past busy years, he has been my singing master, teaching me to trill. But most of all he kept my heart singing when I was so homesick for you that I had to sing through my tears."



He has been my singing master, teaching me to trill

And so the old home nest again rang with joyous care-free song, and Mother was no longer afraid of the silence.



Hendryx cages finished in DuPont Duco are carried in stock in the following shades: Old Ivory, Etruscan Bronze, Pompeian Green, Naxis Green, Persian Silver, Ebony and Gold. Other shades can be procured on special order.

When you get a bird Buy it a Hendryx Home

Everywhere lonely people are discovering that a pet canary is the most cheerful of companions. And its home adds a distinctive charm to sun-room or living-room, if you select one of the lovely Hendryx creations. In design, in smart color effects and in sanitary construction, the name Hendryx always stands for highest quality. Prices range from $2.00 to $150.00—stands from $2.50 to $25.00.

In the Bird Store

"Dear, dear, dear!" sang the Earliest Bird plaintively, to an old lady who stopped to talk to him.

"She's coming back for you," predicted the Wise Old Bird, consolingly. "I heard her say that she wanted a new Hendryx Parlor home for you, in green and ivory, to match her sun porch draperies!"

"HENDRYX" BIRD CAGES

Since 1869

"The Feathered Philosopher" is one of the most interesting stories ever written about a bird. An illustrated copy will be sent you free. Write to The Andrew B. Hendryx Co., New Haven, Conn.

Advance News from Santa Claus—"A little bird has warned me to get *Hendryx bird cages* ready for a big Christmas demand."

Metropolitan Life *recommends* Shoes *with the* Ground Gripper *features*

A Family Problem
What causes foot ailments? Misuse, disuse and abuse. Wrong methods of standing and walking with toes turned out instead of straight ahead. Lack of sufficient exercise—walking for instance. Ill-fitting or tight shoes—these are the usual causes of foot troubles.
If your feet are normal, congratulate yourself! But if you are having foot trouble do not delay in getting medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.
Guard the easily molded feet of your boys and girls. See that they wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly with toes straight ahead.
EXCRUCIATING pain is only part of the misery that follows abuse of the feet. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.
The joys of outdoor life, the pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.
Published by
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK
Biggest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in force. More new insurance each year.

HERE is unqualified approval of the GROUND GRIPPER idea! Coming from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company it is a double triumph. For no other institution in the world has played a more conspicuous part in promoting public health and the extension of life. The Metropolitan Life advertisement reproduced on this page is so absolutely in accord with our own principle of promoting foot-happiness that we could write "Ground Gripper" right across the face of it.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tells you what we have been saying for years in almost the same words—that foot ailments are largely caused by *misuse, disuse* and *abuse* of the feet in improper shoes. And what is even more gratifying, Metropolitan Life recommends all the health features that are found in GROUND GRIPPERS—a flexible arch which enables your own arch to function normally—a straight-inner-edge which allows perfect freedom to the entire foot.

Our exclusive rotor heel makes you "toe straight ahead"—as nature intended.

GROUND GRIPPERS will give you quick, permanent relief from your foot troubles. They will give you new life. There are beautiful new styles for men and women.

Ground Gripper SHOES
The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World
For Men Women and Children

Ground Gripper Shoe Co., Inc., 90 Linden Park St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part a copy of your free book, "What You Should Know About Your Feet."

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

This advertisement has been approved by the METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK.

SUMMER SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 47)

think of to do with their money is to go out and buy somebody else's old farm!

"I see a lot of the rich," she said. "No, I am not an interior decorator, but just a sort of useful person who fits into parties at the last moment, and so on. And, as I've always been poor myself, I'm awfully interested in the way other people who have been poor spend their money after they get it. It so happens that I was brought up to do the things people want to do now—that's why I'm often useful in a newly-rich household. Men can usually fit in without much trouble, but it's harder for women if they haven't been used to it."

"But I've heard more talk about farming and gardening, and so on, in the last two days than I have since I left the small town I grew up in. Surely that's not difficult."

"But that's only a small part of it. Take the woman you're staying with, for instance. She sails a boat as well as any man out here. She won the tennis tournament last summer. She is a cracking good horsewoman and one of the best hostesses I know."

"What about the gardening then?"

The Technic of Idleness

The girl laughed. "There's a catch in that. It's the fashion to be interested in gardens, but if you've enough money to hire a wonderful Scotch gardener to take charge of your place, you don't have to spend much of your own time putting seeds in the ground. But, to go back to the technic of so-called idleness: I remember a woman I spent two weeks with this summer at Southampton, which, as you know, is the smartest of all summer places now. During all the years while her husband was piling up his fortune she had apparently thought that after they were rich she'd take life easy and enjoy herself. Now she's found that being rich is in itself a job. I shall never forget her saying to me just before I left: 'You know there are times when I wish we didn't have so much money that I had to play golf and ride a horse and wear myself out trying to do what other people do. Sometimes I'd give anything in the world if we were poor again and I could just sit quietly some afternoon and darn stockings.'"

During the motor ride back to the house in which he was staying, the young Westerner reflected a good deal upon the manner in which the so-called leisure class employed their leisure. He began to see that, in order to understand people, whether individuals or nations, it was much more important to see them at play than at work.

That evening after dinner they all motored over to a country club to a dance. On the way he learned that the next week his hostess was leaving for her house at Newport to spend the remainder of the summer.

"That will give my daughter a chance to go out before she makes her debut next winter," she explained.

"But doesn't she go out here?"

"Oh, not in the same way. Long Island is pretty mixed, of course."

He looked at her in surprise, because this was the first trace of snobbishness which he had detected. Then it occurred to him that he might extract some further information. He remembered what the girl had said to him that afternoon.

"Is Newport still more fashionable than Southampton?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's hard to say. The people who go to Southampton insist that they've pushed Newport off the social map, but that's ridiculous. There are lots of smart young people at Southampton, because Newport's so far away that lots of men won't go there. That leaves you much of the time at the mercy of the foreign diplomats and the older men. And yet, partly because we live on Long Island so much of the time anyway and partly because my mother had a house there to which I always went as a girl, I much prefer Newport."

Expensive Simplicity

After the lawyer had returned to New York he tried to summarize the results of his visit. In common with most other ambitious young Americans, he expected that in time he himself would become rich, so his interest was somewhat personal. But he realized more than he ever had before what a tremendous income it required to live with the casual and, on the whole, unpretentious simplicity with which these people surrounded themselves. The initial expense would include buying land at a fabulous price, putting up a big house with an indefinite number of guest rooms and bathrooms, building garages, barns, gardener's cottage, swimming pools, planting gardens, setting out rare trees and box hedges and greenhouses. But the greatest cost was undoubtedly that of upkeep. The number of chauffeurs, gardeners, stablemen and house servants reached a high total; the amount of food consumed by the steady stream of guests who might appear at any hour was colossal. But the thing that astonished the young Westerner was the

(Continued on Page 217)

The Veranda of a Prominent Broadway Hotel at Saratoga, 1895

Don't Gamble *Unless* You Can Afford to Lose!

OPERATING a manufacturing process by rule-of-thumb is like gambling with a shell-game "artist." It's a losing game. This is true of every process in your plant in which temperature, pressure or humidity is a critical factor.

Thousands of manufacturers in every industry, including yours, have stopped gambling. They are scientifically controlling processes with FOXBORO indicating, recording and controlling instruments.

A great leather company writes: "Before using Foxboro Temperature Controllers we experienced considerable trouble with drying our leather due to more or less guesswork, resulting in various conditions of either over-dry or under-dry finishes. This condition has been eliminated entirely. In addition to this there is a saving of approximately 5% of our coal consumption."

When FOXBORO Instruments are in control of a process KNOWLEDGE takes the place of GAMBLE AND GUESSWORK.

It will prove worth your while to let an experienced Foxboro engineer show you how to secure scientific control of your manufacturing processes. Write or wire.

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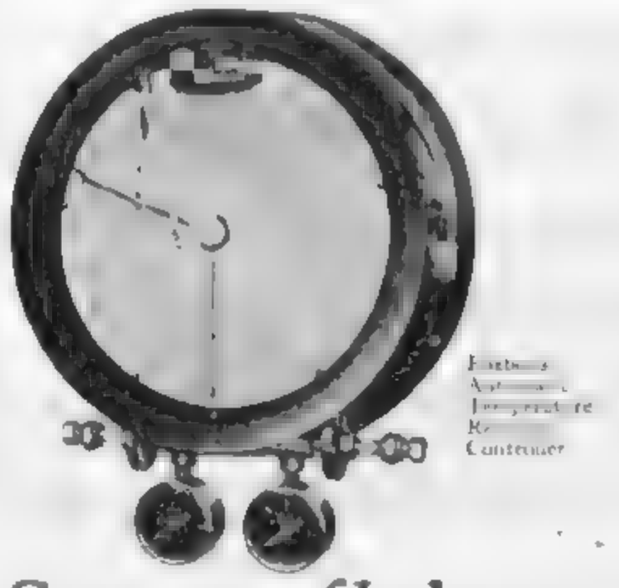

The Compass *of* Industry

THE actuating movements of Foxboro instruments are simple in design and light in weight. They are as lithe and sinuous as a greyhound and as responsive to changes as the needle of a compass. Every Foxboro instrument is guaranteed permanent in calibration and is accurate to within less than 1 per cent of total scale range. It is designed to give the utmost in instrument accuracy and dependability.

FOXBORO
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.

INSTRUMENTS *for* INDICATING RECORDING *and* CONTROLLING TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE *and* HUMIDITY

The Statler Way Will Appeal to You

TYPICAL of the Statler attitude toward guests in these hotels is the fact that when you wake in the morning you find that a morning paper has been slipped noiselessly under your door while you slept.

Typical, too, is the fact that when you buy at our news-stands you buy at the same prices as you'd pay in street stores. Cigars, cigarettes, candy, newspapers, whatever, you aren't charged more for them simply because you're in a hotel. That wouldn't line up with the Statler policy of a square deal.

Those things are mentioned to make clear the big idea under which these hotels are operated: That the guest is the man we all work for; that he has the rights and privileges of a buyer over a seller; that we promise him, and intend to give him, better values than he can get elsewhere—and prompt adjustment and satisfaction any time we may have failed to do so and he tells us of it.

You may like to know that it is a fundamental principle of operation with us to insist that any employee serving you *must* satisfy you in the transaction—or, if he can't do so, *must* turn the matter over to his superior at once.

Statler

P.S. The experienced traveler plans his route to bring him to a Statler Hotel for over Sunday.

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3.00 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4.00 in New York. For two people these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, $5.00 in Detroit, $5.50 in Buffalo and $6.00 in New York

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7.00 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Boston's Hotel Statler is Building

A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the uptown district of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

And an Office Building:

Adjoining the hotel will be the Statler Office Building, with 200,000 square feet of highly desirable office space, ready in October; Rental Managers, W. H. Ballard Co., 45 Milk Street, Boston

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world — with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler~Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

(Continued from Page 214)

realization that to these people their country place, splendid though it was, was only one of at least four houses which they occupied at various seasons. They had another establishment at Newport, a splendid apartment in New York, and a winter house in Florida. His hostess had spoken of a place she had rented in England a year or two ago when she had gone over for the hunting season. They had discussed the possibility of buying a small house in Paris, so that when they went over for their annual spring visit they would have a place of their own to stay in.

It so happened that for the next week-end the Westerner was invited to visit one of the junior members of his law firm, who had a house on the south shore of Long Island. Instead of being a part of a large and luxurious household, he now found himself staying in a really simple place. The house was a pleasant white frame structure, with a small lawn and garden; instead of having a private bathroom, he shared one with the two other men. In place of the great number of servants of the other houses, there were two maids here who did all the domestic work. But the thing that surprised him was the similarity between the amusements which were enjoyed by these people of comparatively modest income and the very rich with whom he had stayed the week before.

The country itself was not so attractive, but, on the other hand, the breeze which came directly from the ocean was cooler and more invigorating than the air on the Sound. The swimming beach was better; the dance at the country club was quite similar; many more people drove their own automobiles here, and the women's pearls were not quite so large, nor were there so many men pointed out whose names were famous in the business world.

However, he knew the extent of his partner's income and he was distinctly relieved to find that he had just as good a time on his holidays as the men on the other side of the island whose incomes were fifty times as large.

"Why don't more people come over here?" he asked his hostess. "The climate's better and the commuting's easier. Why is the North Shore so much more popular?"

The Age of Innocence

"It's a matter of fashion," she answered, "which is the most elusive thing in the world, and, when it comes to summer places, nothing could be more changeable and fickle. The country club where we dined last night, for instance, was once a very smart club—one of those in which membership alone gave you a certain cachet. Now it's just a nice club, but it isn't smart. I was born and brought up in New York," she went on, "and even in my time I've seen this tendency toward summer neighborhoods grow. They say now that you can live anywhere you want to in New York in the winter if you only live in the right place in the summer."

The father of the hostess, who was also staying there, overheard this. "It seems a far cry," he said, "from these huge country estates to the days, which I can remember, when the richest men in the country asked nothing better than to go up to a hotel at Saratoga for an outing, and sit on that porch, with its great white columns, which they called millionaires' piazza.

"When I used to go there, about thirty-five years ago," he went on, "room and board in the most fashionable hotel cost three dollars a day. Of course, in addition to this, men often spent a good deal more for horses and carriages. But this was before the day when it was fashionable to be exclusive. People were glad to be seen in the public dining room of a big hotel. I remember the table that William H. Vanderbilt and his family had for years in the center of the dining room. President Arthur frequented Saratoga. President Harrison went there. Jay Gould used to go there with his children—everybody, in fact, from all parts of the country, who could afford it."

After luncheon he hunted up an old book which described the fashionable life of Saratoga during the 80's and early 90's.

"Those were the days when they called hotels 'elegant' and 'bon ton,'" he said. "And here's a description of a great financial light of that time that I'd dare any present-day writer to try to equal." He read aloud: "'He was a graceful, manly, high-bred figure.'"

"That was indeed the Age of Innocence," said his daughter.

"Yes; but listen to this. This is a description of the prosperity of the season of 1890: 'A hundred men wear diamonds at Saratoga this year who never wore them before. One morning a tall, florid-faced man from Texas was seen flaunting his hands about as he drank his Hathorn water at the spring, and there were three diamond rings on the hand that held the glass. His necktie of white satin had a scarfpin with a diamond and a sapphire, and this was pulled down so as to show an immense solitaire which served as a collar button.'"

Automatically Exclusive

The son-in-law of the reader, who had been glancing through the Sunday newspapers, held up a society page. "I've got something to read," he said. "Here is an item about another Texan—a man undoubtedly worth a hundred times as much as your Saratoga man of 1890. In fact, he's one of the richest men in the country. Listen to the account of the way he spends his leisure time and money." He read aloud: "'Mr. —— has just returned from a visit to the Island of Guernsey, where he bought some cattle for his farm.'

"Now who says the moderns are decadent?" he asked. "Can you beat that for contrast? Your rich man of forty years ago hunted for the most conspicuous spot he could find, so that everyone might see his diamond collar button; our contemporary millionaire finds the most secluded place possible, where he can lead a retired life."

"It's not so simple as that," the older man answered. "You'll notice, if you study the location of these secluded country estates they like to call farms—just the way a big house at Newport used to be referred to as a cottage—that they are always situated near the places of other rich men. Someone was talking the other day about the Wheatley Hills section of Long Island and the reason for its especial fashionableness. 'The places there are so far apart that people can't go back and forth easily,' they said. 'There's not much chance of small places being bought up, so all but the very rich are automatically excluded.'"

"I still think," said the analytical son-in-law, "that if a modern Gibbon wanted to write about the social rise and fall of American society he would begin forty years ago with the crowded dining room and millionaires' piazza at the hotel in Saratoga, and come down to these big isolated country homes of today."

On the same theory that rubies and emeralds are prized because they are rare and cannot be dug up at any random spot in the country, so land becomes a symbol of power and is therefore desirable in exact ratio to the difficulty in obtaining it. When cities become overcrowded and begin to push out into the suburbs land which once sold for a few hundred dollars an acre eventually becomes worth ten times as much. At about that time gregariousness goes out of fashion.

In the more recently settled parts of America, particularly in the West, there is a certain form of general neighborliness reminiscent of a much earlier period in the East. But the lack of this quality today in the East, which is deplored by many Westerners and Southerners, is not due to the absence of the social instinct so much as it is the desire for a sorting out of like-minded people, particularly during that part of the year when they play. For, as someone said, "You can do business with a man whether

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"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

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Footwork

Every man is in the ring from morning till night

AN athlete in the ring, on the baseball diamond or on the gridiron is no better than his feet. Footwork is vital to him. For if his feet fail he cannot play the game. The same is true of the man who just fights the daily battle

Footwork is part of every man's job. Most men take more steps than they realize, thousands of steps every day. And don't know that their lagging energy may be due to their shoes.

It is just as necessary that a business or professional man should have the right kind of shoes to help him through the day as it is for an athlete to have special shoes to win his game.

To keep your feet healthy, comfortable and active, Cantilever Shoes have been made with careful consideration for the natural shape and functions of the feet. And if you keep this in mind as you read the following description, you will see that there are good, logical reasons for Cantilever comfort rather than just superficial talking points. In the first place the Cantilever Shoe is—

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The flexible arch of the Cantilever Shoe permits the foot muscles to exercise so that they can maintain or regain the strength needed to hold the twenty-six moveable bones of the foot in strong, springy arches.

Arch Support that really helps

All Cantilever lasts fit the *undercurve* of the foot. If you want arch support, you will find that the flexible, all-leather arch of the shoe hugs up closely to the foot This gives you helpful, springy support that does not restrict the circulation or weaken the foot.

For easy, natural walking

You walk better in the Cantilever Shoe because the scientifically designed heel induces the wearer to toe straight ahead as nature intends. This swings the weight of the body to the outer and stronger side of the foot and does away with foot strain.

Shaped like the normal foot

The Cantilever Shoe conforms faithfully to the normal lines of the foot. The shape of the shoe allows your foot to assume its natural position with room for all five toes.

Cantilever Shoes are sold from coast to coast and are within shopping distance of practically all readers of this periodical. If you do not know the address of a nearby Cantilever Store, the Cantilever Corporation, 408 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to advise you where you can most conveniently buy Cantilever Shoes and send you an interesting and informative folder on foot health.

Try Cantilevers this fall and you will enjoy a new spring in your step as you swing along easily in these comfortable, natural shoes.

Cantilever Shoe

—supports the arch, with flexibility

MEN · · WOMEN GIRLS

you like him or not, but you've got to sail a boat with a friend."

In the 70's and 80's even the most fashionable people were delighted to stay at summer hotels for part of the summer. An old resident of New York, in her reminiscences of a popular hotel on the Hudson, wrote: "The Vanderbilt family was there—the wife of William H. and eight children. The burning question was whether Mrs. Astor would receive them and have them first to her huge receptions or after that—the greatest honor—go to her house for a dinner."

Of course, at this period all life was much more simple—or, at least, more unsophisticated—than it has since become. During the 70's and 80's the children of the richest residents of New York played on the sidewalks of the block in which they lived, playing tag and ringing doorbells just as youngsters in small towns are still able to do. The Vanderbilt mansion, as big houses were then called, was on Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, and their children went down to Thirty-Eighth Street to play with friends there.

Traveling was infinitely more difficult; a trip to Europe was an important event, even to the very rich. No one dashed off unceremoniously across the Atlantic the way many of the merely well-to-do do now. Men were not athletic in the modern sense and women were even less so. They sometimes drove horses, and a few rode them, but it was not common. There is a delightful description of a sensation caused at Saratoga when at five o'clock in the afternoon "the blooded steed of Miss M——," the daughter of a famous New York banker, "was brought around to the piazza, and all eyes were upon this dainty figure as she mounted her pet, her blue eyes sparkling beneath her thin lace veil."

The same chronicler speaks of the other social activities of this famous resort: "One of the cozy parlors of the most fashionable hotel was the scene of a select and charming donkey party."

Newport's Place in the Sun

To most young women a game of croquet was the most violent sport in which they could indulge. The costumes of the period depict more vividly than any other evidence how far removed this era was from contemporary country life. The clothes which modern women wear in the summer are so perfectly adapted for sports that French dressmakers declare them to be our great national contribution to the couturières' art, just as the American skyscraper is to architecture, and our jazz provides the dance music for the world.

It was not so long ago that fashionable women at Newport might be seen in lace gowns over colored-silk slips, even in the morning when they sat on the piazzas of their bathhouses on Bailey's Beach to talk things over with their neighbors. And Newport was then, as it still is, no matter what the loyal summer colony at Southampton may proclaim, the arbiter of fashion for the country at large. Its development is paralleled in so many ways by the smaller and more unpretentious colonies that it therefore becomes interesting not only in itself, but as a highly concentrated example of what may be done eventually by numerous other resorts which are based upon its central idea of social smartness.

For the very word "Newport" has come to signify smartness to the majority of people. So much so, in fact, that a few years ago, in a heated political campaign in the East, one of the most skillful arguments used against one of the candidates was the fact that he had often visited in Newport.

"There's no doubt that this was an important factor in his defeat," someone said the other day, "for people believed that if a man identified himself with Newport and all that it stood for he had sold his soul to the rich, and therefore could not be a good public servant."

Count Witte describes another political aspect of this famous resort in his account of the choice of Portsmouth for the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference. "It would have been much more comfortable for us all if we could have chosen Newport," he says in substance, "and this was talked of at first. But then it was felt that the smart colony there was bound to have so much more sympathy with the Russians that it might prejudice the result of the conference."

It is difficult to analyze the reasons for the preëminence of this Rhode Island resort. For, while other summer places have risen to great heights of fashion, at various times, only to sink, like a family which has once been prominent and then has become inconspicuous, into genteel obscurity, this place has maintained its prestige for a record length of time.

A Good Time Had by All

"Since 1729 Newport has been a favorite summer resort for well-to-do Southerners, although it was abandoned by them after war with England," said one historian. "In 1853 the town consisted of comfortable homes grouped about its center, while the handsome country places were abandoned, having been ruined by the enemy. On the tax books of 1852 there were only twelve house owners among the summer visitors; four of these were from New York, four from Boston and the others from the South and West."

At this time the summer hotels flourished, just as they did at other places. Someone has described the daily routine of the period: "There was a simple dinner at two o'clock, then a drive in a barouche. After tea at six the ladies played a quiet game of whist without stakes and retired before ten. An occasional hop at one of the hotels was the extent of their dissipation."

Before 1870 Newport had received the social cachet which still remains with it. People stayed in hotels and boarding houses, but the building of private houses or cottages began.

"Mrs. Belmont—the daughter of Commodore Matthew Perry—built the pioneer riparian estate on Bellevue Avenue," said an old resident. "She had had her country place, up to that time, at Staten Island—do you realize how fashionable that used to be?—until she built 'By-the-Sea.' For many years she was the social leader of Newport."

Another figure of prominence there was Ward McAllister, who was for many years an arbiter of fashion in New York. He had bought a farm in the early days, and this became the scene of many famous social events.

"It was a gay scene in Bellevue Avenue when a picnic party had a rendezvous there preparatory to the long drive to his farm. Drags with a smartly dressed load of men, maids and matrons; society phaetons driven by pretty young girls; tall dogcarts that promised a delightful tête-à-tête drive and a landau with a load of chaperons quite as ready for a frolic as the youngest there," a contemporary of his wrote.

These picnics were not affairs of hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches so much as they were of truffles and champagne; however, the food was prepared by a famous caterer, and the menus were elaborate and carefully thought out. This was all arranged by the men who gave the parties. Often an orchestra was sent out, so that there might be dancing after supper.

"They did things well in those days," declared a member of the older generation. "There was none of this casual entertaining that one finds nowadays."

"I don't see anything casual about Newport parties today," his daughter retorted. "The dinners and dances are just as formal as they are in town; the women certainly dress for them as if they were going to the opera. In fact, I think people entertain better and with more care in the summer than they do in the winter."

They went on to speak of the elaborate functions occasioned by the visit of some

(Continued on Page 221)

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Huyler's

COCOA CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 218)

distinguished foreigner; the rivalries and matching of wits which precede the securing of the famous guest, and then the desire to outshine the other competitors when the great entertainment finally takes place.

"You can't equal it anywhere else in the world," someone declared.

"Oh, yes, you can," said another woman. "Exactly the same processes go on in Rome or London when there's visiting royalty, let us say, and, if you're surprised at mature people acting that way, you've only to go to a small town and watch the ladies of the local sewing circle when a new minister arrives and each one wants to be the first to entertain him at supper. They all go through exactly the same maneuvers."

Of course this factor of universal similarity is the thing that makes even our social absurdities interesting. One man may have an income of half a million a year and another receive a salary of five thousand, but if their wives are ambitious and want a place in the society of their community—whether it happens to be Philadelphia or Podunk—their courses of action will be surprisingly parallel.

In fact, as the pattern of the new American social life begins to be clear the observer is struck first of all by the lack of important differences in the social pursuits of all classes. There was a time when only the well-to-do played golf, for instance, which now has become a national pastime. Until the beginning of this century a trip to Europe was considered much more of an event to the very wealthy than it has become today to the person of moderate means.

But the most significant and heartening of all these social phenomena is the way in which recreation has come to be an important factor in the lives of Americans of all classes. There is a good deal of divergence as to what constitutes recreation, of course, but each individual can be reasonably sure of finding enough like-minded people to furnish whatever he desires.

The Gregarious Urge

Many people find their greatest happiness in being part of a great jostling holiday crowd. There are fifty miles along the South Jersey coast congested with boarding houses and hotels which bear testimony to the gregariousness of the majority of mankind. The big, carefully secluded country estates with which all our large cities are beginning to be surrounded only prove a more earnest desire to sort out the people with whom their owners will be friendly.

For, although summer hotels have gone out as a factor in fashionable life, they have been replaced by the country club, which, with the automobile, has revolutionized our ideas of holidays. The rich man of today may smile at the thought of his father or grandfather sitting on the piazza of a hotel at Saratoga, or Long Branch—which General Grant helped make famous when he accepted a cottage there and drove along the shore in a barouche drawn by four horses. But in reality even the smartest country club is just an expression of the same desire of people of similar tastes to associate with one another.

The only essential difference, after all, between the old-fashioned summer hotel and its successor, the modern country club, lies in the fact that the country club has grown out of the present-day social and economic conditions peculiar to our own country, instead of being transplanted from foreign soil.

In order even to consider recreation as a factor in the life of an individual or a nation one must be sure of surplus not only of money but also of time. In the days when some of our newly rich men could think of nothing better to do with their surplus money than to wear diamonds at a crowded hotel they did not count upon this element of surplus time. But the modern successful man believes that he will be better able to do his job well if he takes a reasonable amount of recreation along with it.

The All-American Week-End

A woman who recently arrived in New York on Friday, after a long sojourn in Europe, declares that she spent all Saturday morning telephoning from one office to another, trying to find a banker, a lawyer or a dentist who was in town.

"Out of ten offices, I could find only one man who was in," she said. "The others were all out in the country; most of them not so far away that they couldn't come in, in an emergency, but not making a practice of working on Saturdays in summer."

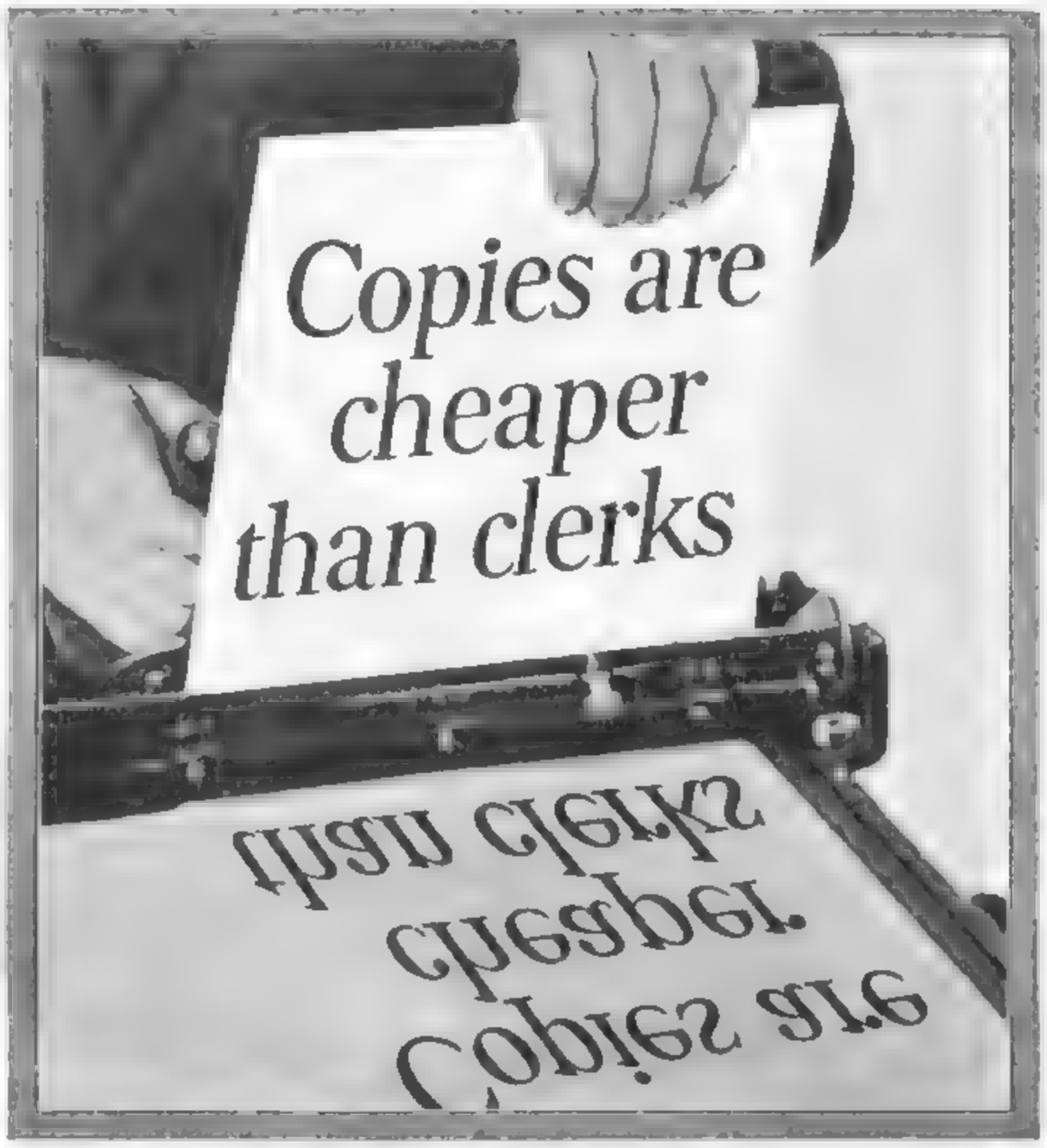
She found a great many shops closed, too, so that the employes might have a respite of two free days.

A great many critics, particularly of the European variety, whom we pay so well to tell us our faults, insist that Americans live at too high a tension, but anyone who sits upon the veranda of a country club, whether fashionable or not, and watches the number of golfers, tennis players and men riding horseback and sailing boats will conclude that the tired business man is not so tired as he used to be.

And when the great captain of industry who has come down from Bar Harbor on his yacht goes into his office on Monday morning he will find that the office boy, the clerks, his secretary and the junior members of his firm look quite as bronzed and fit as he. Some of them will have been at a crowded beach, eating popcorn as they lay on the sand after swimming; others will have returned from a small Connecticut village or an upstate farm; but such is democracy that each one will have found it possible to get the kind of recreation which he needed.

And the girl at the switchboard will look into the mirror of her vanity case at the becoming strip of sunburn across her young cheeks with a reminiscent smile. She may glance at the picture in the papers of the boss' subdebutante daughter for whom a ball was given at Newport the week before, but she feels little envy. No one, she is sure, could have had a better time than she had at Coney Island, Saturday.

Upper Twin Lake, Montesrista, Washington



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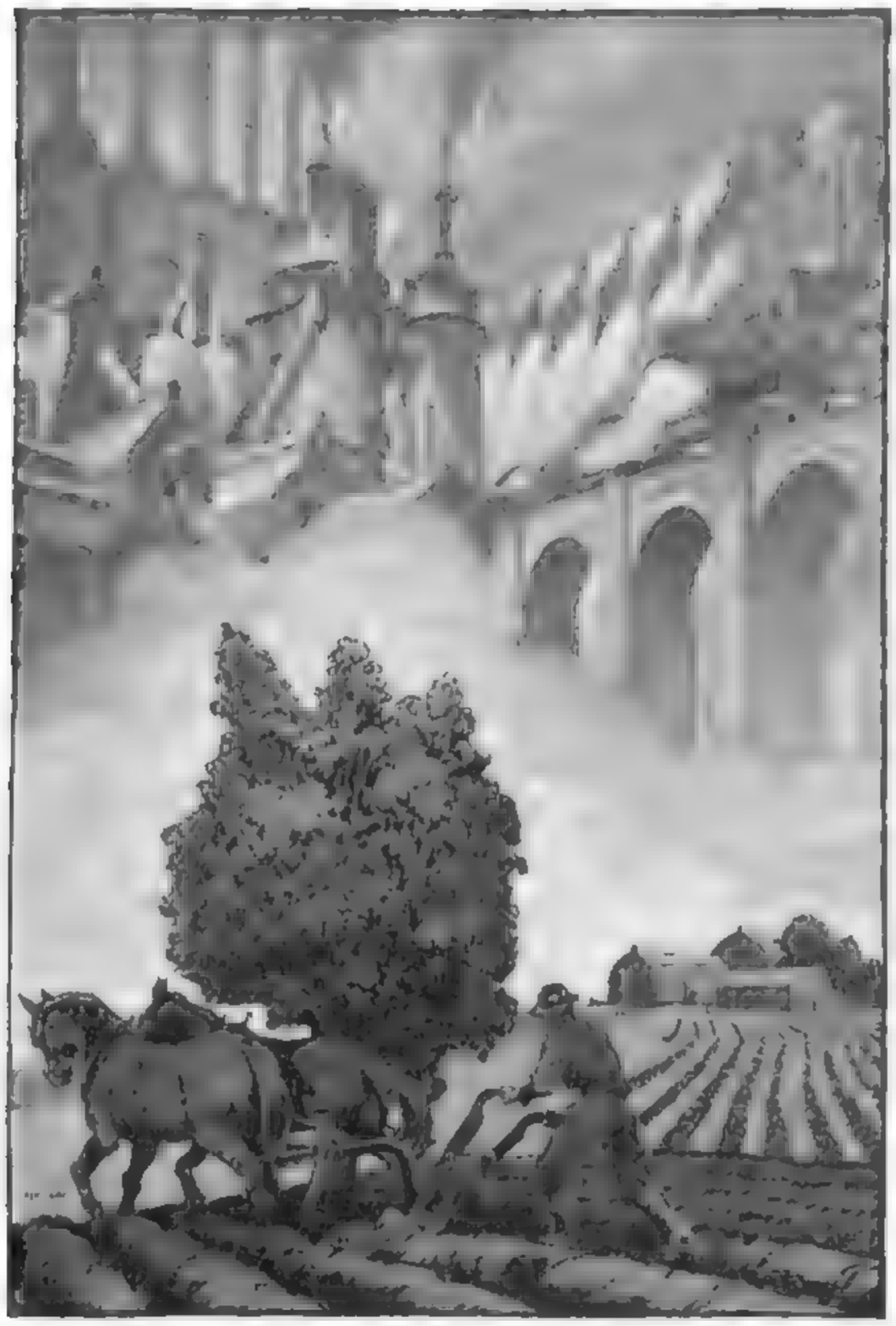

Not Magic—
just mind and muscle

THE SOUTH—the nation's winter playground—is setting new high marks in the story of American achievement. For, notable as are the South's friendly climate and genial hospitality, it is on her farms and in her workshops of industry that these marks are being made.

In the last twenty-five years the value of things made in the South has increased fivefold; and the value of things grown fourfold.

Such growth and progress suggest the magic wand, but it is the magic of mind and muscle—of hard work intelligently applied. The people of the South are making good use of the rich and varied resources that nature has bestowed upon them.

But the industrial and agricultural progress of the South is still in the first act. The years of greatest opportunity and achievement lie ahead.

The Southern Railway System, with its 8,000 miles of lines, serves the South from the northern gateways at Washington, Cincinnati and Louisville—from the western gateways at St. Louis and Memphis—to the ocean ports of Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick and Jacksonville, and the Gulf ports of Mobile and New Orleans.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

SOUTHERN
RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 29)

When the conductor pointed an indignant finger at the fare register, Emil pulled out the picture of Victoria and waved it under his chin. The last wave carried it out of the window and it was never found. He was a staunch Frenchman and often retarded service by quarreling with the night chef, a stalwart German from the other side of the Rhine. Their arguments were the joy of downstairs. Emil hated whistling in his kitchen and often chased musical bus boys upstairs with a knife. The only time he ever condoned whistling was when an impish bus boy paraded past the night chef, whose name was Ritter, whistling The Marseillaise.

Ritter's ears stiffened when he heard the national anthem of France and he grabbed the boy by the neck. Emil, who had hated whistling up to this minute, came to the lad's rescue and, in turn, grabbed Ritter by the neck.

Ritter said, "That boy can't whistle in my kitchen," meaning, of course, that the boy couldn't whistle The Marseillaise.

Emil said, "He can whistle anything he wants," putting the seal of approval on any whistled aria—provided it was The Marseillaise.

I heard the uproar and came downstairs to learn the trouble and straighten it out, sending the bus boy upstairs with a delayed order. Five minutes later the boy strolled through the kitchens whistling The Watch on the Rhine. Emil made a rush for him, and the same argument ensued when Ritter came to his defense. While Emil and Ritter were rolling over the floor in deadly combat, with Emil shouting, "He can't whistle in my kitchen," and Ritter roaring, "He can whistle all he wants," the boy went past their entangled bodies whistling Yankee Doodle.

However, he made the mistake of continuing his whistling into the main dining room, and he was discreetly booted downstairs by a suave captain, landing on both Emil and Ritter, who stopped their quarrel long enough to give him a good international spanking. I never knew that boy's name, but have no doubt that he is a great comedian on the stage today. Talent like that is wasted in a kitchen.

An Anteprohibition Bartender

Chefs are as temperamental as pianists or opera singers. All our trouble was downstairs in the kitchen. The cooks were as jealous of one another as the family cat is when the first faint whimper of a new baby is heard in the household. Emil became too difficult to handle and we had to let him go. Next to Emil in importance was Charles Perraudin, chief sauce cook, from the Province of Touraine. He was a young fellow of twenty-eight when we made our drive on Delmonico's and got him for $5000 a year, with a bonus of $2000. When Emil left, he became head chef.

It is Perraudin who must receive credit for the wonderful Rector cuisine. He was with us from start to finish and his head contained the food wisdom of the ages. He left Rector's to enlist in the French Army in 1914, was gassed, and is now engaged in the automobile-accessory business in Switzerland. He was young, active and tireless, and was the keystone of our business. In addition to being responsible for the cuisine, he was overseer of seventeen roast cooks, fry cooks and the *garde manger*, or cold meats and salads room. Two firemen, four vegetable cooks and four porters also were under his direction.

This about completed our establishment, with the exception of the bar. The head bartender was Johnny Graus, a product of the Chicago school of mixing and pouring. He was one of the best-known bartenders in America and had three bartenders under him. One of these bartender's sole duty was to squeeze orange juice for Diamond Jim Brady. He worked harder than any of the others. I don't know what he is doing now, but he is the only bartender I ever knew who cannot be arrested for sticking to his original trade.

There is still one important servant not yet mentioned. He was on the pay roll for only fifty a month, yet today he is better off financially than anybody connected with Rector's. He never came into the restaurant. All I remember of him was that his name was John. He was the carriage starter and never missed a night in fifteen years. Today he is the owner of numerous apartment buildings in New York City. He was John to me, John to all our patrons, and I have still to learn his last name.

John's recipe for success was a huge Irish smile. When he grinned a welcome to a carriage party, his lips stretched an octave over a keyboard of the whitest teeth I have ever seen. He also knew everybody by name and made it a point to learn our patrons' home addresses. When a patron called a cabby and said, "Home, Jasper," it was up to John to dish up the correct house number and street. He never failed. After quitting the restaurant game, I lived for three years in a fine Riverside Drive apartment. My landlord was my former doorman.

Dainty Morsels at Secondhand

As dishwashers are active participants in all restaurant service, we must add six expert dish scourers and six capable cleaners of glassware. This completes the whole personnel of Rector's, making a total of almost 150 servants for an establishment seating only 500 diners. I might add that dishwashing is a concession in the best cafés of Paris. While we pay our china scrubbers very good wages, the French concessionaires bid eagerly for the honor of wiping Parisian plates. Their contracts entitle them to all the food remaining on the dish. They gather this up, sort it into pretty little packages and resell it over the counter of a *petite charcuterie*.

The secondhand food is much prized by the working people in the environs of Paris, and many a poor man has put the *coup de grâce* to a turkey wing which was slightly wounded the night before by the teeth of a duke or a princess. There is nothing wasted in France, and there is no better illustration than the *pot-au-feu*, meaning the pot on the fire. The wood is always burning on this altar of thriftiness and the soup is eternally simmering. All scraps and bones are thrown into the *pot-au-feu*. Our old Greenwich Village friend, the dunker, is the deadly enemy of the *pot-au-feu*, because he sops up everything with his vigilant crust of bread and leaves nothing to be tossed into the caldron of economy.

Americans can learn a lesson from the pot on the fire, for Europe could exist on what we throw away. Our enormous waste at banquets alone would feed a nation. I recall the dinner given to Prince Henry of Prussia on his visit here early in the century. It made one of Nero's festivals resemble a hobo's hand-out on a window sill. When Prince Henry came to America he was given a tremendous welcome. It was the whole-hearted greeting which furnished the Kaiser with the befuddled impression that he could rely on America's neutrality some few years later.

Henry was the sailor prince of the Hohenzollerns. He came into Rector's very informally on several occasions. We also entertained several of the Kaiser's sons when they were traveling incognito in this country later on. Very few people knew of this visit of Wilhelm's youngsters. I think their names were Adelbert, Egbert or some other kind of berts and eggs. The dinner given to Prince Henry was tendered at the Waldorf and was directed by the famous Oscar. This illustrious juggler of pots and pans was another individual who

(Continued on Page 225)

This Amazing New Invention

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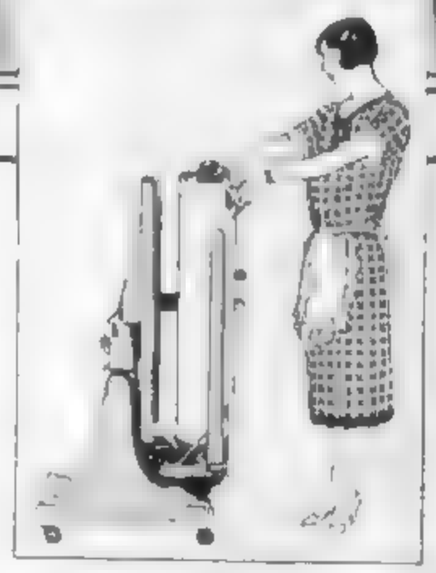

When not in use it folds and rolls into a closet or corner—as you would put away a vacuum cleaner

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The new Thor is *not* just for flat pieces. That beautiful party frock—your daughter's pride; shirts, dresses, collars and all those pieces which are difficult to iron by hand are done perfectly. The full open end makes it possible to iron *everything* on the Thor.

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Styleplus York Blue Silk Lined Suit

For most occasions — the year 'round

A blue suit is the most useful suit a man can own—there's hardly a time when it can't be worn—and if it's a Styleplus York Blue Silk Lined it has the style and retains its style through continued wear.

Here is a rich shade of dark blue that becomes any man. The cloth is an all-wool unfinished worsted, and the silk lining is a fine quality that goes well with it. A stylish, comfortable, splendidly tailored suit any man will be glad to call his own—and delighted to get at the moderate price.

Styleplus stores everywhere are showing the Styleplus York Blue Silk Lined Suit. Be sure to see it.

For men of every build; all sizes up to 50.

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Made according to our own specifications. Dark blue serge, herringbone, broadwale and stripe. All are heavy weights. Pure Australian wool—two-ply yarns both ways. Trimmed with perspiration-proof fine hair-alpaca lining. These Styleplus Suits are in great demand. Models for men and young men. All sizes.

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Why are topcoats growing in demand? Perhaps the automobile is one cause—for a topcoat feels mighty good on a chilly evening in the late summer or early fall. Another reason is that topcoats are "the young man's fancy" just now. In other words, the vogue of the best dressers. Styleplus Topcoats combine style distinction as well as popular price.

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Made in plain colors, also in herringbone and self-stripe effects in grey, brown and blue mixtures. These cloths give exceptional wear. Styleplus Suits of this character are selected by men who prefer quiet styles.

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High-quality, all-wool unfinished worsteds consisting of a variety of weaves such as herringbone, diagonal, chain, diamond and others always associated with high-class fabrics. Styleplus Suits made up in Holbrook Fabrics are purchased by the discriminating dressers. High in quality and very stylish.

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Years ago men used to buy a dress suit once in a lifetime. Times have changed. It's against the rules now to appear in a moth-eaten evening suit or one three sizes too small. Wear a Styleplus Tuxedo. You can afford a new one often. Made of standard all-wool fabrics richly silk trimmed and cut in stylish good taste.

Styleplus Winton Fabrics

Cheviot effects including diamond weaves, broadwales, herringbones and self-stripes. The new shades Tortoise and Buchanan browns are especially recommended. Look for the label on the sleeve identifying these shades for Styleplus Suits made of Winton Fabrics.

(Continued from Page 222)

seemed to have no surname. He went through life on the name of Oscar, like a buggy on one wheel.

I will give you an impression of the tremendous eating and drinking at this dinner by mentioning the wine service alone. It started off with 150 bottles of amontillado sherry from Spain, valued at four dollars a bottle. There followed a salvo from a battery of 350 bottles of Rhine wine and the same amount of sauternes. One is a French white wine and the other is a German white wine, to be served with the fish course. You could figure these wines around four dollars a bottle. Then 750 slim decanters of Bordeaux red claret washed down the entrée, with the assistance of a like number of Burgundy carafes.

So far the drinking was merely summer lightning. The storm broke after the entrée, when 3000 bottles of champagne thundered a greeting to the royal guest. About this time the conversation began to get thin, but the talk was thick. The champagne averaged four dollars a quart. The famous Fine Champagne Cognac of the vintage of 1811 was served with the coffee. This ancient nectar cost twenty dollars a bottle.

There was plenty of speech making at that dinner. The talking started with one guest speaking at a time, but all 1500 were orating together at the finish. These very damp statistics were furnished to me by William La Hiff, now a prominent restaurateur in New York, but then a bartender at the Waldorf. Tommy Hilliard was the manager of the hotel at that time. He was the most efficient man in the hotel business in America. He was also the strictest.

It was Hilliard's strictness which enabled him to become the biggest figure in the hotel game after a humble start as yardman at the Bellevue, Philadelphia. A yardman is the man who carries the cans of débris from the kitchen to the wagon.

This was probably the biggest dinner ever held indoors in this country. I have heard of enormous barbecues in the West, but these were nothing to compare with the pink tea tendered Prince Henry of Prussia.

And When the Pie Was Opened

Rector's never got the big dinners because of our limited seating capacity. We served many banquets to prominent men and women, but none which equaled the famous—or rather, notorious—Seeley dinner at Sherry's. It was at this dinner that Little Egypt, the hootchy-kootchy dancer, was served in a pie. She was very flimsily clad and the dinner was raided by Peaches Chapman, the famous police captain of the Tenderloin.

The Tenderloin was a district north of Thirtieth Street and west of Broadway. It derived its name from the fact that police eating in restaurants south of Thirtieth Street were served rump steaks and cow meat. When they were transferred north of Thirtieth, the meats were much better. They got tenderloin steaks from the prime steers. Therefore the Tenderloin district owes its name to the police themselves. When Peaches raided Sherry's, he was a little off his beat. He did not belong at that dinner, but neither did Little Egypt.

This dinner gave a lot of publicity to Sherry's. Every newspaper in the land carried a front-page description of the affair and it was cabled all over the world. This publicity was very distasteful to Mr. Sherry, who had no idea that Little Egypt was going to be smuggled across the borders of exclusive society in a deep-dish pie like a Chinaman crossing the Mexican border in the middle of a flock of sheep. The agitation over the girl in the pie was long and furious. Late Victorian modesty had been outraged.

As I said in a previous article, there was never any scandal connected with Rector's. The closest we came to it was when a gambler and bookmaker dined in our place one evening and was shot shortly afterward in a two-wheeler cab. His companion was a beautiful actress. She was acquitted. The only strange feature about the case was that the actress was not one of the original Florodora Sextet.

Rector's figured very largely on the stage. Nat Wills' great song hit in the earliest of Flo Ziegfeld's Follies was If a Table in Rector's Could Talk. Nat married a great circus bareback rider. She was a wondrous picture as she pirouetted around the spangled ring on a milk-white steed, now turning a double somersault and now leaping through a paper hoop like an elephant crashing through a bass drum. She was a very big woman and I often marveled at her grace. Their married life was yes and no. That is, like many other marriages, it had its quarrels.

Lew Dockstader once told me that he heard the sounds of a family quarrel emanating from the wife's dressing room and soon Nat came hurtling through the air, to land with a tremendous thump on the floor outside. As Lew went over to help him to his feet, Nat sat there with his head in his hands muttering, "I should have married the horse." The remarkable part of the proceeding was that Dockstader swears that Nat was thrown through the door without the door first having been opened, but the story is probably apocryphal.

The Barber-Shop Blues

Lew Dockstader was the last of the old-time minstrels. He went into vaudeville when minstrelsy faded from the American stage and became a great monologist, sharing honors with Nat Wills, Fred Niblo, Charley Case, Ezra Kendall and Jim Thornton. Thornton was the author of that beautiful ballad, When You Were Sweet Sixteen. He was a regular patron of Rector's. His monologue has never been surpassed for humor and could still be used today after thirty years. He used to tell about going into a barber shop, saying that he was the man who first discovered that the barber used your ear for a mug to mix his lather. In his own words: "He put a hot towel on my face and scalded me alive. When I asked him why he put such a hot towel on my face, he explained that it was too hot to hold in his bare hands. Then a little boy about five years of age climbed on a soap box and started to shave me. He started to cut my face into jig-saw puzzles. When I objected to a boy shaving me, his father told me it was the lad's birthday and we had to let him do anything he wanted to on his birthday. All this time a dog was running around the chair howling and barking. When I asked the man why the dog was running around the chair, he told me that the dog had got a piece of ear that morning and wouldn't go away until he got another."

Charley Case was very nervous. He overcame this by twisting a piece of string around his finger while talking to his audience. He used to talk about his family. He explained that they lived next door to the county jail, because mother was sentimental and wanted to be just as close to father as she could get. Father was apparently a very brave man, because he used to hunt lions. One day he caught up to a lion, but decided not to shoot it. This wasn't because he had lost his nerve, but because he was afraid that it might be a neighbor's lion.

Dockstader was the first monologist to specialize in topics of the day. No matter what subject was agitating the newspapers and the public, Lew always bobbed up with an appropriate jest. When Colonel Roosevelt was running for President, Lew made up to represent Teddy and the resemblance was startling. He used to stroll out on the stage with a big stick, which never failed to get a roar of laughter. When Colonel Roosevelt became involved in a political controversy with another colonel—let's say it was Colonel Blotto—Lew summarized the situation thus: "When they speak of Roosevelt as a kernel they mean a soldier. When they speak of Blotto as a kernel they mean the inside of a nut."

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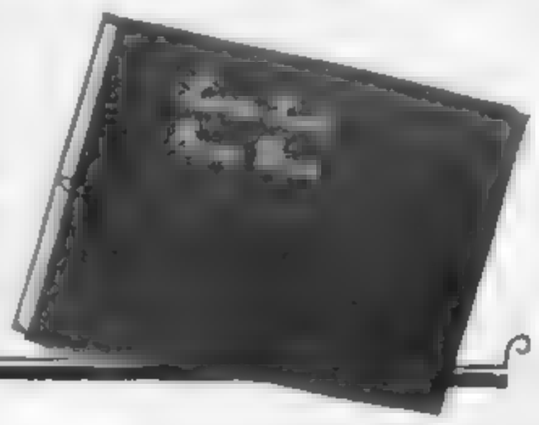
Weis Scrap Books come in styles and sizes to meet almost every requirement. The loose leaf book illustrated is furnished with fifty sheets of high grade drawing paper adapted to both sketching and pasting. Sheets have re-enforced eyelets to prevent tearing. The semi-flexible cover is fitted with seamless tube binding posts that cannot spread or get out of shape. The covering is of durable black cloth attractively lettered in gold.



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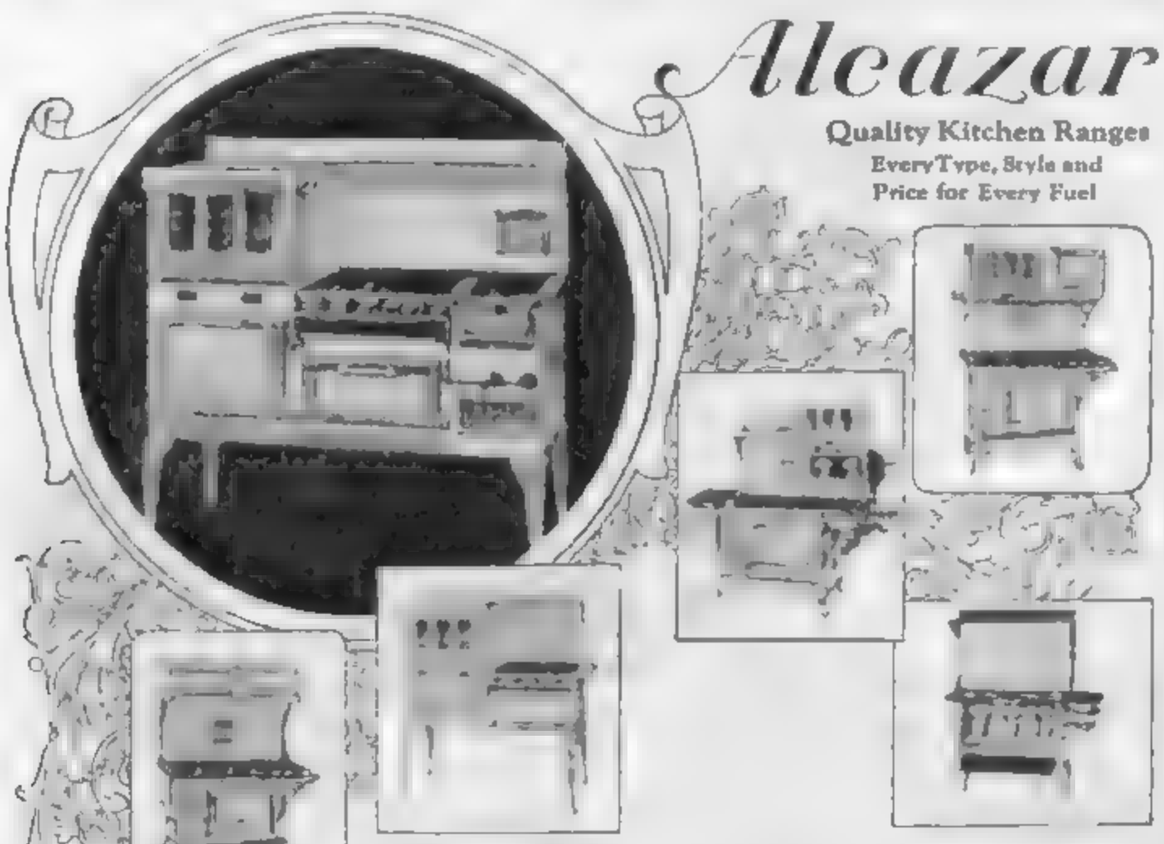

Satisfaction —

WHEN buying your kitchen range, there are two important things to keep in mind. You must get the minimum of fuel consumption with the maximum of cooking versatility.

The safest way to obtain these qualities is to insist on an Alcazar Range. Under this name there are not only kerosene gas cook stoves, coal, wood and gas ranges, but the wonderful combination types that burn coal or wood and gas, or wood or coal with kerosene oil, singly or together.

The Alcazar dealer will show you models perfectly adapted to your needs—or write to us.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER CO.
436 Cleveland Avenue Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The monologist has the most difficult rôle on the stage. Without music, scenery or foils, he must hold his audience by his personality alone. Nat Wills had the strongest voice I ever heard on the stage. His trump card was the singing—or rather, bellowing—of parodies on popular songs of the day. He also used to recite fictitious telegrams. Here are samples of them, and they never failed to get uproarious laughter. First, he would read: "Twentieth Century Limited four hours late. Reason—it struck a cow." He would pause a second and then continue: "Erie Express on time. Reason—unknown."

Another famous monologist of this time was the Man With the Green Gloves who read supposed epitaphs in a manner to excite tremendous outbursts of laughter. I never knew just what was funny about an inscription on a tombstone, but here is one that caused old-time audiences to shriek with glee: "The Hudson River is wide and deep, but not a very elegant place to sleep." The Man With the Green Gloves was James Richmond Glenroy, but I never did discover who was the Girl With the Auburn Hair. The Girl With the Auburn Hair was a beautiful creature who sang The Holy City in a magnificent voice. Her identity is still a mystery to the millions who enjoyed her singing.

Not the least of the monologists who frequented Rector's was Marshall P. Wilder, whose face was the most elastic I have ever seen. He actually had a thousand different expressions chasing one another across his features. His success was the more remarkable because he was a cripple from birth, and also a dwarf. You forgot his infirmities the instant you looked at his face.

A Fashionable Ringside

While others were forced to pay to see theatrical stars, the theatrical head liners paid to see Rector's. Dramatists, producers and actors all gathered there from eleven until closing, which was usually about three. Grouped around one table would be Clyde Fitch, Richard Harding Davis, Charles Dillingham, Alfred Henry Lewis, Jack London, Henry Blossom, Charles Frohman and Otis Skinner.

At another table would be David Graham Phillips, who was shot down by a maniac coming out of the Princeton Club in Gramercy Park shortly before his story The Grain of Dust was published serially in this weekly. It was one of the most interesting serials I have ever read. I remember the heroine was the forerunner of the modern flapper, for she had the pleasing habit of sprinkling perfume on lump sugar and eating it.

At Phillips' table would be Harry Lauder and his American manager, William Morris. Next to them would be Victor Herbert. Of all the prominent folk who patronized Rector's, the most appreciative, the heartiest, most democratic and most sincere was Victor Herbert. He loved to entertain his friends. The minute he stepped inside the door our orchestra swung into one of his many musical hits. He never failed to thank them for their courtesy. They loved him, as did everyone else.

Weber and Fields, McIntyre and Heath, Montgomery and Stone, Jack Norworth and Nora Bayes were four famous teams who often clustered around one table. Mayor Gaynor often dropped in with his very good friend, Ira Leo Bamberger, an attorney. Gaynor enjoyed good music, art and drama. I remember a friend introducing Ira Leo Bamberger to Henry E. Dixey, then starring in Adonis under the direction of Edward E. Rice, who also put on the famous extravaganza 1492.

The friend said, "Mr. Dixey, I want you to meet Ira Leo Bamberger."

Dixey said, "I didn't catch all those names."

The friend repeated, "Ira Leo Bamberger."

"Oh, yes," replied Dixey; "three nice boys."

It was rarely that good humor turned to rancor. We had some fights in the restaurant and they all received immense publicity, not because of the excellence of the fisticuffs but because of the prominence of the combatants. Charles Hawtrey, playing in A Message From Mars, once challenged his fellow player, Arthur Playfair, and the two fought it out. The argument started over a rarebit and Playfair won the combat.

One of the best fights in Rector's was won by Fred Stone from a collegiate champion hammer thrower, baseball and football star.

Stone was sitting quietly at a table with Rex Beach, Dave Montgomery, Maxey Blumenthal and Sam Elsass. There were only two parties in the place, as it was after closing time. Both parties arose at the same time and went out to get their hats. Beach had a very peculiar floppy cap and the collegian made some remark about it. Rex paid no attention, but real trouble started when Dave Montgomery started to go through the revolving door and the big collegian gave him assistance in the shape of a shove which landed Dave in the middle of the street.

The next to enter the revolving door was Fred Stone, and the stalwart line plunger wanted to do the same thing to Fred. Stone advised the youth to keep his hands off the door, whereupon the enthusiastic collegian grabbed him and started to employ him in the creating of a new intercollegiate record for hammer throwing. Stone whipped over a left hook that landed on the strong man's chin and followed with a right cross that actually struck sparks. By this time the big boy realized that he was in a fight and swung both hands at Fred, who side-stepped and won the championship of Rector's with another right-hander which landed flush on the chin. It wasn't an actual knock-out, but it seemed to take all the battle out of the educated pugilist.

Fights Staged at Rector's

Stone turned to Blumenthal and said, "What is the matter with me, Maxey? I can't knock this fellow out."

Stone weighed 100 pounds less than his opponent, but boxed every day with James J. Corbett on the roof of the Globe Theater. He was the finest athlete in the theater, hard as nails and thought nothing of catching a nine-inning baseball game on Saturday morning and then playing a matinée and evening performance.

There was also a nice little set-to between Davy Johnson, the gambler, and George Kessler, the wine agent. Johnson was winning when the fight was stopped. This fight started with the friendly pulling of each other's ties at the table. Kessler finally pulled Johnson's tie too hard and almost choked him. Johnson retaliated by switching his pulling from Kessler's necktie to his nose. Thus mighty oaks from little acorns grow.

Many of the fights were the result of an over-indulgence in wine, except in the case of Fred Stone, who never drank. However, in those days men fought with their fists. It seems to be different now. The bootleggers seem to mix some fierce concoction of boiler compound and TNT which causes men to rush forth and devastate the surrounding hamlets and farm lands. But when it came to getting high prices for our liquor we old restaurateurs had it all over the modern pirate. We would buy our straight rye whisky out of government bonded warehouses at proof. Then to reduce that to the head, which was at ninety-two proof, we

(Continued on Page 229)

Satin linings that WEAR !

A LONG TRIP is a searching test of quality in clothing—and particularly of the linings. The inside of your coat gets more wear than the outside—constant friction, standing, walking or sitting.

Good style requires satin linings and good sense requires satin with *wearing quality*. It is annoying when far from home to have a lining go to pieces.

Skinner's Satin adds distinction to any garment and outwears other silk linings. For three-quarters of a century it has been the overwhelming choice of tailors and clothing manufacturers who use only the best materials. Skinner's Satin in a garment is an indication of quality throughout.

In buying a suit or overcoat ready-to-wear it pays to look for the Skinner label. In ordering from a merchant tailor, *"Look for the Name in the Selvage."*

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, *Established 1848*
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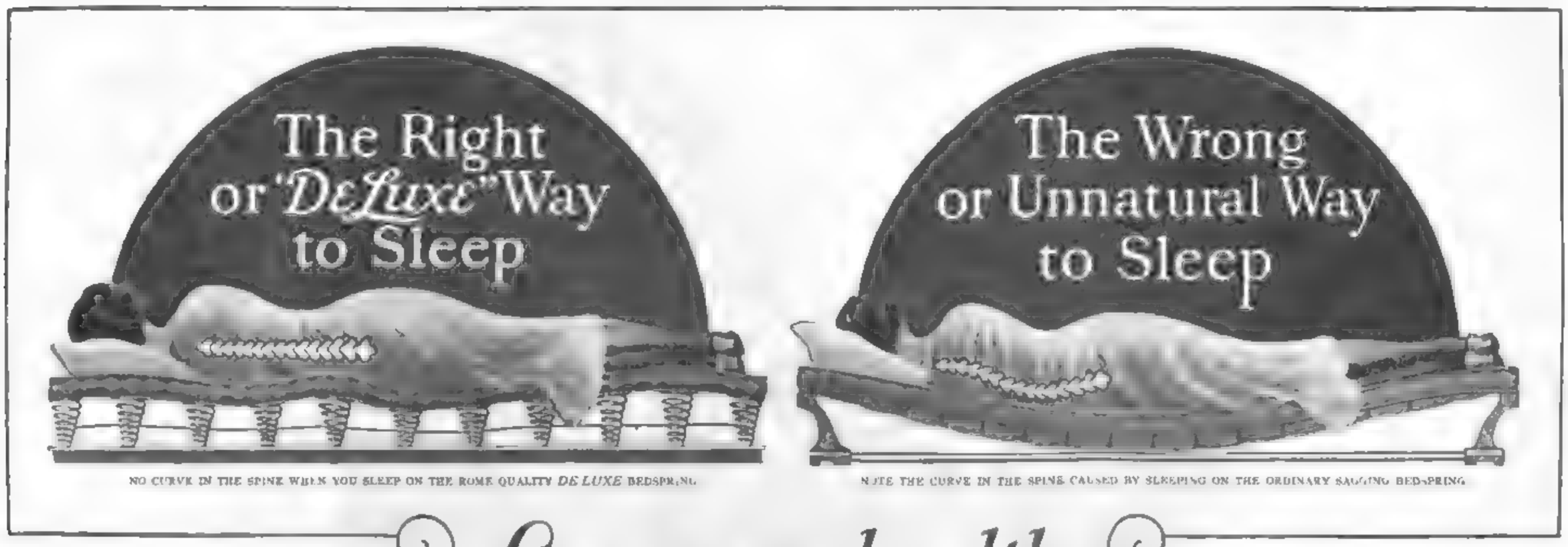

NO CURVE IN THE SPINE WHEN YOU SLEEP ON THE ROME QUALITY *DE LUXE* BEDSPRING

NOTE THE CURVE IN THE SPINE CAUSED BY SLEEPING ON THE ORDINARY SAGGING BEDSPRING

Can your health stand this strain?

ARE you adding to the fatigue poisons in your body by sleeping in an unnatural position? Or does your bedspring soothe you into a relaxation that restores and renews you? . . .

What kind of slumber do you expect when your spine must sag, or twist, or curve to find support? With the delicate nerves that lead from it to all parts of your body being numbed and dulled by unnatural pressure, what chance have the restorative processes which Nature intends shall function during sleep?

In those hours of what should be peaceful unconsciousness, the nerves should play their part, directing the flow of cleansing, health-making blood to all parts of the body; the organs should thus be stimulated to attack and throw off the accumulated poisons of fatigue. You should awaken fully rested, bright and happy, and arise full of vim and vigor, ready for whatever the day may bring—bright-eyed and clear-headed. Millions before you have benefited by a change to Rome *"De Luxe"* and you can too.

Don't *endure* sleep—enjoy it! Discard your old, uncomfortable bedspring for Rome Quality *"De Luxe"*—the Bedspring Luxurious. It gently yields to the curves of the shoulders and hips—but it gives soothing support to the place where weariness and that worn-out feeling attack us—the small of the back. Its easy, comforting self-adjustment to the lines of the body allows the neck and head perfect ease, so that healthful, valuable sleep is assured. You'll never know what buoyancy of spirits can be created by genuine sleep until you have slept on a Rome *"De Luxe."*

The merchant who sells Rome *"De Luxe"* bedsprings renders a service to humanity. In justice to him, as well as yourself, let no one sell you a substitute. These bedsprings are so honestly built that they keep their resilience for a lifetime. Buy them for economy as well as health. Better dealers everywhere endorse and sell them.

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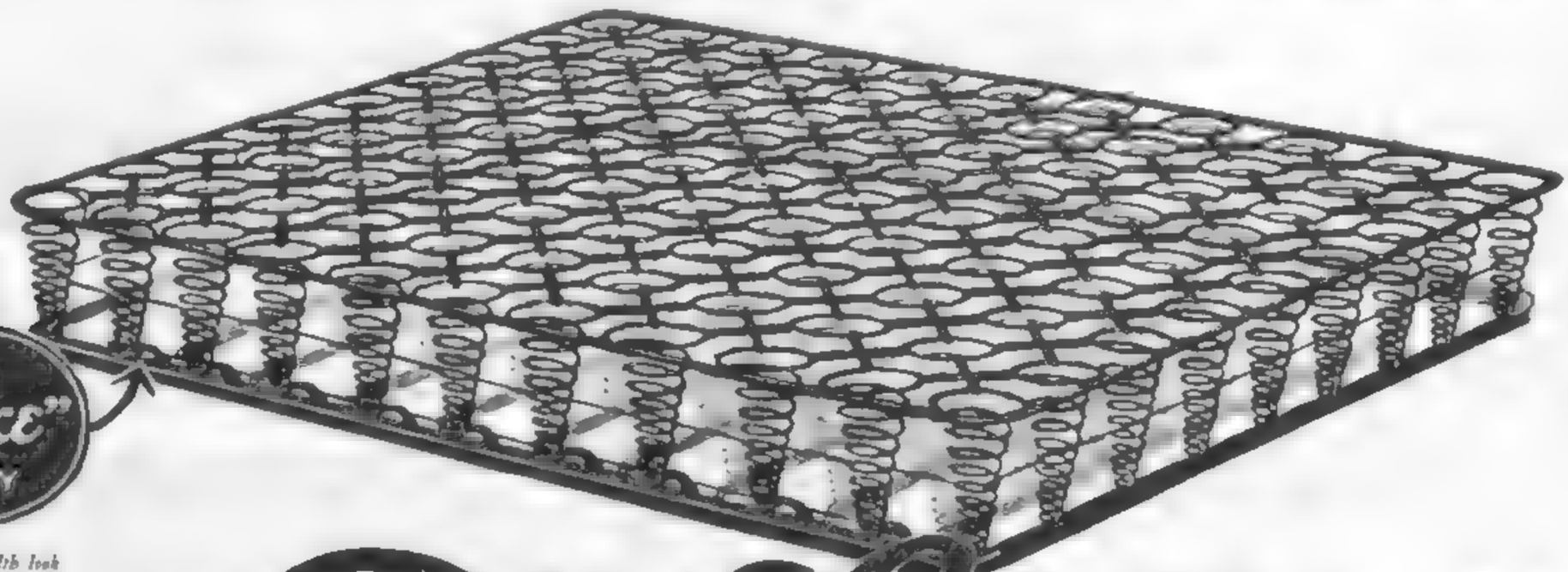

In justice to your health look for this trade-mark. The full name, "Rome Quality DE LUXE," appears on the side rail of the genuine.

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"DeLuxe"
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– the Bedspring Luxurious

(Continued from Page 226)

used French spirits and distilled water, fixing the proofage with a hydrometer. When reduced to the bead, this whisky would stand us, less the discounts, about two dollars a gallon. We charged forty cents a drink and there were twenty drinks to a quart and 100 to a gallon. We therefore received forty dollars a gallon, a profit of thirty-eight dollars—which proves that the liquor industry was always bootlegging. The present prosperity of the small family, the luxury of owning pianos, radios, phonographs, bungalows and motor cars is evidence that the American workingman is spending his money in happier and wiser channels. The corner saloon was a cancer eating into the heart of its neighborhood, and I always noticed that the poorer the district, the flashier the saloon.

At the rate of thirty-eight dollars' profit a gallon we actually made more than $2000 clear gain on a barrel of whisky. There is a mark for bootleggers to shoot at. And if we had followed the present custom of diluting the stuff until one bottle becomes the mother of two other bottles, then we would have made $6000 a barrel. But I want to make it clear that Rector's was not a barroom.

We specialized on our foods and I am quoting alcoholic algebra to show that the unknown quantity was another X in the saloonkeeper's cash register. Of the thousands of our patrons, I cannot say that one was a drunkard. They were all men and women of brains and ability. The toper of that day is the same idiot of the present who drinks paints, oil and varnishes. The only difference is that the booze of today is so poisonous that one drop of it is powerful enough to nickel-plate an iceberg.

Of course, on the old-fashioned New Year's Eve, your ancestors considered it their duty to home, mother and country to drink the New Year in and themselves out, and they performed this obligation very thoroughly. They thought the way to start the New Year right was with a headache. New Year's Eve and election nights were riotous evenings in the old times. Of the two, I consider election night the noisier. Republicans would celebrate because their candidate was victorious and Democrats would carouse because their man was defeated. No matter who won or lost, everybody joined in the festivities. On these nights we locked our doors and admission was by card only. We boarded up our big windows with heavy planks because of the tremendous crowds surging on the sidewalks.

Demand for tables at Rector's on these nights was so great that we could have used Madison Square Garden as an annex for our overflow and filled it.

Although there was no dancing in our place at that time, the crowd amused itself. Eva Tanguay, Blanche Ring and Lillian Russell would oblige with songs, even though the ladies had not yet achieved a vote at that period. Not to be outdone by the ladies, William Pruette would rumble, "I want what I want when I want it," his famous success from Herbert's opera Mlle. Modiste in a basso profundo which rattled Rector's to its foundation. Some 500 diners would join in the chorus, accentuating each "want" with a bang of the fist on the table.

But, as usual, the smallest man made the biggest noise, for Tod Sloan, who was just back from riding Lord Beresford's horses to victory in England, always placed a nice bonnet on the climax by shooting off a small brass cannon on the roof of our restaurant. Tod employed a stalwart valet to carry the cannon around on state occasions. The morning Tod and Julia Sanderson ate their wedding breakfast at Rector's, Tod actually shot the cannon off in the dining room as a salute to his new bride.

To those who desire to be the life of the party, but who can neither sing, dance nor do feats of legerdemain, I suggest a fifty-pound brass cannon and plenty of ammunition. If properly used, you can shoot your way into the social swim—provided it doesn't first blow you out of the tank.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE APOLOGETIC AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 19)

Europe's loans to foreign countries have commonly a political aspect. American loans to foreign countries are specifically unpolitical. And it is seldom they stipulate anything as to how or with whom the borrower shall spend the capital. Is the borrower good? Then let him do with the capital what he likes. Recently, when Wall Street was about to float a loan for a South American country, the proceeds to be used for a new national telephone system, the bankers were urged to stipulate that the installation should be American. They refused, as if that were none of their business. If American manufacturers wanted the contract let them bid for it in open competition.

Well, never before did people lend their capital away in that manner. To the Old World banker it must seem foolhardy. He would say we had a great deal to learn about how to make our capital profitable abroad. True, it is risky. It is an experiment. What will come of it nobody can be quite sure. But as a way of putting our surplus power forth in the world, we are trying it. So far it has brought us back neither gain nor love.

There is a price of weakness and a price of power. The greater the power, the greater the price, and this is inevitable. Those who possess it must not expect to be loved.

Though they break their weapons to the length of the next longest as a sign they want nothing not already their own, though they lend away their wealth in a prodigal manner upon security no other than that of the debtor's good faith—still in the faces turned toward them they will see emotions of envy, hatred, suspicion, and avarice.

In the faces turned toward us, especially the European faces, we begin to see one other emotion. It is there because we unwittingly represent to the world, power in a pusillanimous aspect, more to be moved by what others think of us than by what we think of ourselves. Power in this aspect will be despised. And for this we have only ourselves to blame. Ourselves, that is to say, in the figure of the apologetic American. He is new in this land and strange in the world, and already so numerous that he almost might form a nation of his kind to go walking in borrowed sackcloth, singing its own dispraise. "My country, right or wrong," is to him an unthinkable thought. He dismisses it as a piece of mob patriotism. And so it is. But in place of it he brings himself to say, "Ill opinion of my country, just or unjust, is intolerable and must be propitiated."

How came so many of us to possess this tender mentality?

Here a people selected by a spirit of adventure worked in a solitary manner and made them a nation. It came suddenly into view as the tallest of all. Other nations hitherto taller and smoother are obliged to adjust themselves to an astonishing fact. They take it in exceedingly ill humor. That is natural. It is natural also that they should make opprobrious sounds against it, not only to injure its self-esteem but to cover their own emotions. Nor is it strange that Americans should be sensitive and susceptible. This is owing partly to their temperament, which is basically amicable, and partly to the fact of this being a first experience. Nobody had minded them before, either to like or dislike them very actively. They had never known what

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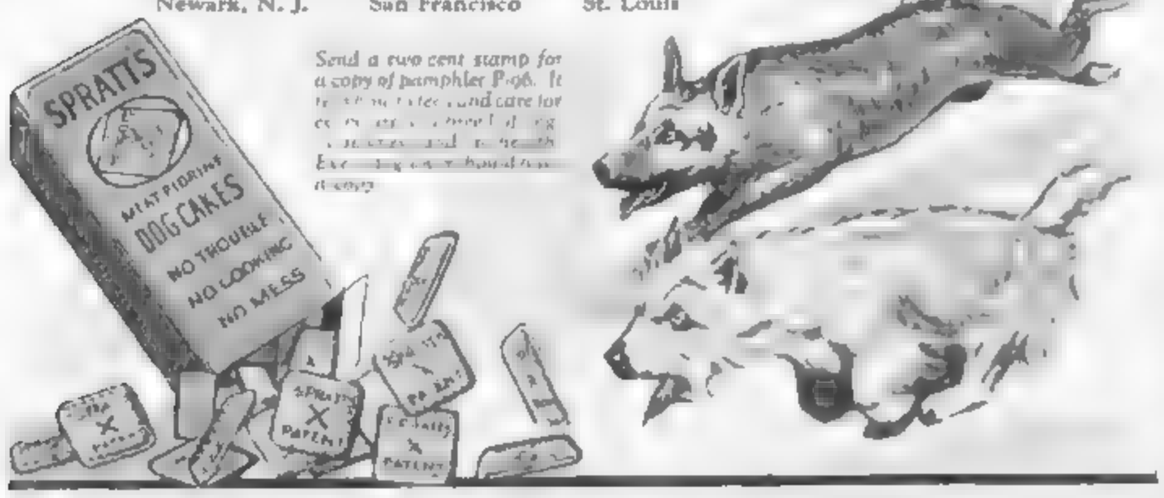

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it was to be hated as European nations have hated one another for centuries. Yet never since people were divided in the earth after their tongues and after their families has it happened before that the most powerful among them found chagrin in its power or was fearful of losing its countenance in the mirror of foreign opinion.

To be interested in seeing ourselves as others see us is the mark of a well-balanced national mind exercising the faculty of self-criticism. But a passion to regard ourselves in the mirror Europe holds up is a weakness. The view is twice distorted—once by a trick of the mirror and once by the way we react to every malign reflection.

Do we see ourselves as Shylock? We are not like that. Certainly not. That is not a fact. But the reflection—that is a fact.

Does the British Government say the Secretary of the United States Treasury made an incorrect statement about its war debt to the American Government? Whether he did or not, the British say it. What the British think of us is important as a political fact whether it be so or not.

One would guess that a quarter of the money spent by American newspapers on cable tolls is to tell what Europe thinks of Americans. Whatever it thinks is news, because its thinking so is an international political fact. This makes it absurdly easy for foreign governments to put forth their propaganda, as, for example, their propaganda against the payment of war debts. They have only to appoint someone to make an anti-American political speech or to place the material in their own press.

The American newspaper correspondents seize it and cable it to the United States, so that every morning we shall read the European indictment of our policies.

Absorbed Propaganda

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer refers in a speech to what seems to him an extraordinary situation—the pressure of debt extraction by the United States drawing German reparations from the devastated war-stricken countries of Europe, these reparations passing in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy and prosperous and great republic.

On which the New York Times, April 6, 1926, says: "The British Chancellor of the Exchequer is right. The full funding of our war debts will be only a step toward problems involved in it of the most delicate and perilous kind. It is a subject on which Americans ought already to be doing a lot of hard thinking."

Is it a fact that the United States is drawing German reparations from Europe? If it is not a fact how can the British Chancellor of the Exchequer be right? He is wrong. It is American money that enables Germany to pay reparations. If the United States had not been making enormous loans to Germany nobody would be receiving reparations. We are lending to Europe each year two, three, four times as much as the debt settlements require to be paid at the United States Treasury. It is with American money they have been paying their war debt to us.

America's Indictment

We polish this mirror ourselves. American writers go regular journeys to Europe to find out what the Europeans are further thinking and saying and feeling about Americans. They are deeply impressed by what they find. They find it very easily. In reporting it they have a certain formula. This European view of us, they say, may or may not be justified by the facts. Nevertheless, that opinion does exist as a political fact, and its existence is bad for Americans, bad for the world, injurious to international relationships.

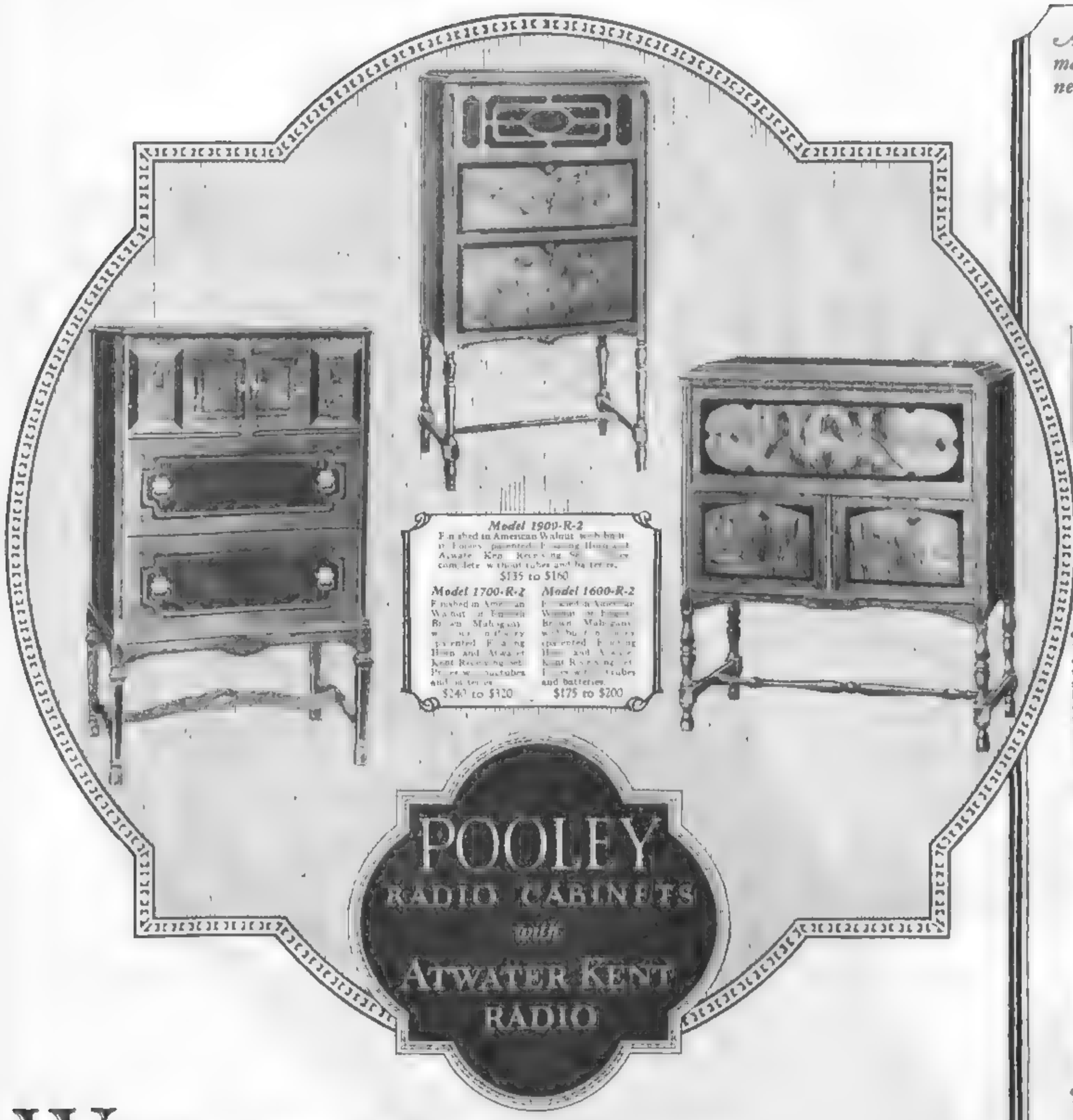
The perfect form for that kind of writing is first to set forth the whole body of European grievances: That the United States kept out of the war as long as it could profiteer; that it came into it at last only to save its investment in European credit; that it put upon Europe the League of Nations and then got out; that it went back again only to impose the Dawes Plan upon Germany for the purpose of collecting from her just enough to pay Europe's debt to the United States Treasury; that it then demanded a settlement of war debts; that it has littered the sea with its ships; that it keeps a tariff against European goods; that it is offensively rich; that Americans spend their money in Europe with a supercilious air; that Europe is woefully impoverished, and so on.

There is another kind of writing by an intellectual cult that is also much quoted in Europe and stuck in the mirror. A typical example is from The New Republic:

"In their present distress the Allied peoples are acutely conscious that their

(Continued on Page 233

The French Debt Offer Being Accepted by the United States, April 29, 1926. Left to Right—Seated, Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, Ambassador Béranger, and Under-Secretary of the Treasury Garrard B. Winston. Standing, E. Haguenin, French Minister of Finance, F. G. Blair, Member of the American Commission, and R. Lacour-Gayet, Financial Attache



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Would you hear of the wonderful Receiver that gives to Pooley its vast resources for entertainment? Only in a Pooley Cabinet can you get Atwater Kent Radio that is factory-installed, wired and tested by experts under careful engineering supervision.

Would you hear of design and woods and finish—of the shaping and joining and craftsmanship that make Pooley Cabinets such admirable specimens of fine furniture? True period pieces are they, in honesty of making as in design—sturdy and beautiful, fit for a permanent place in any home. Only in a Pooley Cabinet can you get all this combination of tone, performance, construction and beauty. Don't be content with less—take your first opportunity to examine a Pooley Cabinet—to hear a Pooley horn.

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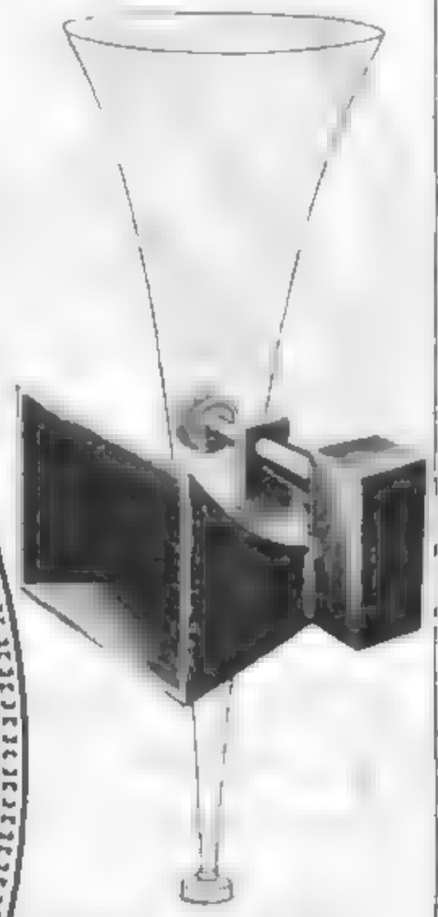
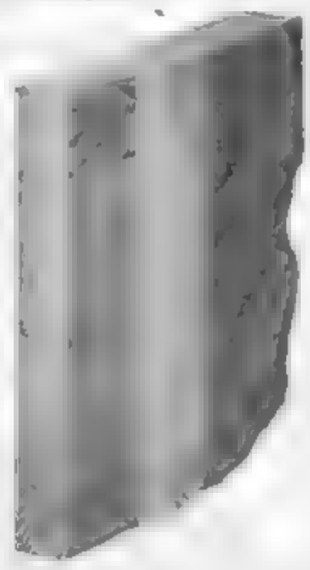


¶ The built-in Pooley (patented) floating horn—34" long when developed in a straight line. Scientifically designed—a true exponential horn. Made unusually large, for full volume. Mounted on springs [illegible] vibration [illegible] Equipped with the celebrated Atwater Kent reproducing unit



¶ The tops, sides, doors—of Pooley Cabinets are built-up in five plies of carefully selected, seasoned wood, cross grained. No possibility of warping, cracking or splitting. The outside ply is genuine American Walnut or Mahogany specially selected for beauty

¶ These views show the fine workmanship of Pooley Cabinets, in the jointing of top and side panel as above, and below, the dowelling of stretcher to cross piece. All construction is of the same high order—joints mortised or dowelled and held together with furniture maker's glue applied hot. A Pooley Cabinet, like the fine furniture it is, will last a lifetime.

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 230)

miseries, which are attributable to the war and the war after the war, are being increased by the demand of prosperous America for the payment of the debts. Their resentment is natural as long as they believe that for nearly three years they fought the battle of the United States as well as their own, as long as they remember that they sacrificed far more than we in life and treasure, that the money they borrowed from our Government was largely spent to buy supplies from us. We can afford to be generous, and the fact that we are not means only that we are using our advantageous situation to extract blood money from our former associates and defenders. . . . What is the solvent for this bitter misunderstanding? Nothing less than a mutual admission of grave error and miscalculation. An abandonment of the theory, now proved mistaken by careful historical scholars, that responsibility for the war lies with a single criminal nation."

The logic here is like that of the Hatter in Wonderland.

If it is proved that responsibility for the war lies not with a single criminal nation—that is to say, Germany—then they were all to blame. It was a common European war. In that case, who were our defenders? From what were they defending us?

The apologetic American lives much abroad, where he is continually explaining and excusing his country. He unites with the European in scorn of the American who spends money in a garish manner. Yet both of them are reacting to foreign disapproval, each according to his temperament. One buys his way through; the other talks himself by. One will be envied if he cannot be liked; the other seeks to have pronounced upon himself the exceptional opinion. He is not as other Americans are. And it is he, much more than the other, who misrepresents his country, especially in France.

Joffre's Save-the-Franc Fund

In reporting the news of the debt agreement signed by the French Ambassador at Washington last April, the New York Herald of Paris—European edition of the New York Herald-Tribune—set forth the French debt to the United States Treasury agreeably to the French formula, calling it a political debt. In like spirit it was at the same time raising contributions from Americans to Marshal Joffre's save-the-franc fund, and giving much publicity to American participation in that footless movement.

One day: "American business men in Paris took an important part in the movement to save the franc yesterday, when at the conclusion of the monthly members' meeting of the American Chamber of Commerce President Benjamin J. Conner handed Ambassador Henry Bérenger the chamber's check, a check for 100,000 francs, as a first official contribution by the chamber to Marshal Joffre's national fund." Then the names of the contributors.

Turn then to the investment news of the day, New York Times, June 20: "Huge French balances and credits, accumulated here during the flight of capital from France, are receiving the attention of those financial authorities who are seeking to gauge the probabilities in the situation surrounding the franc."

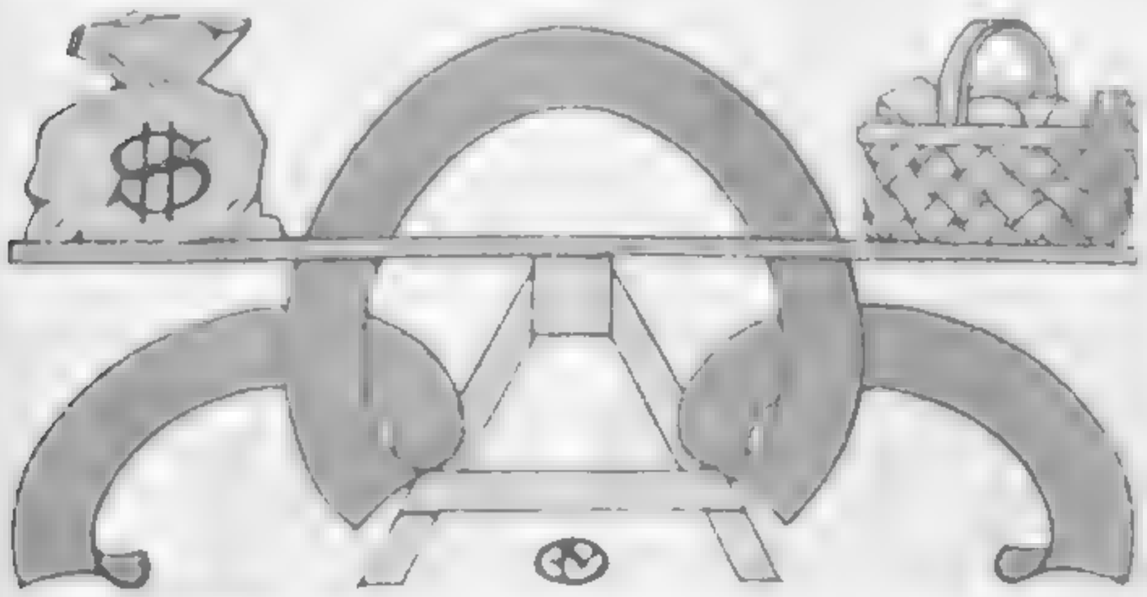
France denouncing the American Government as Shylock for having obliged the French ambassador to sign a "usurious" agreement in settlement of its debt to the United States Treasury, the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris donating money to save the credit of France and handing its check to the man who signed that agreement at Washington, an American newspaper in Paris calling the debt a political debt and soliciting subscriptions to a save-the-franc fund—and the French themselves at the same time sending their money to New York for safe-keeping!

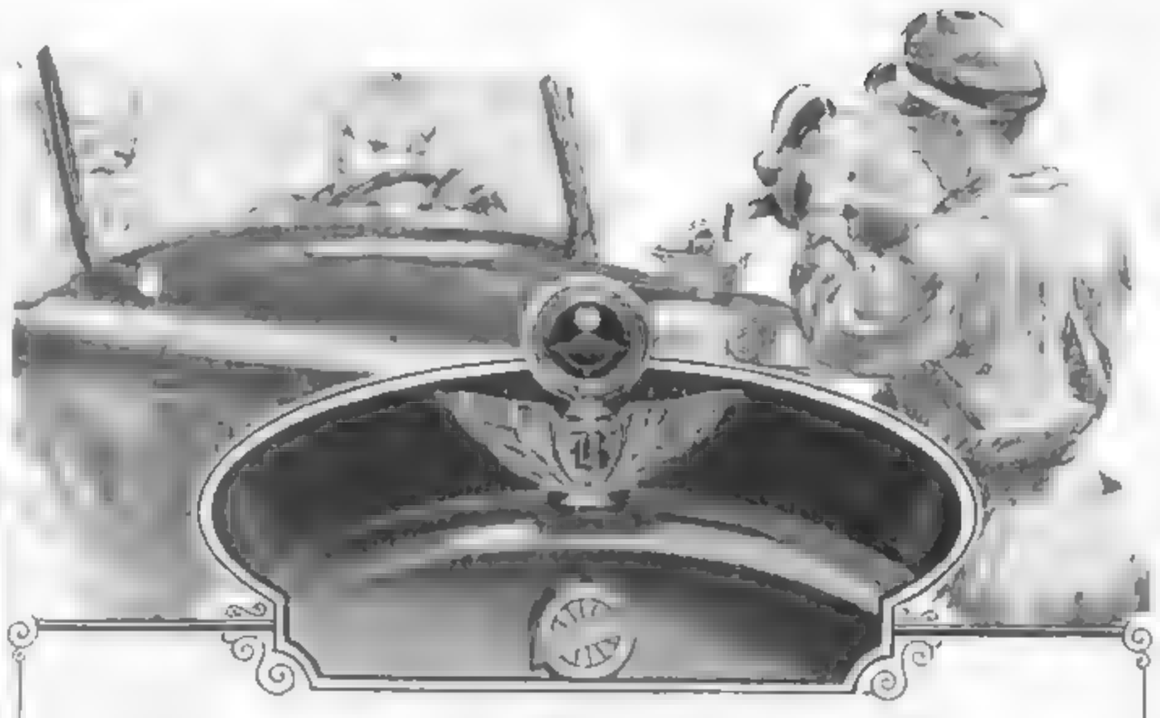
Answering the Indictment

Why always do those who have acquired the gift of European sight and become eloquent in the tale of Europe's grievances stop suddenly at the end of the indictment and depart in a phrase, as that these are matters on which Americans should be thinking, or that no matter what Americans think, this state of feeling in Europe is an ominous fact that they would do well to ponder? To ponder it will do no good whatever. Every grievance in its terms suggests the action suitable to remove it; and if it becomes us to remove these European grievances, whether they are valid or not, simply on the ground that we cannot afford to let them exist, then it will be necessary to take action as follows:

1. Say it was our war Europe started.
2. Say it is true that we profiteered upon it as long as we could and therefore owe Europe an enormous requital for having carried it on alone during the two and a half years of our shameless absence.
3. On that confession, permit the international war debt to be charged to the United States Treasury in order that the Allies who fought our fight against Germany, who was not altogether guilty, shall be able to swap out their war debts with one another and then let Germany off.
4. On the same confession, divide our gold with Europe.
5. Abandon our merchant marine because Europe needs the carrying trade.
6. Remove our tariff so that Europe may have unrestricted access to the richest market in the world.
7. Cease from pushing our foreign trade in rivalry with European nations because they need foreign trade and we can live without it.
8. Stop spending our money in Europe with that supercilious air, without spending any less.
9. Cancel the war debts in a manner not to injure our debtors' credit in Wall Street, and continue to lend our capital in Europe.
10. Be ashamed of ourselves.
11. Enter the League of Nations to uphold the victorious status quo together with those arrangements whereby millions of square miles of territory were parceled out among the Allies.

And then we should stand confessed in guilt infinitely worse than the guilt acknowledged by Germany, which was only





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that of having started the war. Our confession would read that we had played vulture to it.

Any American who thinks this, who thinks we now are demanding blood money from our defenders, only stultifies himself to apologize for his country. There is no apology for that offense. To save his soul he must cut himself off from a people in all the earth since Genesis the most ignominious.

No Americans think it. There is no procession of renunciants disowning their rights and comforts in a bloodstained prosperity, seeking caves wherein to hide their heads, saying, "We did belong to a despicable nation."

Europeans do not think it either; if they did they could only pretend to be scandalized. War for profit is the oldest and was for long the most romantic of their occupations.

France, owing England a war debt she hates to pay, says England profiteered in the war. The British pay no attention. France and England, both owing war debts to the United States Treasury which they hate to pay, say the Americans profiteered in the war, especially before they got into it, and the American people are ashamed.

Wealth Lost to Europe

They hate the thought of having increased their wealth from war at all, particularly in this case from a war in which they came to take part. Tormenting ourselves with this thought, with the idea that we gained anything from the war either before or after we went into it, may do credit to our sentiments but none to our rational faculties. Many Americans do believe it is true, as Europe says, that we profited greatly by the war trade—even that much of our existing prosperity may be traced to that cause. For this reason they are on the defensive when the inferior prosperity of Europe is placed in contrast with ours. But it is not so.

Take the simple figures of the Bureau of the Census on the wealth of the United States periodically estimated. Our national wealth of all kinds since 1880 has been as follows:

In 1880, per capita	$ 925
In 1890, per capita	1280
In 1900, per capita	1440
In 1904, per capita	1510
In 1912, per capita	1950
In 1922, per capita	1885

Less, you see, in 1922 than in 1912.

The decade that included the war was the first since 1880, the first in fact in all American history, in which the per capita wealth of all kinds—meaning the total wealth of the country divided by the total number of inhabitants—decreased. These Census Bureau comparisons eliminate the factor of price changes by extending in a horizontal manner the values as of the year 1913.

There was, of course, an illusion of increasing wealth before we went into the war, produced by the rise in prices and by the notoriety of great profits in certain industries. A few industries did for a time make enormous profits. Definitely, however, this was at the expense of American industry as a whole. Values became deranged. Costs advanced in an uncontrollable manner. The orderly processes of creating and exchanging wealth were demoralized. Meeting Europe's demand for supplies and munitions involved us in a whirl of disastrous inflation. Money changed places very rapidly and gilded some hands, but that was not wealth.

The only wealth was in those goods we were producing and sending to Europe in exchange for money of vanishing value that we did not need and could not spend; war goods in place of goods we might have been making for ourselves or for people who had been willing to exchange other goods for them. And all this wealth was lost. It has never come back to us.

If you plot on a chart a statistical line to represent the rate at which American wealth of all kinds was increasing in 1913, and had been increasing since 1900, and carry it on from 1913 as it was rising then, at the same steep angle, as if nothing had happened, it will show very clearly that but for the war our wealth from what we were doing and might have continued to do would be much greater than it is.

So much for the war trade. It was almost pure loss.

What we spent on the war after getting into it was $33,000,000,000. Of this sum $10,000,000,000 represented loans, leaving our own net expenditure at $23,000,000,000. Now add to this, say, $4,000,000,000 to represent that portion of our war loans cancelled in the debt-funding agreements, and what the war actually cost the United States was $27,000,000,000. That is more than one-fifth of the total cost of the World War on the side against Germany.

We are a rich people. But our wealth is our own. We did not find it. We did not inherit it. We made it.

The man rolling off the steamer at Havre on his own balloon tires, exchanging dollars for francs and setting forth to tour Europe with the linguistic equipment of "The best" and "How much?" in three languages, represents to Europe a new type of barbarian. The money barbarian, rude unawares, impatient, critical and soon bored with their show. He has that aspect. Many of his countrymen having better visiting manners observe him with disapproval.

They forget, and the Europeans do not know, what his background is. His forbears endured hardships unimaginable by the civilized countries of Europe. They lived in sod huts, they tamed the blizzard and the tornado, their diet was hominy and molasses; they warmed themselves with corncobs and greased their rawhide boots with tallow. When was this? It was since Paris was a capital of luxury and fine manners, men in lace ruffles and pomade. It was since the rich in London were carried by their servants in chairs from their houses into the theater lest their boots be soiled by contact with the vulgar pavement. It was while Europe was content with a system under which wealth in the few was adored by the many, and poverty was a caste religion, thinking there was nothing better in the world. It was long after Europe knew how to be rich and how to be poor, both at the same time.

Knowledge in Head and Hand

Americans have never known how to be poor; they have known only how to take hardships on the way to where they were going. It may be true by the converse of the same sign that they do not know how to be rich. The fine art of being rich requires also a philosophy of poverty, which we have never had. But we know better than any other people how to create wealth. As a people we are rich.

It is not gold makes us rich. We have a great deal of that, it is true, more than we use; but if Europe had half our gold stock, or the whole of it, the possession of it—that alone—would solve not one of her problems. It would only postpone the necessity to solve them.

It is not luck has made us rich, except this—that our ancestry is that of people who had individually the enterprise to uproot themselves and pursue their dreams beyond an ocean into a wilderness. Each one of these was a plus sign here and a minus sign there forever.

What makes us rich?

First of all, a sense of free and unlimited participation. From that comes the important fact that American industry is governed by men who have the knowledge of it in their hands, not only in their heads. An American industrialist astonishes the European when, in going about the European factory, he says, "You are not getting the capacity out of that machine; now see!" Whereupon he brushes aside the workman, takes the machine into his own

(Continued on Page 237)

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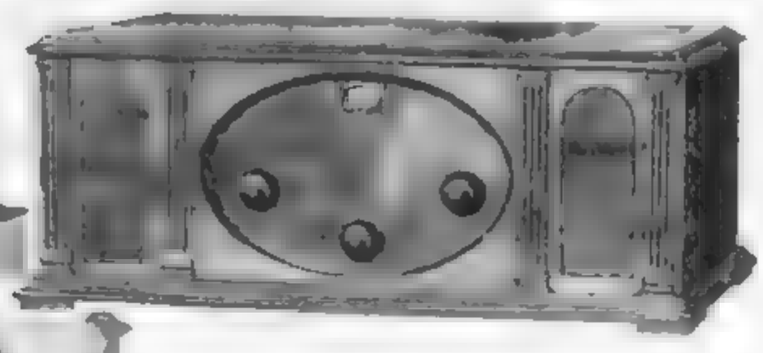
A Six-tube super-[illegible] with Super-Dual-[illegible] Selector [illegible] shielded in handsome [illegible] two-tone [illegible] Wood panel [illegible] Price [illegible] working accessories $[illegible]



THE development of fine radio receivers around the famous Neutrodyne Circuit, is the sole task of the KING-HINNERS organization Our talents are focused upon that one objective. Our concentration, we believe, has enabled us to produce a line of superbly fine Neutrodyne Receivers

We invite you to call on the authorized KING Dealer nearest you and examine the genuine KING-HINNERS creations. Then judge for yourself of their amazing power and volume and quality of tone.

Three thousand stores selling good radio will gladly demonstrate them for you; if you will send your name and address, we will send you interesting radio booklet "*The Radio Quest*," and free Demonstration Card giving the name of the nearest dealer.

KING NEUTRODYNE HINNERS

THE name "KING" on a radio receiver is all the guarantee you need. Regardless of what you know of the technical details of radio, the name KING means satisfaction in bringing to your own home the great things that are on the air

For Twenty years, KING has been making precision products. Since the days when Roosevelt was President, we have been responsible manufacturers And every radio receiver upon which we place the coveted KING trade-mark must make good or we will.

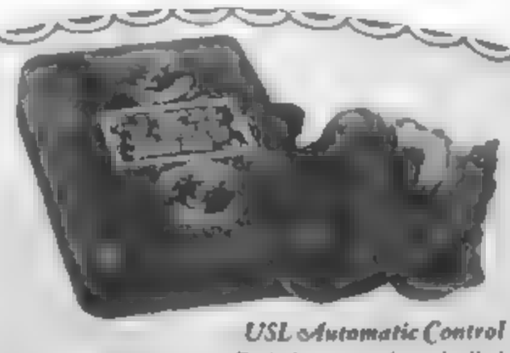
Call upon your nearest Authorized KING Dealer with confidence. Ask him to see the great KING Line. If you do not know his name, send us your name and address and we will mail you free Demonstration Card and interesting radio booklet, "*Voice of the World*."

KING-HINNERS RADIO CO., INC. : BUFFALO, N.Y. : KING-BUFFALO, INCORPORATED

KING RADIO

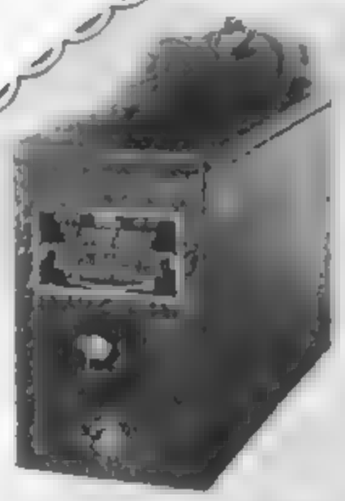
R-1

Everything for the Radio Owner



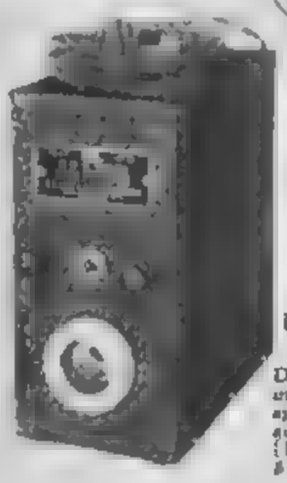
USL Automatic Control

Entirely automatic and eliminates all switching "off" and "on" of all radio power supplying devices. Price $3.00.



USL "B" Power Supply

Provides "B" voltage from 90 to 150 volts from light socket. Price 60-cycle unit $34.00.

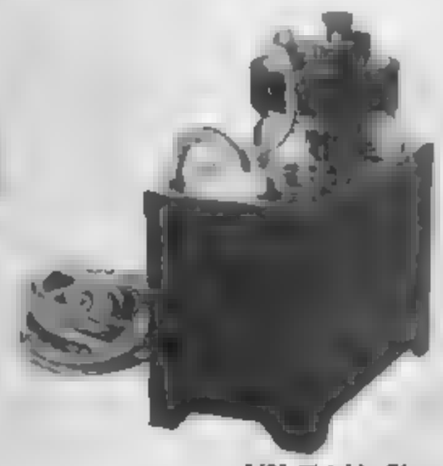


USL Universal "A" and "B" Charger

Designed for over night charging of both "A" and "B" storage batteries. Will also charge automobile batteries. Price (less tube) 60-cycle unit $12.00, 25-cycle unit $15.00.

USL "B" Storage Battery

For every radio requirement. Economical because they are rechargeable and will last for years.



USL Broadcast Receptor

A 6-tube tuned radio frequency receiver. Selectivity, distance, volume and tone quality exceptionally fine. Price $75.00.

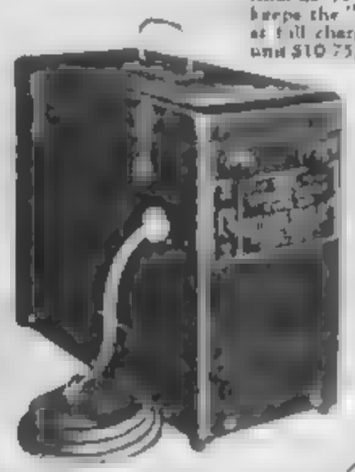
USL Trickle Charger

Converts any "A" storage battery into a complete and continuous "A" power supply and keeps the "A" battery always at full charge. Price 60-cycle unit $10.75, 25-cycle unit $12.

USL "A" Storage Battery

Assembled in durable one-piece composition container. Thick USL plates and separators insure long battery life. Prices and capacities to suit every need.

USL



USL "A" Power Supply

Provides a continuous supply of "A" power from light socket. Costs less than 1 10 cent an hour to operate. Price 60 cycle unit $32. 25-cycle unit $34.

USL "Niagara" Radio Dry Batteries

There is a USL "A", "B" or "C" radio dry battery for every radio requirement. Noted for long life.

EVERY radio owner can now improve his radio power supply and thereby obtain greater satisfaction from his set.

One good part of your radio can not overcome an inferior part. All must be of uniform quality for best results. Take advantage of the complete USL radio equipment and have everything of the same high dependable merit and reliability.

The devices illustrated above are the last word in radio convenience and ease of operation. They enable you to bring your radio up to its peak of power and performance. All of them carry an unqualified guarantee in keeping with the long-established USL standards of quality.

Ask the USL dealer in your town how you can improve your "A" and "B" power supply, or what type of power equipment is best suited for your set; how to get unfailing power from your light socket, or what storage or dry cell batteries to use. Take advantage of the service he can render you.

Complete Line Attracts Dealers

USL's reputation for leadership is today enhanced by the completeness of the USL line .... Everything to modernize the radio is now offered under the one guarantee of uniform quality and service. Write us.

Prices quoted above are for East of the Rockies

U. S. L. RADIO, INC.
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

USL Pacific Coast Factory, Oakland, Calif. — USL Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont. — USL Australian Factory, Sydney, N. S. W.

THERE IS A DEPENDABLE
USL BATTERY
FOR EVERY MAKE OF CAR

SAVE MONEY-SEE THE USL MAN IN YOUR TOWN
10,500 SERVICE STATIONS
AND DEALERS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

(Continued from Page 234)

hands and demonstrates its possibilities. The European industrialist has not that feeling in his hands; he is master. The workman has not the imagination of it in his head; he is man to that master.

Next perhaps is the importance of an unaristocratic philosophy of wealth. Directly from this comes our notable contribution to industrial method—namely, mass production, which is first to standardize the product and then bring to bear upon it a chain of automatic machinery to produce it in infinite multiple, in order to produce it so cheaply that all may afford to buy it. We standardize the product; Europe standardizes the man.

Since the war we have increased our wealth very fast—so fast that we have been able not only to have more to consume ourselves but at the same time to lend wealth away in foreign countries at a rate rising above $1,000,000,000 a year. And this has greatly astonished Europe, confirming the infantile notion prevalent there that American prosperity is without effort to speak of. But there is neither ease nor mystery in it.

Two Ways of Handling Losses

First, postwar conditions, here as elsewhere, were such as required in radical application those very principles which in our philosophy of prosperity we had previously evolved. One of these principles belongs to an instinct highly developed in Americans for temperamental reasons. It is to wipe off losses quickly and go ahead. The way an American will do this is an amazement to the European.

Here, as in every other country, the war left a perilous structure of high prices, inflated equipment, stocks out of balance. The European impulse is to capitalize losses; ours is to accept them at once and write them off. That was done. Surplus quantities of certain commodities were slaughtered in a spectacular manner. There is a price at which anything may be sold. We took the medicine of inflation at one big dose. And then instead of beginning to wrangle about the hours of labor, and how the advantages won by trade-unions during the war might be protected by political means, as they did in Europe, we turned our equipment to production with greater intensity than ever before, under the theory of American capitalism that the way to increase wages, or to keep from cutting wages that have already been increased, is to multiply the output of goods with which wages are paid. The more you produce, the lower the cost; the lower the cost, the lower the price; the lower the price, the greater the division will be.

The European looks at this theory with a blind spot in his mind. He says, "Yes, if I can increase my output, my costs will be lowered and then I can cut the price to increase the demand." The American says, "If I cut the price, the demand will increase, and as it increases I can reduce my costs by expanding my output." The difference is fundamental. The European thinks first of his cost in order to reckon his profit; if he can reduce his cost, then he will cut the price to increase the demand. The American thinks first of reducing the price to increase the demand; everything else is bound to follow—the lower cost and then the profit.

So it is for many reasons that although there is capitalism in Europe and capitalism in America, it is not the same thing; that although there is profit making there and profit making here, yet the results are very different.

Europeans know that our prosperity is owing to what we do with what we have, to ways with industrialism they have not. You will find in the same English newspapers, sometimes on the same day, emotional articles denouncing the Americans for having got their prosperity out of the war and articles seriously discussing American ideas and methods and recommending them to be adopted. In the bookshop windows of London and Berlin you will see such titles as the Secret of High Wages in the United States, the New Science of Prosperity, What the Trade-Union Mission Found in the United States, Fordismus, Taylorismus, Americanizierung.

In the German language there was no word for "efficiency" as we use it. Yet we had called the Germans efficient. They never were in our sense. It is said there are twenty-six different voltages of electric current in Berlin. The Germans now come to the United States to study efficiency. They miss it in the essence. A typical German who adopts a labor-saving device he has seen working in the United States, one that will enable ten clerks to do the work of ninety, promptly dismisses the superfluous eighty. That is all right. But he does not raise the wages of the ten remaining. He keeps the whole profit. The idea cannot be got into his head that unless the profit is divided with labor as its output increases, not only will the condition of labor be not improved; precisely because it is not improved prosperity will not be increased, and in the long run labor-saving machines will not pay.

American method takes out from American philosophy. The method alone will not produce in Europe the American result; it will disappoint them. Whether they can adapt the method to their philosophy or their philosophy to the method remains to be seen. What hinders them is no lack of skill, inventiveness or technical ingenuity. They have as much of all these as we have, or more. They are economically frustrated by their social systems. Again and again it happens that an American meaning cannot be precisely translated into their language. How significant that in the German tongue there was no word for "prosperity" as we use it!

Thus Americans saying to them do this or do that as we do it, one saying, for example, "All you have to do is to raise wages and the money will come back to you," only mislead them.

The Way of International Debt

It may easily be that the thought of Americanizing Europe, as it is either theirs or ours, is basically wrong. It may be that they are there who would be there, and these are here who would be here. Certainly they have too much history. They remember too much. And always is the fact that they exist on another time plane. They want to be as prosperous as we are. They all want that. They do not want to work and live at American tension. That they dread.

Since the Armistice, in the form of public and private loans, we have put into Europe not less than $8,000,000,000, maybe as much as $10,000,000,000. There is an agony of protest against the payment of war debts to the United States Treasury on the ground that such payments represent an impossible social and financial burden. The annual payments due on what Europe has borrowed in Wall Street since the war are already twice as great as those due under the debt-funding agreements with the United States Treasury. What of that burden? They never speak of it. The average European is ignorant of its existence.

As to either one burden or the other, it is formal, not actual, as a matter of fact. Our loans to Europe represent wealth we shall probably never receive back. New borrowing will more than equal the interest; as the principal comes due it will be refunded—that is to say, borrowed again. Such is the way of international debt. It is not paid.

Recently Senator Smoot, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in a speech on the debt-funding agreements casually referred to the private loans being made in Wall Street to Europe and said they would never be paid so long as New York continued to be, as it is, the money center of the world. The remark became the subject of excited comment. It was construed to mean that foreign loans were not good.

Telephoning over a ray of light

Building on the Telephone Principle

Fifty years ago Alexander Graham Bell discovered the principle of the telephone. His first telephone employed wire as the connecting path over which words passed. Four years later he used a beam of light instead of wire to carry speech between telephone instruments.

Today, both wire and wireless telephony are employed on every hand in the service of the nation. Wire telephony, with its thousands of central offices, its complex switchboards and millions of miles of wire, envelops the country, carrying for the American people 70,000,000 conversations every day. Wireless telephony is broadcasting entertainment and carrying important information to the remotest regions.

But new applications of the telephone principle are still being found. In the loud speaker, in the deaf set, the electrical stethoscope, the improved phonograph, the telephone principle has been adapted by the Bell Telephone Laboratories to the uses of the physician, the public speaker and the musician. The scientific research and engineering skill, which enable America to lead the world in telephone service, are also bringing forth from the telephone principle other devices of great usefulness.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

Just Say How Much Money You Want—$_____

And We'll Tell You Exactly How, As Our Local Subscription Representative, You May Earn It SOON

The Curtis Publishing Company
481 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I can use more money. Tell me how to earn it.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

SANFORD'S PASTE

Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

REES JACKS
FOR ALL LIFTING PURPOSES
Rees Manufacturing Company

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many thousands needed. We train you thoroughly at home in your spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accountancy position. Our students include members of every profession and business. Low cost, easy terms. Write for free booklet, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays." LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 971-HA, Chicago. The World's Largest Business Training Institution.

What would Helen Barnes have said 14 years ago if we had told her she might find it easily possible, in Curtis work, to make

More Than $175.00

in the Spare Time of One Month

Miss Helen Barnes
of Canada

YOU'LL agree she might have been excused if she had been extremely skeptical. But—we painted no such rosy prospect for her. We only told her, as we tell you now, that

Any man, any woman, with even a few spare hours to sell, and energetic willingness to exchange those hours for cash, will find that obtaining local Curtis subscriptions pays exceptionally well.

Miss Barnes was willing to be shown. Her first official receipt book was filled up the very first day. Almost every week since that time she has taken some Curtis profits. In one month of spare time she made more than $175.00 *extra*.

Could *you* use extra money? Is there any reason why *you* can not do as well as hundreds of our subscription representatives? Are you willing to prove this thing for yourself? At least get our complete offer!

as she looked when she took up the spare-time work that has paid her so handsomely for 14 years. She must like the work—to have stayed in it so long!

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

The Curtis Publishing Company
483 Independence Sq. Philadelphia, Penna.

Send me complete information about your extra money offer, without obligation.

Name

Street

City

State *Age*

Sign Lights?

Replace sign switch with 10-Day TORK CLOCK. Turns lights on and off automatically at times set. No attendance needed. No waste. Saves enough in electricity to pay for itself in a few months. Catalog Sent Free.

TORK COMPANY, 12 East 41 St., New York

Men and Women Make $10 to $20 a Day!

Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments

are tremendous sellers. We publish a magnificent assortment of 21 Steel Engraved, Colored Panelled Bordered Cards and Folders with envelopes. Sells for $1.00. Costs you 50 cents. A value never equalled. Start early. Write for particulars and free samples.

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water St., Dept. 76, Boston, Mass.

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $50 first day—Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days—W.C. Allen, Ohio, earned $1000 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St., Dept. 1700, Chicago, Ill.

HELP WANTED

We require an ambitious person to do special work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than $150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.
8589 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sewage Disposal for Country Home, Camp or—

San Equip Septic Tanks

Chemical Toilet Corporation
880 Free St. Syracuse, N. Y.

WATER for SUBURBANITES

Deming

That is not what he meant. He was speaking the language of finance, as he later explained, saying: "I did not mean that the bank and private loans would not be refunded as they came due. What I did mean was that loans to foreign countries would increase, as did loans by British banks before the war, and that they would continue to mount so long as the United States remains the money center of the world."

That is it. They will not be paid. They will be refunded.

There are those who continually point to our enormous exports, saying that if we were not making loans abroad—which is to say, if we were not lending our customers the money to buy with—we should not have this large outlet for our surplus products. Yes, that is true. Only it is to be remembered that as our exports of goods exceed our imports of other peoples' goods in exchange, just to that extent they represent American wealth permanently loaned away. And thus we are doing at the rate of more than $1,000,000,000 a year.

The only return so far upon our loans to Europe has been hatred and misunderstanding.

The Saturation Point

Two questions arise: Do our loans any longer benefit Europe really? And is lending our wealth away the ideal use to make of our power?

In all this idea of borrowing capital there lurks a subtle fallacy. Where do we get our capital? We do not borrow it. We make it. Where did England get her capital after the Napoleonic Wars—the capital with which to found her industrial career? She did not borrow it. She created it.

Take the case of American capital to finance, for example, a glass-making plant in Europe. The Europeans have the site, the sand, the fuel, the ancient knowledge of glass making, and the labor; surely among them they have a surplus of food and housing sufficient to sustain the constructive labor necessary to build the plant and bring it into production. What else do they need?

Russia is said to be desperately in need of foreign capital. She is on a dead center. Industry cannot give agriculture what it needs; agriculture cannot give industry what it needs until industry gives it what it needs. Capital—American capital—by capacitating industry would start this economic machine in reciprocal motion, push it off center. A pretty case. A perfect diagram. What Russia needs is a condition under which capital may function. If she had that she could not help making her own capital.

None of which is to say that capital cannot be borrowed under conditions highly beneficial to the borrower and at the same time profitable to the lender. Obviously, however, there is a point at which borrowing becomes a weakness. If it is too easy to borrow, the danger is that what is borrowed, instead of being devoted to capital uses strictly—capital in the sense of wealth employed in the further production of wealth—will be consumed as goods or wasted.

There is no doubt that a great deal of what Europe has borrowed from us has been wasted, none that in many cases she would have been better off to create her own capital under conditions of hard necessity. A state that borrows money in Wall Street to pay out in doles to its unemployed is walking upside down.

The other question was whether lending away our wealth in foreign countries was the ideal use to make of our surplus economic power. To begin with, the assumption that we have more economic power than we can use is debatable. That cannot make sense unless we mean power already employed in specific ways, producing an excessive quantity of certain things. That may be. But this power is flexible. You have only the problem of producing other things in place of these.

Consuming Should Begin at Home

Actually, we find ourselves lending away wealth we want ourselves. Follow the process of a foreign loan. The foreign bonds are brought out by a Wall Street banking syndicate. This banking syndicate sells them to individual banks all over the country as investments. An American producer goes to his bank wanting a loan. The bank cannot make the loan. Why? Not because the man who wants it is not in good credit—not always. It may be only that its resources are already employed. The bank is loaned out. It is very sorry.

Among the assets of this bank will be found foreign bonds, representing the loan of a Kansas or a Colorado community's wealth to a foreign country. If the borrower complains that this wealth belongs to the community and ought not to be expatriated in that manner so long as the needs of the community itself are unsatisfied, it will be explained to him that loans to foreign countries increase our foreign markets, enable us to sell our goods abroad, and that this is to the common advantage of all. That may be admitted.

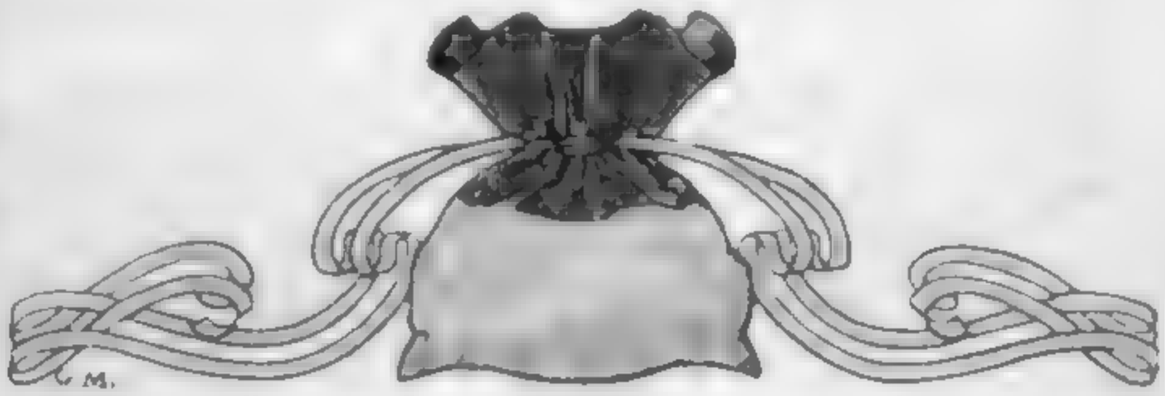
But when you come to a loan of $25,000,000 from Wall Street to Germany for the express purpose of assisting German agriculture at a time when American farmers are demanding to be assisted, that certainly is different. It lies outside the explanation. American loans to German agriculture cannot conceivably increase the foreign market for the produce of American farmers. It works the other way.

To an American it is clear that the fundamental error of Europe has been not to see its own people as consumers. It could more easily see in that light Chinese, Indians, South Americans and Africans. A British exporter, having sold a bill of goods abroad, even to some unheard-of place, could get his transaction financed at a London bank. But one who had sold, let s say, laundry machinery to the laundrymen of London on the installment plan, and went to a London bank to discount the purchase-money contracts, would very likely be told that was a kind of business they knew nothing about.

It is dazzling to be the money center of the world. For more than a century London enjoyed that distinction. England exploited the earth with her capital. She was the great lender. But now, seeing what we have done, she is beginning to say, "England all this time has neglected to exploit the consuming power of her own people."

Although we were the first to seize a secret that others now pursue, and from seizing it became the richest and most envied of people, to whom the money center passed, still it is possible for us to make the same mistake.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Garrett.



Apartments for Rent
No Objection *to* Children

This advertisement is directed to the Chicago apartment building owner who erected this sign: "FLAT FOR RENT . . . No Dogs or Children Allowed."

YOU like beautiful floors. Refinishing costs money. Continual expense worries you.

There are many kinds of floor varnish. One is Liquid Granite. *It wears* . . . . endures millions of steps. Boys don't injure it. Dogs can't scratch it. Hammer blows won't crack it. Tenants may roll up the rugs and dance on it.

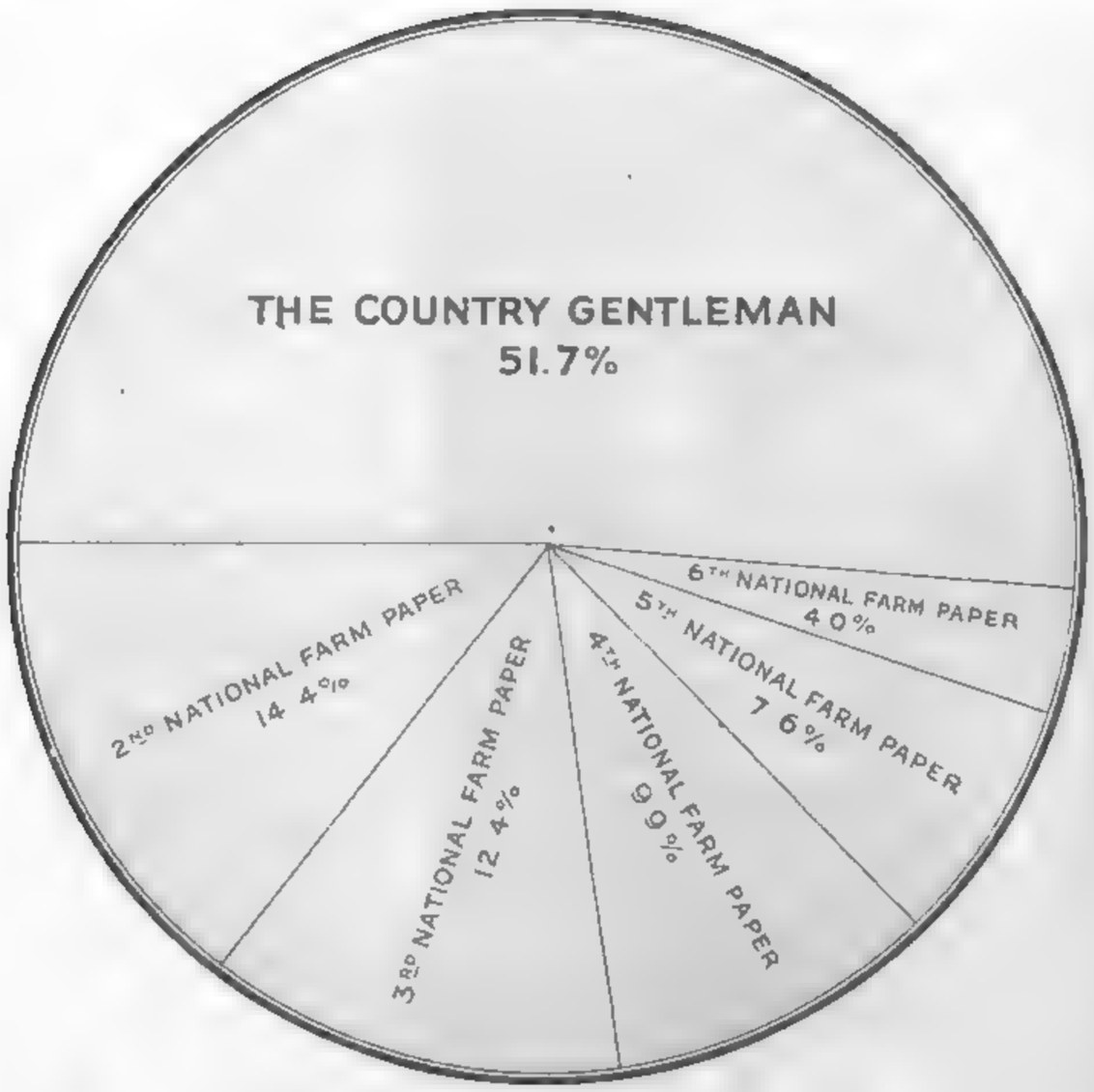
Tests conducted at the University of Chicago prove it outwears other brands. A floor in the home of John B. Oblinger at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, finished with it 30 years ago has not been re-varnished since and is beautiful today.

Use Liquid Granite. Have beautiful floors, peace of mind and more money in the bank. Do this and children and dogs will be welcome. There's a Berry dealer near you.

Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!

BERRY BROTHERS
LIQUID GRANITE FLOOR VARNISH

DETROIT MICH. London, 367 Strand, W.C., Paris, 54 Rue de Paris, Charenton; Berlin, Potsdamerstrasse 291 Turin, 10 Via Arcivescovado. WALKERVILLE ONT.



More Than All the Others, *Combined!*

One glance at this chart, and you get the story of *The Country Gentleman's* unchallenged leadership in advertising.

In August *The Country Gentleman* carried more—some four thousand agate lines more—advertising than did all the other national farm papers, combined.

Here is the testimony of experienced advertisers, backed by their hard cash, as to the value of the market represented by the 1,300,000 modern farm families who regularly read *The Country Gentleman* and look to its editorial and advertising pages with interest and with confidence.

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Magazine for Modern Farm Families

More than 1,300,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston
San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Furniture that *cuddles up* around you

As long as your home is not a display room, "Comfort First" should be the big thing in choosing upholstered furniture. And as long as furniture cannot be taken apart and inspected, you will of necessity have to take someone's *word* for the durability of the comfort construction.

Only one other way is open. It is to buy only furniture bearing the "Comfort First" tag shown above. This tag quickly enables you to tell a permanently comfortable chair or davenport. It assures you that Nachman Spring Units with their hundreds of tiny, resilient springs, are used for the inner cushions of seat, back and under-construction. Always look for it.

In such furniture you sink down deeply, luxuriously. The pliant springs *give*, yet support. They cuddle up around you. It is this delightful buoyancy, never found in lifeless old-fashioned fillings, that makes *spring-filled* furniture so comfortable and gives it such remarkable durability.

And it is the wonderful *vitality* of Nachman Spring Units which retains the beautiful lines for years. These fine spring units never take a permanent sag. Even after thousands of depressions they rebound instantly—come back to normal.

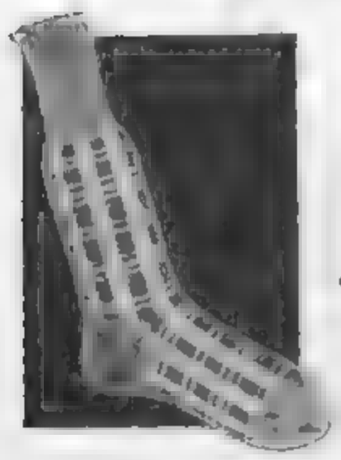
Look for the Nachman "Comfort First" tag when you buy upholstered furniture. It is now featured by the nation's leading upholstered-furniture makers who use Nachman Spring Units. If you do not find a merchant who features it, write us. We will tell you one who does—and send you a free copy of our interesting book entitled "Comfort First."

THE NACHMAN SPRING-FILLED COMPANY, *2241 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois*

NACHMAN
Spring UNITS

FOR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE . . . MATTRESSES . . . MOTOR CAR SEATS

New Patterns



Wool Socks *you can wear* all Winter

THERE is plenty of warmth in these new IPSWICH SOCKS to suit the nowadays habit of wearing low shoes the year round. Silk and cotton are mixed with soft wool to give them warmth without bulky weight, and to take out the tickle. The patterns in this new line of men's hosiery range through an ample selection for the everyday wear of the conservative as well as for the man who has an eye for color.

Any well-stocked IPSWICH HOSIERY counter will show you all styles of plain and fancy socks in silk and rayon, light and medium weight wool, and fine mixed cottons that are handsome, hard to wear out, and moderate in price.

IPSWICH
De Luxe HOSIERY

IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass. LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

The long night passed; and over the peaks the
light of a new day broke;
All clothed in purple and blue and gold, the
quivering world awoke;
But the Pilgrim he didn't see these things;
and he talked and talked instead,
Of the fly he'd found in his bowl of stew and
the rocks in his blanket bed.

The royal purple across the hills, the songs in
the vibrant air
He never saw and he never heard—he never
knew they were there.

III

I read his book, and I couldn't hear—though
I tried to, my level best—
On a single page the long, warm beat of the
heart of the mighty West;
He never once mentioned the wonderful things,
but babbled the whole book through
Of the rock down under his blanket bed and
the fly in his bowl of stew.

It wasn't his fault, nor it wasn't my fault, for
I told him to listen good.
But there's been a lot who have heard the West,
and few that have understood.
—Lowell Otus Reese.

Authentic

"ANTIQUE, lady?" echoed the salesman. "Of course it's an antique. This chair was used in the original production of Abie's Irish Rose."

Women

WHEN Helen left her lawful spouse
And took a marital vacation,
She raised a row in Priam's house
That lasted for ten years' duration.

When Tristam ventured after dark
To kiss Iseult, the fair but fragile,
He had some trouble with King Mark
Which caused much talking in Tintagel.

Paolo and Francesca supped
And sang and loved sans contradiction
Till hubby chanced to interrupt
Their readings in the latest fiction.

There's Cleopatra, Heloïse;
Aïda, Juliet, DuBarry;
Thaïs, Delilah—all of these
Were simply full of the old Harry.

Long, long the list of fair and frail—
Long, long the list of men who wrong
them.
Note this conspicuous detail:
There's not an ugly maid among them.

Alas! Is beauty all we seek?
Can no girl be a graceful sinner
Who wears bone glasses, reads The
Sheik,
And cooks good Brussels sprouts for
dinner? —Norman R. Jaffray.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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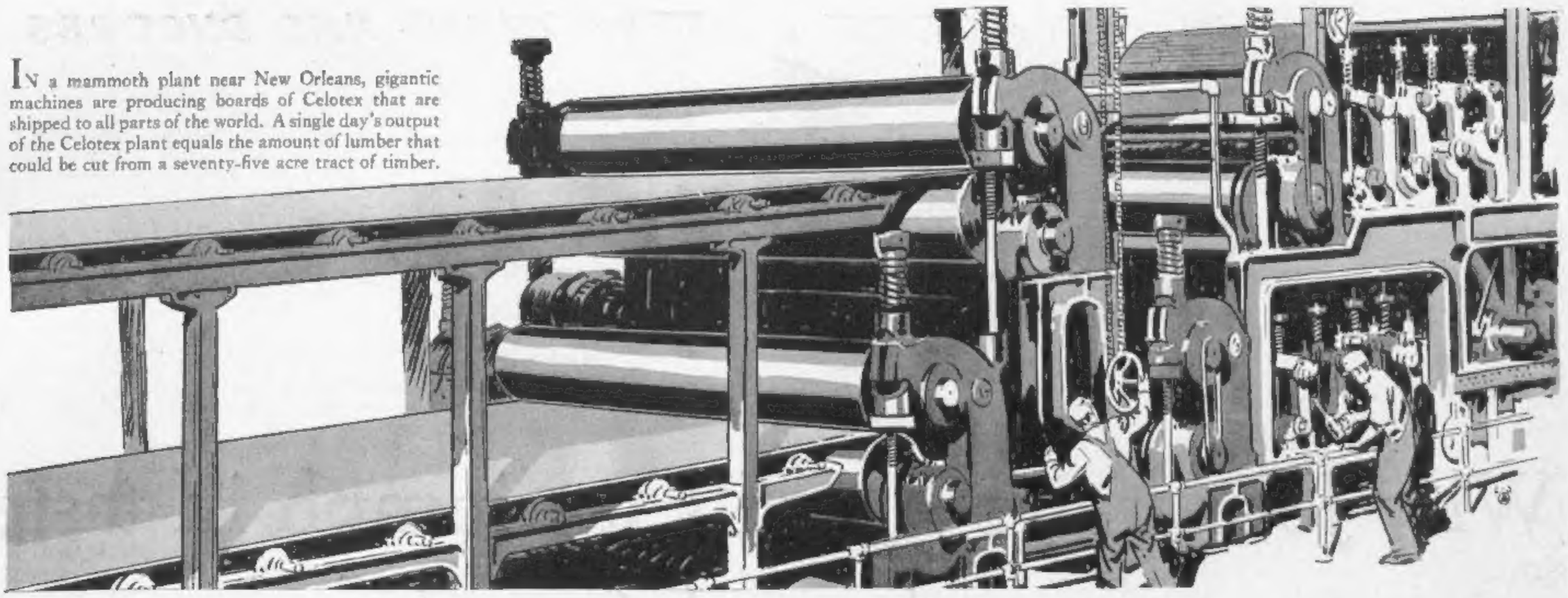
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



In a mammoth plant near New Orleans, gigantic machines are producing boards of Celotex that are shipped to all parts of the world. A single day's output of the Celotex plant equals the amount of lumber that could be cut from a seventy-five acre tract of timber.

Amazing Lumber that isn't cut from trees!

Celotex stops heat and cold many times as effectively as wood lumber . . . is stronger in walls . . . and costs no more to use. Year after year, it will save from 25% to 35% of your fuel money. For every home, new or old.

FIVE years ago, a way was found to make lumber that possesses structural advantages plus insulating properties that wood alone can never offer.

It was a complete new building material: a heat-stopping lumber that banished cold draughty rooms and wasted fuel in Winter . . . hot, stuffy rooms in Summer.

Today, this new type lumber has changed all standards of building practice. For it has made insulation available at a saving, in every home. Already more than 90,000 have been built this modern way.

This amazing lumber is Celotex. It is not cut from trees, but manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. It is enduring . . . scientifically sterilized and waterproofed Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets noise.

ACTUALLY *saves money.* Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building.

It replaces wood lumber as sheathing, (see illustrations), eliminates building paper. It builds a more rigid wall than wood, because of the greater bracing strength of those broad Celotex boards. It adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors *at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy. It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks. With Celotex in the walls and in the ceilings or roof of your house a smaller, less expensive heating plant and smaller radiators will keep you comfortable.

And year after year, Celotex will save *from 25% to 35% of your fuel money!*

NEW COMFORT *for old houses.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for building and remodeling.

Look Ahead! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. The authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete; harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Also ask about the $200.00 *gold bond* now issued on every Celotex-insulated house.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Just mail the coupon below.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, La.
Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (see telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

AS SHEATHING
Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER
On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

FOR OLD HOUSES
In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line ceiling with Celotex.

IN THE ROOF
Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. For best results both uses are recommended.

Free Building Book

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

© 1926, The Celotex Co.

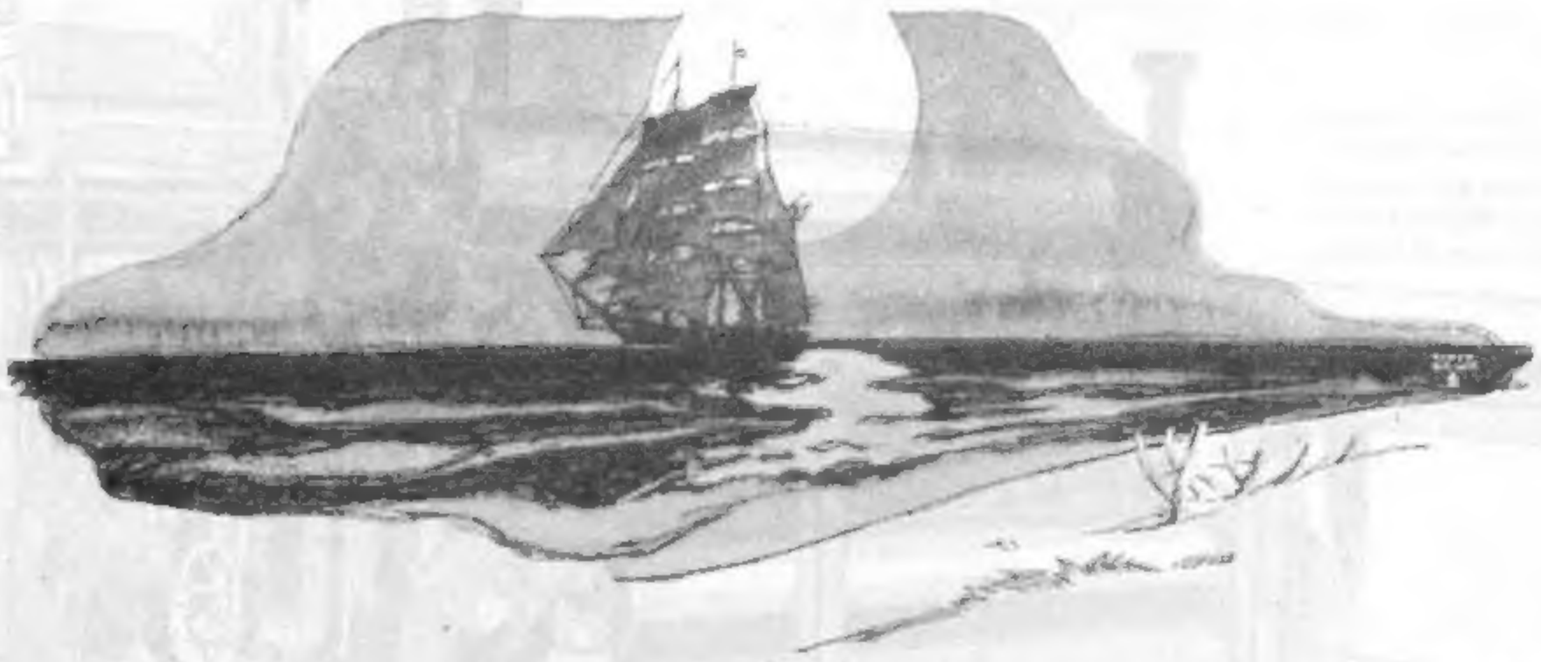
The Celotex Company, Dept. M-69-B
645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

S. E. P.—9-11-26



Why Johnston's is really a triumph in taste

—*more than merely fine candy*

THIS is more than just fine candy—it is an epicurean revel of the palate!

¶ Take, for example, Johnston's Choice Box, which contains dainties of rare goodness that kings could not command a century ago. Yet today you buy it with foreknowledge of its uniformly high quality—at better stores, *everywhere.*

¶ Consider the Choice Box, it you will. Twenty-two different delights, all in one package . . . yet no two kinds alike!

¶ To make this box the assortment that it is—*supreme*—the world has been searched for rare and delightful tidbits . . .

DELICACIES from the east come to Levantine seaports on the backs of patient camels. From India come rare spices, and flavorings . . . and from Jamaica.

¶ From Greece come ships laden with almonds —from the Amazon, brazil-nuts. From the

Guianas, of buccaneer fame, come guavas, and the beans that make the satiny chocolate coatings of enduring Johnston fame.

¶ Coconuts from the South Seas . . . Pineapples from Hawaii . . . Cherries from Spain . . . all in one glorious package!

FROM the heart of the greatest dairy country come our creams, our butters and our milks. Great herds whose entire output, thrice inspected, is required for Johnston's.

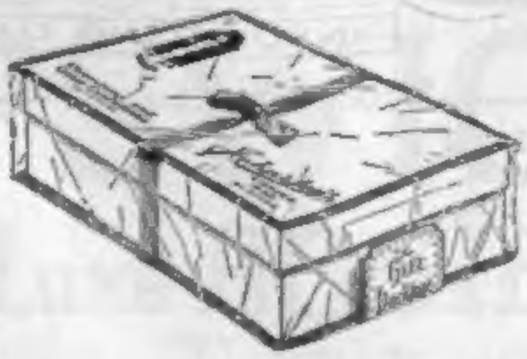
¶ In the great Johnston factories, each floor lighted on four sides by wholesome country sunshine . . . where even the very air is *washed* . . . hundreds of skilled candy-makers work.

¶ In their spotless white clothing, under ideal working conditions, they combine scientific accuracy of manufacture with sympathetic understanding, and the most scrupulous cleanliness.

¶ Father and son work side by side, often . . . men who learned their craft from father and son before them. Men whose lives have been devoted to making finest candies . . . whose instincts, whose pride in their work, uphold our prestige better than any rules we make.

WHEN you give Johnston's to one whom you would compliment, you give what we strive constantly to make the finest candy obtainable. . . . Candy wherein are combined the choice of Nature's products, the facilities of successful

manufacturers, the skill and knowledge of a house which, for 75 years, has catered only to the discriminating taste.



Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood. The Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quinzette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 the pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 the pound

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND

THE PIECES of 8 CHEST

She sailed and sailed ...
The shopping seas .. seeking her
Silver Treasure .. and then at last ~

She found it!

ISN'T it strange how the most sensible and needful idea sometimes hides itself away for years . . . tantalizingly eluding discovery!

Then, one day, an enterprising Columbus brings it to light . . . while all the world echoes the chorus: *"Why, that's what I've always wanted! . . . just what I truly need!"*

So it was with *Pieces of Eight* now featured in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. Almost overnight it changed the trend of buying.

Silverplate had usually been sold in sixes. But six is seldom enough . . . with the unexpected guest always in the offing. So came this set of eights—with eight of each in dinner knives with stainless steel blades, dinner forks, tea spoons and dessert spoons, with butter knife and sugar shell to complete the "just right" service for the average-sized family.

This 34-piece set of exquisite 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is now available at all good silverware dealers'. In a handsome gift box, $43.50; with the Utility Serving Tray, $44.50; in the gorgeous Spanish Chest shown above, $49.50.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT: *A few copies of "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense" still available . . . Booklet W-90, sent gladly on request . . . Address Dept. E. International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

DINNER SETS AND TABLEWARE TO MATCH KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The life of the party

PUT a record on the new Orthophonic Victrola and the party is under way . . . *immediately!* Life . . . gaiety . . . everybody having the time of his life!

Only the Orthophonic Victrola can put such music into your home, because the new, scientific principle of "matched impedance" is controlled exclusively by Victor! Nothing else is like it.

Observe the purity of overtones; the flawless reproduction. For dancing, only the very best of orchestras in your home could equal it. Beautiful cabinets. Easy to operate too. Record stops automatically without pre-setting. One Tungstone needle plays for hours. Correct volume and clarity without adjusting anything.

Hear this amazing instrument and you will want it immediately. A wide selection of models, from the beautiful Credenza at $300 to as low as $95. Equipped with the wonderful new electric motor, $35 extra—no springs to wind. Just play and enjoy.

The New Orthophonic

Victrola

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO., CAMDEN, N. J.